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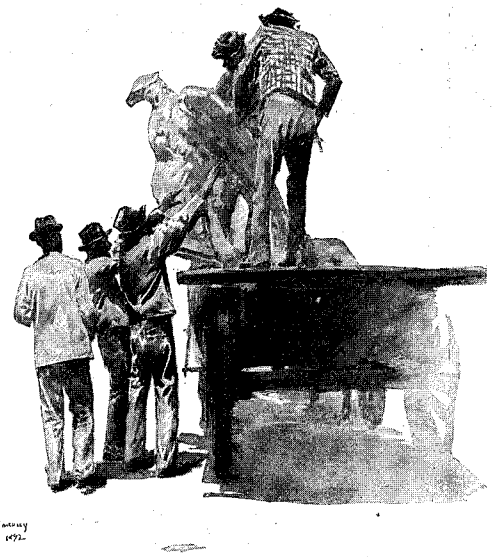
THE MAKING OF THE WHITE CITY.

By H. C. Bunner.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

ON the shore of a wide, blue-gray lake, under a northern sky, veiled over half its horizon with a dim, smoky mist, there spread, two years ago, a waste and desolate sand plain with a streak of marshy pools in the heart of it. Here and there were trunks of scrubby trees and patches of starveling underbrush; but it had none of the pleasant loneliness of the country-side: the bleak desolation of a great city's waste outskirts brooded over the whole tract. On the west the space was bounded by the flat broad road-bed of a suburban railroad; eastward a strong wall of ponderous masonry stood between it and the sullen swash of the inland sea. To the south it went out of sight in loneliness; on the north it narrowed to a point where a great town had begun a fight with nature for a few acres of pleasure-ground, stubbornly pushing a green covering of young trees and grass across the unwilling sand. Beyond this patch of verdure trailed out the city's myriad streets, sparsely settled here, for the town proper lay eight miles away in the heart of the smoky haze that floated along the sky-line.



A Bit of Decoration.

In the month of June, 1891, a man stuck the nose of a plough into the sand of this plain, by way of beginning an undertaking which lay before him, and before some scores of thousands of working men all over the country—day-laborers, like himself; iron-forgers, architects, truckmen, carpenters, painters, surveyors, glaziers, designers, moulders, joiners, masons, gardeners—men of every trade and art and handicraft, of every nationality, of every class and kind of humanity, working together in widely separate places for the accomplishment of one common purpose. To-day, in the prosecution of this undertaking, the surface of that waste plain has become the scene of one of the most

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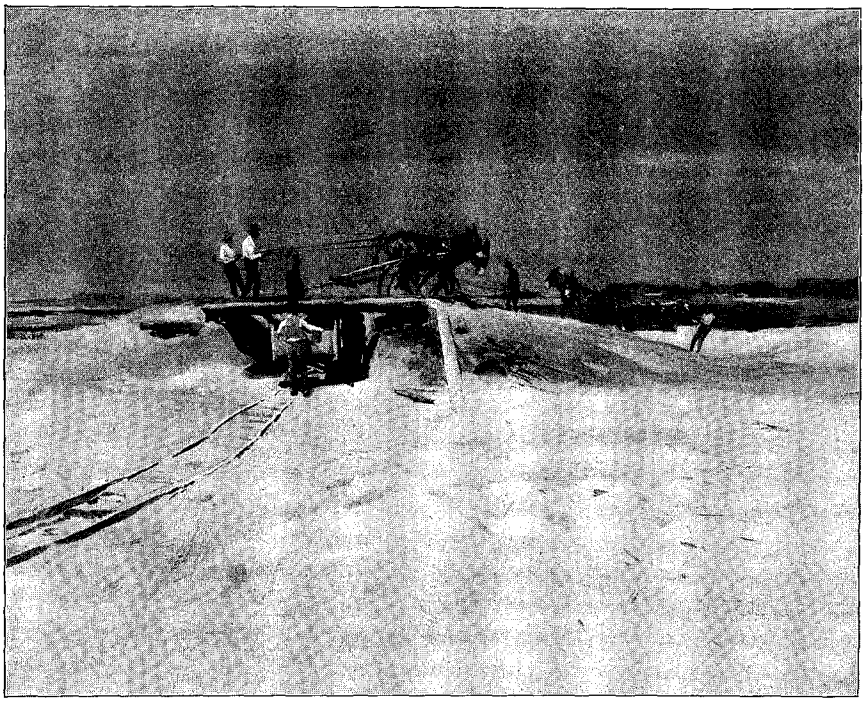
marvellous manifestations of mechanical achievement which the world has to offer; it is the site of such a group of buildings as has never before been assembled for such a purpose, on such a scale, within such a time, and in such conditions. It sounds like an extravagance to say that within this space of half a thousand acres is concentrated the energy, the skill, the intelligence, the activity, equipped with every material requisite, that would suffice to build up a large city in the space of three years; but to this plain statement of fact must be added this other: that the city is built. He who goes to that lake-side desert a year from now will see, rising from a gracious and well-ordered garden, a white city of glass and iron, a system of structures gigantic in plan and scope beyond anything that science has hitherto held feasible or desirable for the sheltering of a multitude of pleasure-seekers.

If you accept this statement literally, it may convey to the mind a notion of colossal achievement, and yet it may be quite inadequate to suggest the breadth and range of design which make the construction of the World's Fair Buildings at Chicago remarkable among the great things done by modern engineers, architects, and constructors; for the scale of the work forces us to new standards of admeasurement. It is a scale so unusual that the physical eye is tricked until it finds for itself new and specially applicable points of comparison and appreciation. We may know that the great central span of the main building is the largest arched roof in the world; but the eye notes little difference between the impression of that huge arc and the picture that memory reproduces of similar mighty curves. Nor yet does the eye see more understandingly when it compares the monstrous bow with one of the insignificant men who are making it. But turn and look at the man on the top of the next huge building; establish a scale of proportion between that man and that building, and then another between the two buildings, and then you



The Exhibition Ground as it was in June, 1891.

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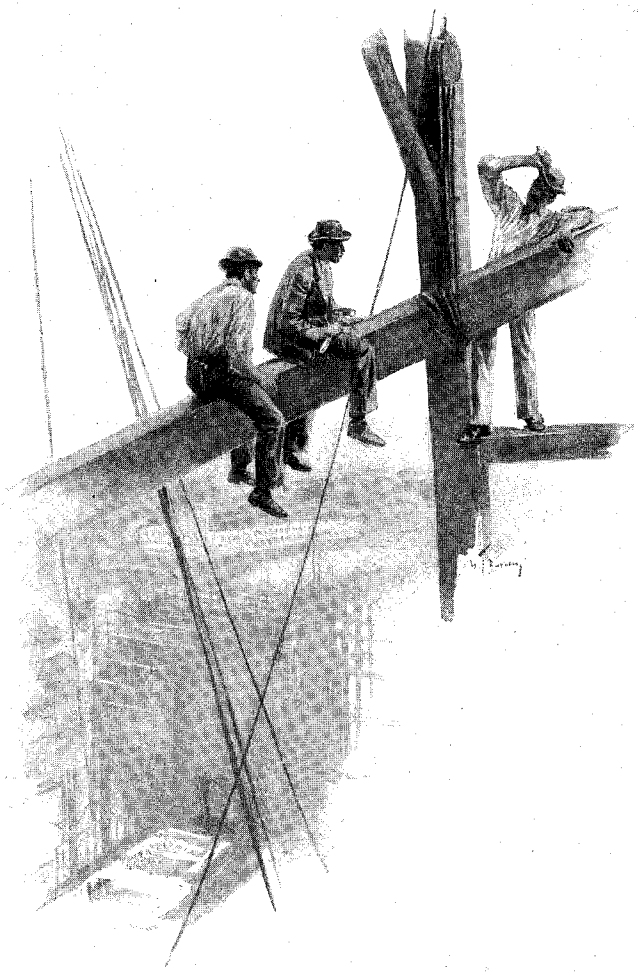

Up Among the Great Iron Arches of the Hall of Manufactures.

obtain some idea of the magnitude of the wonderful edifice which, rising above and dominating all its fellows, still leaves them individually huge and imposing. Even so the mind must grasp that idea by a scheme of comparison that seems strained, almost whimsical and fantastic, forming mental projections of such statistics as these: The largest building hitherto made for purpose of public exhibition, namely, the Machinery Hall at Paris in 1889 could be placed under that span, and, if provision were made for its support a few feet from the ground, the entire population of the city of Milwaukee, which is over two hundred thousand people, could be seated comfortably beneath it—and there would still be plenty of space to spare under the arc of that main building that dominates without dwarfing its fellows.

Of course, that such a great feat has been accomplished in architectural construction does not necessarily mean that a good thing has been done as well as a big thing. If it were the production of an older civilization, it might involve or imply some such guarantee of worth, but in this country to talk thus of a public work is sure to suggest the accusation of measuring art with a yardstick and architecture by the acre. It would be easy enough to put our liberal

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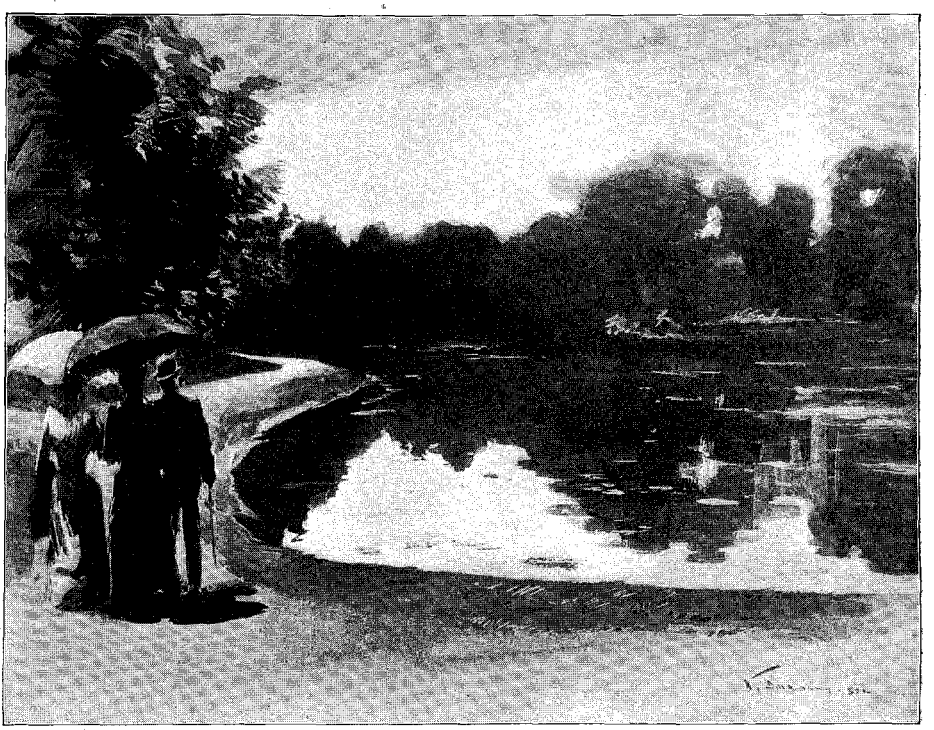

Jackson Park—now a Part of the Exhibition Grounds.

resources of technical skill, enterprise, organization, and wealth into so stupendous a work for no higher aim than to gratify an ignorant vanity, and to no happier end than our ultimate humiliation and discouragement. Such things have happened before in the history of our progress, and a country like this would be marked for premature decay if such things did not happen in the first two or three centuries of its lusty youth.

When the conduct of the World's Fair was allotted by Congress to the city of Chicago, it cannot be denied that there was a general fear, and that there was generally good ground for that fear, that Chicago's conception of the housing of the World's Fair might be more interesting for material breadth than for æsthetic height; and the fear has certainly not been lessened by the report of Chicago's adoption of the Brobdingnagian scale.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-three and the opening of the World's Fair will come soon enough to show us how well this country, represented by her second greatest city, has assumed the burden which the performance of such a task imposes upon her loyalty to art, her good taste and her catholicity of interest, and those who form the judgment of the world in such matters will, if we may judge by experience, be neither stinting in censure nor extravagant in praise. It is not in any way the object of this paper to forerun mature judgment or to forecast the value of the finished work. It aims simply to give some portrayal of a most interesting phase and of a great and singular activity, to sketch an imposing and bewildering work at its most significant stage, and to show the lines on which the men who have been chosen for the mighty task are endeavoring to carry out the behest of the state, and turn in less than forty months a barren wilderness into a garden of palaces—to let the work that is being done at Chicago speak for itself.

It is necessary to turn first to one page of the history of the Fair—not the page that tells of the extraordinary exhibition of indecorum made at one time

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by two great cities, each for itself, as well as in their relations with each other. No, the page we would turn to bears pleasanter reading. It tells of the doing of the biggest and best thing that has yet been done in the whole business of the World's Fair—of a bigger and better thing than the building of the biggest and best temple of pleasure that ever reared a white forehead against a smoky sky. It is something, too, that could only have been done in America.

"No smoking! No cameras allowed on the grounds!"

The quarrel which resulted in the World's Fair going to Chicago was a credit to neither of the two principal contestants. It reflected unpleasantly upon American civilization, in that it was carried on with the brutal acrimony of an English parliamentary campaign and the sputtering hysteria of an interpellation in the French Chamber of Deputies. On the one side was an old city—old as age goes in this new world—with every facility for handling such an affair, with experience in managing and providing for crowds, and for furnishing comfort and amusement, split into two furious factions of anxious citizens. Both factions wanted the privilege of having the Fair; what they disagreed about was the propriety of buying that privilege with the ruin of an irreplaceable and perhaps an incom-

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parable park. On the other hand was Chicago—new, energetic, enthusiastic, untrammelled—with a unanimity of opinion among her citizens that evoked the praise and wonder of the world. Such unanimity deserved the prize, and won it.

But, face to face at last with the responsibility and the task, Chicago sat down to consider coldly some of the limitations of the usefulness of unanimity, and to discern, perhaps, a certain spiritual significance in the difference of opinion which had seemed almost incomprehensible when she saw it vexing the disunited Eastern mind. There is a unanimity that comes from the ordered training of many intellects to work for a single end. There is also the unanimity which hails the ascending rocket with the imitative hiss of admiration. The course of that unanimity during the further career of the rocket has often been noted.

The undertaking she had in hand necessarily brought with it the necessity of considering certain problems that could not but be new to a new civilization. Perhaps, more than any other town, Chicago has made it her boast that her equipment of energy, material, and resource was always kept equal to her demand upon it. Other cities might have to wait for men, time, or money to bring about a realization of their dreams; Chicago kept her force of realizers always on duty and ready for every emergency. Whatever she wanted she had, and as soon as she made up her mind that she wanted it—whether it was the tallest hotel in the world or the system of express passenger elevators needed to make fourteenth story offices as accessible as those on the third floor.

No doubt she made good her boast. But her new obligation introduced her to several wants which she had never before had to consider, and which she was wholly unprepared to meet. The satisfaction of utilitarian requirements, with a reasonable desire to give beauty a fair show at the same time, had hitherto been the formula of Chicago's artistic growth. Even in the laying out of her great parks she had attempted little more than the forcing of an existent flatness and monotony into a more agreeable diversity of form and feature, yet while this coaxing of a smile upon the dull face of nature must be admired as a clever performance under most trying conditions, it cannot be held more than a compromise with abstract beauty—a plucky attempt to wrest from an unwilling soil the public playground's natural birthright. The little artificial hills and dales of Lincoln Park were, however, Chicago's boldest essay for the sake, primarily, of the æsthetic rather than the useful. That is to say, for the special work she had taken upon herself she lacked not only the necessary special preparation, but the situation she faced was one unforeseen in her plan of life and alien to the essential idea of her self-education. Two courses lay open to her; to degrade the work to the level of her own aptitude at the moment, or to carry out her trust in the highest spirit of loyalty and faithfulness, at whatever cost to a local pride, that must have been most sensitive, exacting, and sanguine in the flush of recent victory. Chicago probably has not as yet realized the size of her achievement in adopting the latter alternative; it is not measurable in stone-perches, but it is the biggest thing in Chicago's list all the same.

It must, however, be recorded with regret that the recognition of the necessity of outside help came as an afterthought; it was demonstrated, indeed, by injudicious and unsuccessful attempt. The valuable aid that was invoked came too late to deal with the scheme of construction as a complete, perfect, and independent whole. When Chicago called the best architects and landscape-gardeners to her aid they found that a part of the task before them was the co-ordination with their own plans of certain features not of their own origination. But it seems as if the very difficulty of doing this had added something to the enthusiasm and determination with which they undertook the work. Let us add that it was the only important drawback they had to encounter. The work that was handed over was handed over without reservation or restriction, and with their authority they received the fullest pos-

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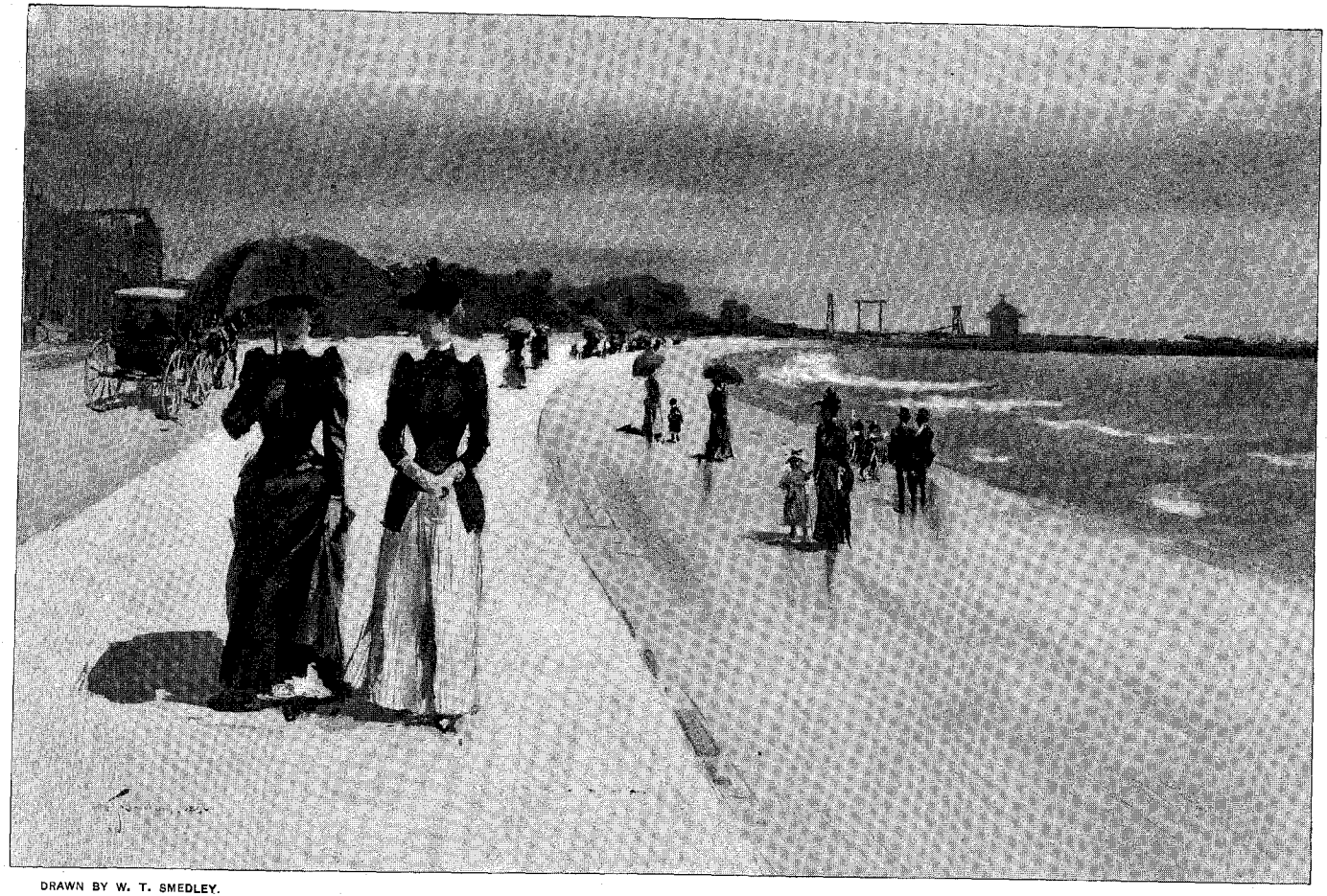

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

The Lake *Front and the Side of the Main Building* (Hall of Manufactures).

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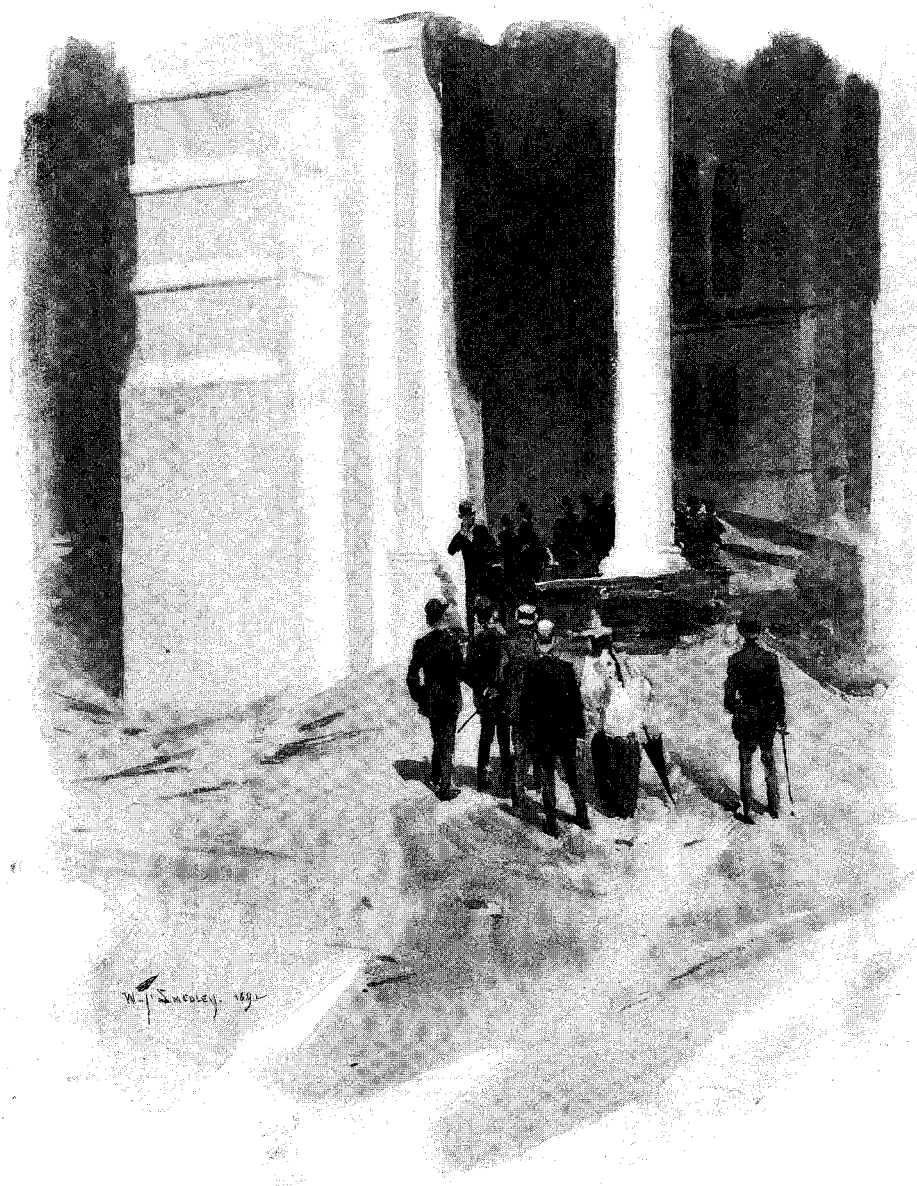

In Process of Construction (an Entrance of the Hall of Mines).

sible means of accomplishment and the heartiest encouragement and assistance.

. . . . . .

Perhaps the first thing that would strike a stranger entering the World's Fair grounds in the summer of 1892 would be the silence of the place, the next the almost theatrical unreality of the impression by the sight of an assemblage of buildings so startlingly out of the common in size and form.

When I speak of the silence I mean the effect of silence. There are seven thousand and odd men at work, and they are hammering and hauling and sawing and filing as noisily as any other workmen, but their noise is hardly noticeable among these vast spaces. The

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disproportion between the men and the structures is so great that this army of laborers looks like a mere random scattering of human beings. Insensibly the beholder gauges the amount of noise he expects by the size of the work before him, and is surprised at the insignificant effect of what he does hear. All of this is part of that first impression of unreality which I have spoken of as almost theatrical. I might call it positively theatrical if I could at the same time convey some sense of the effect of certain daylight views of a great stage decked with ambitious scenery. It is not only the grouping of the huge white and pale-yellow buildings that gives this impression, although it is hard enough to believe in that at first sight; for it cannot but suggest the extravagant fancy that a dozen or so palaces from distant lands—some unmistakably

Before the Agricultural Building.

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out of the Arabian Nights—have taken a sudden fancy to herd together. There are certain grotesque figures of the method of construction that strikingly heighten the general effect of strangeness. You watch two or three workmen moving apparently aimlessly upon the face of what seems a stupendous wall of marble. Suddenly a pillar as tall as a house rises in the air, dangling at the end of a thin rope of wire. The three little figures seize this monstrous showy shaft and set it in place as though it were a fence-post. Then a man with a hand-saw saws a yard or two off it, and you see that it is only a thin shell of

Near the Hall of Mines.—The Great Arches of the Main Building (Hall of Manufactures) in the Distance.

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The Administration Building.

stucco. As you adjust your perceptive faculties you see, two hundred feet above your head, the two halves of a large arch of veritable iron come together, moved by unseen engines, as noiselessly as though they were shadows against the sky.

This is the first impression, and it is one that comes back most readily to the memory in after hours. But on the spot it is shortly displaced by an amazed perception of the vast activity which informs the whole scene; and an unspeakable fascination seizes you as you watch the working out of a great fundamental idea.

"The whole thing is a sketch," said one of its projectors; and in a certain sense it is a sketch, in lines of iron and wash of plaster. This is not an accident; it is the aspect, which, in the opinion of the builders of the fair, a group of buildings of this character should present. All, or almost all, of the structures must necessarily be temporary and removable or convertible to other uses. All must be of great size; all must be put up in a very limited space of time. This involves the adoption of the iron-frame system of construction, and practically makes elaborate internal decoration an impossibility. This situation has been frankly accepted by the architects. They have left it to the exhibits and their accessories to decorate the inside; their own

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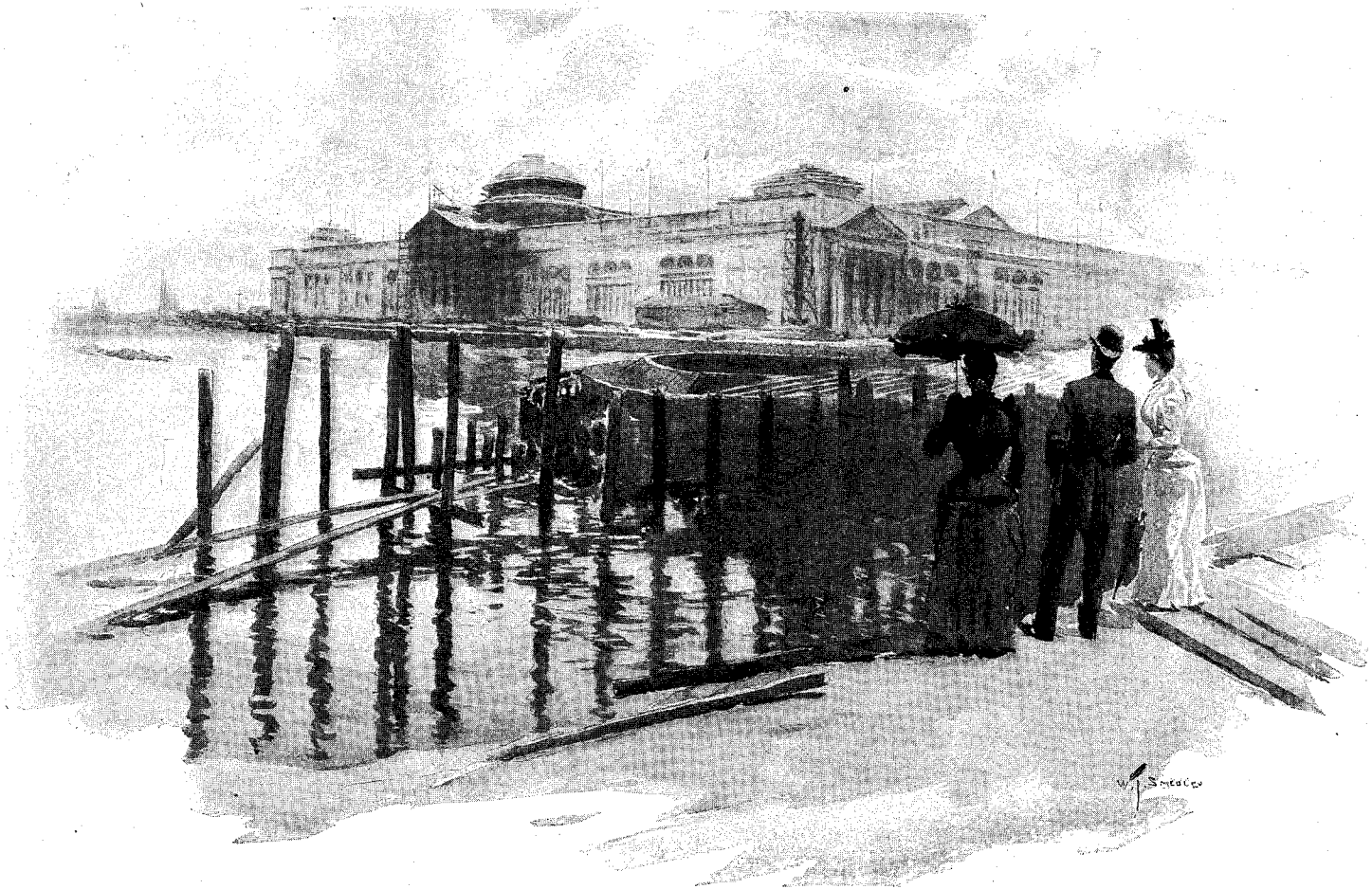

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

Site for the Statue of the Republic.

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task has been to make of walls and roofs a picture pleasing in general composition and harmonious in detail. An iron frame generally means an iron casing, but to carry out a scheme like this it was necessary to find some material less obdurate, more easily handled and more susceptible of artistic treatment. This material was found in a combination of plaster and jute fibre, called *staff*, which combines adaptability to all forms of plastic handling with a stiffness and toughness almost like wood. This stuff has made possible effects of construction which could never have been attempted under the same conditions with any other material. It is prepared as quickly as water and plaster and fibre can be mixed together; it may be made coarse or fine, rough or smooth in surface as may be desired; it may be cast or molded; it may be colored; and when it is dry and ready for use it is handled almost exactly like wood—bored, sawed, and nailed. This, then, is the wash in which the great sketch of the White City is executed. It takes every form that is necessary to clothe and ornament the iron skeletons; it suggests rather than simulates stone, and, considered for itself as a building material, it has certain agreeable qualities of brightness and softness.

It is of this material that all the mural decorations of the Fair Buildings are moulded, even to the statues, and it lends itself with equal readiness to embodying the graceful and somewhat stern classicism of Mr. Philip Martiny's slim, long-winged goddesses, or the amazing and somewhat unaccountable vehemence of the strange allegorical family with which Mr. Karl Bitter is decorating the finials of the Administration Building.

There is a strong contrast between the clothing and the framework of the building. The iron and woodwork employed are of unusual strength; and the iron castings are in some instances wonders of scientific manufacture. For instance, in setting up the preposterously huge trusses of the main building it had not, up to June, 1892, been found necessary to re-drill a single rivet-hole—which testifies to a miracle of constructive calculation at the distant foundries where these great masses of iron were shaped.

The whole business of construction has been reduced to a system original in

Model for Statue of the Republic, by Daniel C. French.

many respects, and peculiarly applicable to the needs of the time and place, the main idea being to make of the construction an art by itself, leaving to the architect only the responsibility of artistic design. As Mr. Frank D. Millet, the right-hand man of Chief-Constructor Burnham, tersely puts it: "We give our constructors a picture and the dimensions, and say, 'Make that!'" And even to Mr. Millet, who has helped in almost every World's Fair for the last

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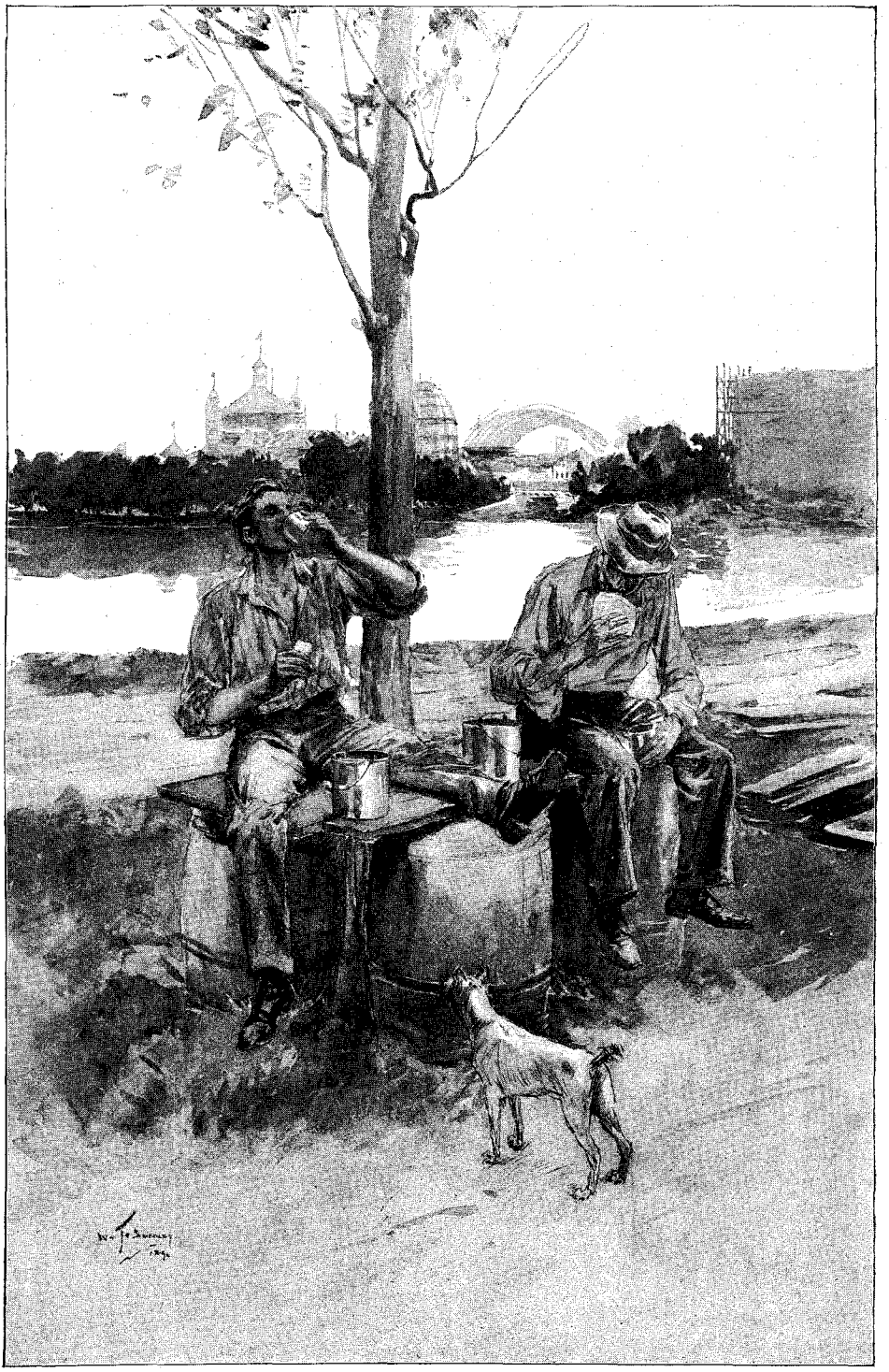

DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

Lunch Time.

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twenty years, this is a new step in the progress of architecture.

With this possibility of quickly and inexpensively modelling the exteriors of the buildings at will, it became also possible to the designers to attempt a bold effect of harmony and balance in the grouping of the structures, and to make the individuality of each building fit in with one underlying design which should at once appeal to the eye and to the memory, so that the thought of any part at once brings to mind its position and significance in the whole scheme. To some extent, of course, those features which they found themselves obliged to accept at the inception of their task have interfered with the carrying out of this plan in its absolute completeness; but the interference has been far less than might have been expected.

It may certainly be said that the least observant of visitors can hardly fail to grasp and retain some conception of the simple and effective ground-plan which unites this impressive collection of buildings, in the course of a single progress through the grounds. If he comes in by the main entrance, the idea of order and system is presented to him at the very outset. All the entering railroads converge here to a single *perron*, or platform, in front of which stands a square building, surmounted by a gilded dome. This is the Administration Building, designed by Richard M. Hunt, of New York. It is placed here to serve a double purpose, to form a vestibule to the Fair of impressive and symmetrical dignity and beauty, and to show the new-comer on his arrival the headquarters of control and management. Under this shining dome he passes to what may be called the grand court of the Exhibition, a mighty quadrangle, flanked on either side by towering white façades, and bounded at its farther end by a majestic peristyle raising its long array of columns against the clear background of an enclosed harbor. An artificial lake or basin of water occupies the greater part of this quadrangle, at its head stretching out into a long transept of canals, the northerly arm connecting with a long, irregularly-shaped lagoon at whose farthest end the pillared front of a classic temple rises from the water's very edge. In the angle formed by these two water-vistas stands the mammoth among buildings, the Hall of Manufactures and Liberal Arts, stretching a third of a mile along the water side.

It is the southwestern—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say the southern—corner of this stupendous pile that centres the whole ground plan and fixes in the mind the relation of its principal parts. The southern façade, covering the whole stretch from the canal to the lake, forms the most important boundary of the central plaza, while its longer frontage looks westward over canal and lagoon upon the broad park-land where lie, irregularly disposed, the buildings not included in the main group. Thus he who stands in front of this corner, at the point where canal and basin join, sees to his right and to his left the two essential divisions of the general design—the court scheme and the champaign scheme—and the thought must strike him that in their combination, in a proportion suggested on the one hand by the breadth and on the other by the length of the grounds, the possibilities of the site have been practically exhausted.

We must not forget the peculiar character of that site. Almost triangular in shape, it was, save for a few marshy hollows, as flat as a parade-ground. It lacked utterly the relief of rock or hill or woodland grove, or even of gracious slopes and terraces. The city lent it no architectural background. Whatever was to be done with it had to be done with the materials at hand. Under such conditions the best thing to be tried for was to make the landscape an attractive and appropriate setting for the buildings, whose size and importance could not but be exaggerated by the character of their surroundings. Here came in the idea of employing water as the effective feature of this setting, and in so broad and liberal a manner as not only to heighten the charm of the architect's work, but to afford a positive novelty in stretching throughout the ground a system of canals and channels navigable for pleas-

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ure-boats—of making, in fact, a water-show in the very heart of the land-show. Through the greater part of the triangular plain the body of water created to this end wanders in graceful and natural curves, doubling on itself, stretching out in pleasant reaches, pushing an arm here, a bay there, sweeping around islands large and small; fringed its whole length in every bend and inlet with the simple and ever lovely flora of the inland water-side—iris, pond-lily, hellebore, sedge-grass, arrowhead, sweet flag, and bulrush—and set around with clustering thickets, and long lines of those lowly and grateful willows that ask only a plenteous draught of water to show their pearly gray-greens from the first stirring of the sap till the coming of the Fall.

This has been the work of Mr. Henry Sargent Codman, the partner of Mr. F. L. Olmstead, and it is easier to admire his success than to realize the difficulties under which he has labored. He has laid under contribution all the lakeside country within many miles of Chicago, ransacking ponds and marshes for suitable stock for transplantation, and making his selections with rare skill and judgment. But the setting out of plants and shrubs by the scores of thousands has been only one part of Mr. Codman's arduous duties. He found for his field of usefulness a flat sand-plain with some three or four inches of superficial soil—light, friable loam, excellent for quick growth and not on any account to be wasted. He removed this top-coating of soil, piled it up temporarily in convenient places, dug his lagoons and canals out of the sand-plain, and then spread his stored-up loam back in the places where he wanted lawns and terraces and thickets and bosky islands. That is to say, he skinned his subject, remodelled its contours, and put the skin back.

As it comes before the mighty front of the Main Building, this wandering stream is caught and held within bounds, until, submissively gliding amid the confines of artificiality, curved and arched and trimmed to line and angle, it plays its part in the great parade of the court square.

The picture of which it forms a part—the picture of the great quadrangle—is one not easily forgotten, even when it is seen in the crude bareness of its unfinished line; when only the superb and well-balanced lines of the half-sheathed buildings bound its broad spaces and spread their long roof-lines against the cold sky. It will be more striking, perhaps, when it gets on its holiday drapery of flags and awnings, of splashing fountains and green parterres made gay with flowers; or seen at night, in the wonderful dress of electric light that is being woven for it, an astounding tracery of fire that is to outline every niche and corner and pillar, every balustrade and terrace-edge, down to the water-line, where a triplicate row of lights, mirrored in the shining depths, will map out the margin of the basin; while from time to time the startling, all-revealing glare of the lake-side search-lights travels across the whole enclosure—the bull's-eye lantern of our familiar electrical giant. And yet, fine as is the theatre it presents for splendid pageantry of this sort, to those who have seen it in the last stage of its growth the trappings may only cost the great square something of the simple dignity it derives from the architectural strength and just proportions of the buildings which wall it in. Properly speaking, the whole space is one broad avenue from the railroad terminus to the Lake, for two-thirds of its length practically a water-way, with the Administration Building planted squarely midway of the remaining third; but to view it from a point in the water-way is inevitably to pick out three buildings as salient boundaries—the main building, known as the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, the Administration Building, and the Agricultural Hall. In the first case it is pre-eminently the aggressive size that attracts the eye, in the second it is the application of a striking form to a peculiarly appropriate situation; in the third what captivates the attention is simply the charm of a beautiful design ideally well displayed. Seen, as it must first be seen, across the water; in an unbroken perspective against the clearest quarter of the sky, so disposed as to be free from the dwarfing influences of any

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other building or group of buildings, its candid classicism receives every advantage that situation can give it, and the eye turns from the effect of breadth and mass in the main building opposite to the calm beauty of its graceful detail with a sense of grateful and natural transition, recognizing a certain complementary relation between the different kinds of dignity expressed in the huge structures.

But if these three buildings offer the most characteristic and unforgettable façades of the square, it is not to be supposed that the rest of the group of giants fail in effectiveness or adequacy in the matter of external appearance. On the contrary, they carry out admirably the idea of restriction to healthy classical lines, which, by mutual consent, has governed the designers of the whole group; while they offer, individually, an ample diversity of thought and treatment. But their position, at the inland end of the court, presenting their main entrances to the Administration Building, has been governed in some measure by the exigencies of their use.

On the southerly side stands, with its annex, the Machinery Hall, designed by Messrs. Peabody & Stearns of Boston, covering in all a space of ground some fourteen hundred by five hundred feet. On the northerly side are the Hall of Mines, and Mining, and the Electrical Building, so called; buildings almost twins in size (about seven hundred by three hundred and fifty feet each), but sharply differing in design—the Hall of Mines, with its massiveness of design and detail, and the Palace of Electricity, raising on high its almost fantastically broken sky-line. The one is the work of Mr. S. S. Beman, the other of Messrs. Van Brunt & Howe, of Kansas City. Outside of these, or rather, around the corner from them is the Transportation Building, a vast hall running nearly five hundred feet each way from the imposing Roman arch, with its florid half-oriental decoration, which forms its main entrance. This edifice stands as a sort of connecting link between the serried ranks of the quadrangle buildings, and those which are ranged in "open order" around the water space, in the middle of the champaign or park-like portion of the grounds. These are, in the order of their position: The Horticultural Hall, the Women's Pavilion, the Illinois State Building, the permanent Building of the Institute of Art (around and beyond which are the smaller headquarters of the various States and foreign nations), and then, returning on the lakeward side of the lagoon, the Fisheries Building and the United States Government Exhibition Quarters, which comprise a large building, and at the lake shore an enclosed harbor for the naval exhibit. Here the long ellipse reaches the northerly end of the main building, and thus connects with the base of construction formed by the great court, and that coign of vantage at the confluence of basin and canal from which the eye first takes in the whole broad and varied scheme.

It is from this point that a comprehensive view must be taken of the arrangement as a whole, and of the harmony or discordance of its several parts. Of the quadrangle it may be said that from the layman's point of view criticism would be hypercriticism. Whatever individual taste or scholarship may find to question or reject in the details of this marvellous plaza, with its thronging façades, its spacious water-ways, its treasures of columns and fountains; the people who go out to see a great and beautiful sight would be mean and ungracious if they sought to weaken by ungenerous analysis the satisfying impression of grandeur and beauty, and of eminent fitness and good taste, produced by the whole picture. It is a noble design, broadly conceived, and carried out with an amazing amount of patient skill and conscientious thought.

To turn to the other and longer vista of the water parkway is to see how sadly the interference of lower standards can mar the complete execution of an exquisite, artistic design. For almost a mile the eye travels the delightfully diversified length of the beautiful water-way which Messrs. Olmsted & Codman have laid out, to rest at last upon the almost sacredly classic front of the great Art Building, calm and pure in its beauty as the waters of the lake from which it rises. It is a beauty of line and proportion rather than of decora-

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tion, a beauty of balance and modulation, a beauty which must be seen in its completeness, undisturbed by any other spectacle, if you would feel the full delight of its serenity. And right here, across full half of the western end, the Illinois State Building thrusts an unseemly and ill-bred shoulder into the view, like a drygoods emporium affronting a Greek temple.

There is another building in the way on the eastern side, but it neither affronts nor offends. This is the Fisheries Building, designed by Mr. Henry Ives Cobb, and its delicate pavilions, with their clean, significant lines, and their airy, skyward lift, take gracefully a subordinate part in the picture and relieve a severity with which they are in no wise out of keeping. Joyousness is the keynote of Mr. Cobb's design; his is a happy concept for a people's summer pleasure-house, and he permits himself something like an approach to architectural humor in his grotesque decorations of conventionalized forms of fishes and crustaceans. It may be objected that the primary purpose of the building is scientific, but to this it should be urged that ichthyology is a science which it is hard to disconnect from a certain fantastic curiosity, and that, in spite of what the learned have said, the humor-loving human being will never take fish quite seriously—and moreover, that the man who conceives a design so wholly delightful in spirit as Mr. Cobb's, need make no more apology for the lightsomeness of his art than he does for the gracefulness of it.

Across a lake from the Fisheries Building is the Building of the United States Government, which promises to be one of the most valuable and important exhibits in the whole Fair. It ought to illuminate the soul of even a Congressman from Darkest Kansas with new lights on the selection and compensation of government architects.

The Horticultural Hall, which is the largest building of the park group, is sufficiently imposing in point of size, but disappointing in its heavy and earth-bound lines, the ponderous effect of which is accented by the unnecessarily broad frieze which swathes the building like a wide bandage. It is, however, only fair to say for Mr. Jenny's building that considerations of interior effect have had more weight than in the case of any other edifice (except, perhaps, the Administration Building); his highly colored courts being made a characteristic feature.

It is impossible to avoid speaking of certain unsatisfactory points in this part of the exhibition—impossible because the very high standard of achievement established elsewhere provokes the uncomplimentary comparison. Yet it must not be forgotten that such criticism is, after all, only comparative. It is mainly because so much has been done thoroughly well, that the element of dissatisfaction seems unduly irritant. To use the consoling axiom of Charles Reade's humble publicist, "Where there's a multitude there's a mixture;" and it was inevitable that in a work so vast some parts should be on a lower plane than others, both in conception and execution. The thing to be wondered at is that this undertaking could have gone so far as it has without developing more positive evidence of bad taste or lack of skill. Every World's Fair, I suppose, must have its "Iolanthe in Butter," and perhaps Iolanthe has her place in the art-education of a people. If she has, it may be incidentally remarked that ample provision has been made for filling her place in this instance. There is a modern and realistic *rilievo* at the base of the great entrance of the Transportation Building, which does the completest justice to the Pullman-car end of our civilization.

. . . . . .

I have endeavored to give some idea of what shape and form the World's Fair enterprise had taken to the apprehension of the physical eye in the month of June, 1892, without attempting to discount the future, or to do more than lay before my readers a very brief and untechnical description of a sight that moved me, as I think it must have moved any American who saw it as I did, to a deep interest and honest enthusiasm. It has been a pleasant but a trying task, and how full it has been of temptations to error and to exaggeration can only, I think, be understood by the man, who, as a boy, has peered

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through a hole in the circus tent, and whispered to his wide-eyed companions a fragmentary and hurried account of the dazzling show in process of preparation. He, I know, will forgive me, if I have shown more earnestness than art in striving to picture to him the effect produced by this strange assemblage of beautiful, gracious, and inspiriting architectural forms—at the first sight of the unfinished White City of Palaces.

It has been difficult to convey the effect of what has been done: it would be impossible to convey the effect of the doing of it. It is a great exhibition in itself—the concentration of human energy and intelligence which has made this work possible. The men who are doing it are gathered together from distant cities, and for the months or years that their task may require of them, they have given themselves up as absolutely as soldiers give themselves to their duty. It is, in fact, an army of laborers with a staff of artists and architects that is under the command of Mr. D. H. Burnham, the Chief of Construction, a man born for generalship, strong in executive ability and in the capacity for inspiring loyalty and devotion. It is through his constructive and executive genius that the admirably able corps of architects and designers gathered together at Chicago are enabled to realize their splendid fancies in all the strength of their ambition. Within the walls of the great enclosure these men lead, for months at a time, the life of military officers in the conduct of a campaign, living in barracks, their days' work beginning with their waking and ending only with too long deferred sleep.

They have worked so hard and so long together, at home and on this sandy plain, that, like all old comrades of war, they have a talk of their own, and among themselves they sometimes speak of a certain "microbe," the germ of something which, with soldierlike levity, they figure as a disease—the enthusiasm—the uncontrollable, action-impelling enthusiasm for their great enterprise which sustains them through this long strain on body and mind; the enthusiasm which seizes upon all who watch them at their grand toil, and which I wish were mine to communicate in telling of what they are doing.

STATISTICAL NOTES OF THE WORLD'S FAIR BUILDINGS AT CHICAGO.

(These figures are approximately correct, within a foot or so; fractions are suppressed for the sake of simplicity; and allowance must be made for slight alterations in plan.)

The Grounds are a little less than a mile-and-a-half in length. In width they are about a third of a mile at the narrow end, and about four-fifths of a mile at the broad or south end. Speaking roughly, this is about equivalent to as much of the lower end of New York City as would be separated from the upper portion by a line drawn from the foot of Canal Street and North River to the foot of Rutgers Street and East River. They contain more than half a thousand acres, exclusive of the Midway Plaisance, an annex running eastward behind the Women's Pavilion.

The Main Court, Plaza or Cour d'Honneur is a quadrangle 2,000 by 700 feet. It contains the Great Basin, 1,100 by 350 feet; the MacMonnies Fountain, the centre-piece of a basin 150 feet in diameter; and terminates at the lake end in the Peristyle designed by Mr. C. B. Atwood, which is 60 feet high and is composed of four rows of pillars.

The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building is 1,687 by 787 feet in size. It covers about thirty-one acres. The great main roof covers an area 1,400 by 385 feet, and has an extreme height of 210 feet. This is between 55 and 60 feet higher than the Great Arch of the Machinery Building in the recent Paris Exposition. It is only 10 feet less in height than the great chimney of the New York Steam-Heating Company. It is just 6 feet lower than the top of the spire of Grace Church, New York. It is 11 feet lower than the Bunker Hill shaft at Boston. It would hold the Vendome column mounted on a 74 foot pedestal. The seating capacity of the building is estimated at over 200,000 people. St. Peter's at Rome holds about 54,000, St. Paul's in London less than 26,000, and the Metropolitan Opera House in New York has a capacity of 5,000 people. The entrances to this building are 40 feet wide by 80 feet high. Its ground plan is much more

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than twice the size of that of the Pyramid of Cheops. It is the better part of a hundred feet longer than the main span of the Brooklyn Bridge. It is nearly two and one-half times as long and more than two and one-half times as wide as the Capitol at Washington. The architect is Mr. George B. Post, of New York.

The Agricultural Building is 800 by 500 feet. Its central dome is 130 feet in height and 100 in diameter. The corner domes are between 90 and 100 feet high. The cornice-line is 65 feet high.* Messrs. McKim, Meade & White are the architects. The statuary adornments of the building are designed by Mr. Philip Martiny. The annex to this building is 550 by 300 feet.

The Machinery Hall is 846 by 492 feet. Its annex 550 by 490 feet. These dimensions do not include boiler house, machine house, etc. The architects are Messrs. Peabody & Stearns, of Boston.

The Administration Building is 260 feet square. The dome is 275 feet high externally; the internal dome is 190 feet in height. That is, it is about as high on the outside as Trinity Church spire in New York. The dome of the Capitol at Washington is 287 feet in height, and internally considerably smaller than that of this building. Mr. Richard M. Hunt, of New York, is the architect; Mr. Karl Bitter, the statuary.

The Hall of Mines and Mining is 700 by 300 feet, and the architect is Mr. S. S. Beman, of Chicago.

The Electrical Building is 690 by 345 feet. The four corner towers are 169 feet high. The longitudinal nave is 115 feet wide by 114 feet high. Messrs. Van Brunt & Howe, of Kansas City, are the architects.

The Transportation Building is 960 by 256 feet, with a one-story annex covering about 9 acres. The cupola is 165 feet in height. Messrs. Adler & Sullivan, of Chicago, are the architects.

The Horticultural Building is 998 by 250 feet. The dome is 187 feet in diameter and 113 feet high. Mr. W. L. B. Jenny, of Chicago, is the architect.

The Woman's Pavilion is 388 by 199 feet. The architect is Miss Sophia G. Hayden, of Chicago.

The Building of the Institute of Fine Arts (permanent) is 500 by 320 feet, with a dome 125 feet high. The architect is Mr. C. B. Atwood.

The Fisheries Building is over 1,000 feet in extreme length, the main building being 365 by 165 feet, flanked by two circular pavilions, each 135 feet in diameter, connected by arcades. Its water capacity is 140,000 gallons, exclusive of reservoirs. The architect is Mr. Henry Ives Cobb.

Other Buildings are the Dairy Building, 200 by 95 feet; the Government Building, 415 by 345 feet; the Forestry Building, 500 by 200 feet; the Stock Pavilion, 440 by 280 feet, and the Illinois Building, 450 by 160.

* By general agreement among the architects, 65 feet is accepted as the standard height of the main façade in most of the buildings.

Going Home from Work.

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SALEM KITTREDGE, THEOLOGUE.

HIS SECULAR EXCURSION.

By Bliss Perry.

PART I.

I.

IT always seemed to Salem Kittredge that his heels clicked more noisily than other men's upon the floor of a hotel office, and this uncomfortable impression was renewed as he stepped up to the desk of the Parker House.

"If Mr. Pitman should call for me, will you tell him that I am here?"

"What name?" said the clerk, without looking up.

"Pitman; J. Howard Pitman. Oh, you mean my name? Mr. Kittredge—Salem Kittredge. It's rather sultry, isn't it?"

"Excuse me?"

"I said it was hot."

The clerk's only reply to this tentative friendliness was to push back his skull-cap, wipe his forehead, and yawn assentingly. The tall young man in black turned awkwardly away, and walked over to one of the big leather chairs by the window. As he seated himself, he pulled out a silver watch, for the tenth time in the last hour, and found that he still had seven or eight minutes to wait. With a nervously directed handkerchief he flapped the dust of Andover and the B. & M. Road from off his shoes, and then he drew a telegram from his pocket. Once more he read, "Meet me at Parker House ten o'clock Thursday without fail," and wondered again who J. Howard Pitman was, and what he could want of a post-graduate student of theology. In absently folding the telegram, his eye wandered to a newspaper lying on the window-sill. There in the advertising columns was the name that had perplexed him. He had seen it a thousand times: *Pitman's Primitive Pellets*, in audacious type, and underneath it the familiar face—bald, hard-eyed, heavy-mustached—and the scrawled signature.

He was still examining the trade-mark when the proprietor of the pellets hurried in, crossed the office straight toward Kittredge, and put out his hand.

"And you're Salem Kittredge," he said. "Look just like your father, don't you? Your father 'n I used to go to school together up in Burridge; little red schoolhouse, just above the Forks. There yet, ain't it? Le' me see, how long is it since your father died?"

"Six years," replied Salem, who was still standing, holding Mr. Pitman's hand, and conscious that the clerk was looking at him.

"Well, well! Now I shouldn't have heard of you at all, if it hadn't been for Professor Bibb — sit down, sit down. Nehemiah Bibb says that you're the young man I'm looking for, he thinks."

Salem smiled intelligently.

"Bibb came from up in Burridge, too. Knew your father well; and the other day I was telling him what I had in mind and he said he was sure you'd be just the man." Pitman pushed his chair closer and lowered his voice as he went on. "You see, it's about my boy Freddie—the only boy I've got. He's twenty-three years old next month, but he ain't much of a comfort to me, nor to his mother. He ain't a bad boy—not really a bad boy; but he has a little—difficulty—Freddie has, and about six or eight times a year he has it rough, I tell you! He's a nice, pleasant-spoken fellow, and he's keen; he can run the Works—the Pellet Works, you've heard of 'em?—as well as I can, when he's straight, and he was always a good scholar when he'd a mind to be. Freddie's all right, when he *is* all right."

"Did he go through college?" inquired Salem, sympathetically. "You spoke of his being a good student."

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"One year—almost a year, anyway—and then he had to leave. They didn't want him at Cambridge, they said; they were very polite about it, but they didn't want him."

"It was his scholarship?" ventured Kittredge.

"No, it was a cock-fight;" and a smile quavered a moment under the great mustache. "That was over in Somerville, and that boy—he wa'n't but nineteen—took seven hundred dollars out of Boston men that ought to have known better, and I tell you it went against the grain—just a little against the grain—for me to make him send it back. I don't suppose the fight was any worse — between you 'n me — than one we had once up in Burridge, in your grandfather's barn, when your father and Nehemiah Bibb had their jackknives up on it; but that's neither here nor there.

"So I had to take him out, and he wanted to go on the road," continued Mr. Pitman, "and he doubled our Southern trade in six months. That boy got it into his head that the Pellets would cure fever 'n ague"—here J. Howard Pitman hesitated, with a whimsical droop of the eyelid and a triumphant twist of his iron-gray mustache —"and they do cure fever and ague! There's no doubt about it. They 're a specific, and that boy found it out. He has more 'n thirteen hundred signed testimonials from sufferers, up at the Works to-day. He's a hustler, I tell you, when he wants to hustle, but——" The enthusiasm dropped out of his voice, and his eyes fell to the floor.

Salem was silent, wondering what all this had to do with himself.

"But just about once in so often," the patent medicine man went on slowly, "about once in two months, Freddie has to take three or four days off, and lets the Pellets roll to Ballyhack, till he gets ready to go on again. I had to go down to Tampa last winter to bring him home, and he came pretty near slipping me in New York as it was. If he'd keep straight and settle down, I'd give him half the business in a minute; but he don't want to settle yet, he says, and he'll keep on the road, or nothing. I can't get along without him—or with him, and there we are. His mother, she talks to him, but she don't seem to understand Freddie very well—she never did; and our minister's talked to him, and he's just as polite as a boy can be, and just as straight as a boy can be, till the time comes round again, and then everything goes kerflummux. And here's where you come in. I've had a talk with the doctor about Freddie; the doctor saw him after that Tampa business last winter, and again in May, and he says there's just about one chance for him. 'Your boy,' says he, 'is a confirmed inebriate, or straight on the road to it. It isn't that he wants to drink all the time; he doesn't; he's got the convulsive form of acute alcoholism. You must get a good, steady young fellow to go to Europe with him, or round the world, or somewhere, and watch him night and day when these turns are coming on. If he gets by one or two of them, he may be all right. Then let him come back and settle down at the Works and never go on the road again. It's the only way.' Now, I happened to run across Nehemiah Bibb that very afternoon, and he said that you were through your fourth year, and hadn't any particular church in view —kind o' staying on in Andover, ain't you?—and he didn't know but you'd like the chance to go around the world."

"I see," said Salem, trying to think fast.

The father watched him keenly. "You 'd find Freddie a pleasant fellow to be with," he ventured, persuasively, fancying he saw a refusal upon Salem's face. "And I ought to say this," he continued, "I'll make it worth your while, if you want to go. I know the captain of a brig that sails in August for Australia; expects to touch almost everywhere, either coming or going. How would this do: I to pay all expenses, and two hundred dollars a month, beginning now?"

Kittredge hesitated. It was in many ways the very thing he would like; and the money tempted him, and the opportunity to win back a young man's life. "But we might not get along together," he suggested. "I am three or four years older, and a licensed minister, and——" He could scarcely give

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an exact phrase to what he felt to be a certain unfitness in the proposed relationship.

"Exactly; you want to go slow and sure. Just like your father. That's all right. But see here: the Richard H. Gulick don't sail till the 16th of August, and to-day's only the 2d of July. Freddie's vacation began yesterday. We're running light at the Works, and his next trip wouldn't be till September anyway. He proposes to go up to Bar Harbor for awhile; thinks the air is better there than it is down on the North Shore where his mother is. Now you go up on the Olivette to-night with him, spend a few weeks together, and get a little acquainted. What do you say?"

"But what would your son say?"

"Oh, that's fixed, nice as you please. I talked it over with him last night; told him all about the way your father and I used to hook off from school together up in Burridge—guess, though, he'd heard me tell that before—and he says, 'All right, send Kittredge along. I've never seen the man yet I couldn't stand if I had to!'"

Salem reflected upon the young man's cordial way of putting it. "I don't know," he said, doubtfully, "suppose we found we couldn't get on smoothly? It must be unpleasant for him to know he is watched. It wouldn't be very agreeable for two men at swords' points to go around the world together."

"To be sure," interrupted Pitman, eagerly, "and that's the beauty of the Bar Harbor idea. Try it for awhile. If it don't work, we won't say anything about the Richard H. Gulick. But I kind o' think it will work, and it does seem as if it was about the only thing there was left to try. There's a good stiff Maine law, you know; that might help you some."

A sense of pity smote Kittredge suddenly, for the simple-hearted father, for the mother who did not understand her only boy, for the boy himself, an inebriate at twenty-three.

"I will undertake it," he said, "and I'll do my best, but I'm sure I don't know——"

Pitman sprang to his feet. "The Lord bless you! Nehemiah Bibb said you would do it. I'll telephone Freddie that you'll meet him at the boat to-night. You know where it is—Lewis Wharf. Sails at six, don't she? Look it up in that *Globe*." And while Salem picked up the newspaper, and found the Primitive Pellets staring him in the face again before he could turn to the steamboat column, Mr. Pitman stepped to a table and wrote a check for the first six weeks' salary. He would not listen to Salem's ineffective protest against receiving it, and they left the Parker House together. Pitman held up his finger for a herdic, and shook the younger man's hand with some emotion, looking at his watch meanwhile and giving directions to the driver. He already had one foot in the herdic when he turned, and pulled a big Pellet catalogue from his inside pocket.

"By the way," he said, with a pride not quite disguised by his offhand tone, "perhaps you'd like to look over one of our new catalogues. It tells all about the Works, and some of those testimonials Freddie got down South are in there. Freddie's picture is on the back page, but he don't know it yet. Good-by!" The herdic disappeared into Washington Street, leaving Salem Kittredge standing on the pavement, his cheeks hot with an embarrassed, unformulated pity, and a colored patent medicine pamphlet in his hand.

II.

The absurdity of the situation came over him in a moment, and he hurriedly pocketed the catalogue and began to grin. But there was no time to lose in humorous reflection upon his new occupation, if he was to be ready for the Bar Harbor trip that afternoon, and it grew clear to him that the check in his possession was a providential dispensation. Without it, he had barely money enough to get back to Andover; with it, he could purchase a few things that seemed absolutely necessary, if young Pitman were not to be made ashamed of his travelling companion. Exactly what these purchases must be, he tried to decide in the

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course of—it would be hardly accurate to say between the courses of—a forty-five cent dinner at a Brattle Street restaurant.

It was plain that he must procure some clothes, for the black frock suit he had worn into Boston that morning, the only really presentable thing he had, was shiny with the Sunday preaching trips of two winters and a long summer in South Dakota. For the various exigencies of Bar Harbor life, Salem knew that this garb was quite inappropriate. After a miserable hour of indecision, he took the bit in his teeth, and bought a white flannel tennis suit, as something unministerial and sure to be useful. He had a sort of feeling, too, sufficiently definite to make him uncomfortable, that a man going to Mount Desert ought to have a dress-suit, but he was not sure. If young Pitman and he were to start on a voyage around the world in a sailing vessel, a swallow-tail coat would be an impertinence, but the intervening weeks loomed large upon his imagination, and finally, in his honest way, he made a confidant of the salesman who had persuaded him into taking the ready-made tennis suit. The fertile mind of this young gentleman suggested that it might be better to rent the evening dress for the time required, and while directing Kittredge to an establishment that made a specialty of such transactions, he assured him that it would be advisable to buy, then and there, whatever else might be needed to complete his evening toilet. The result was that the perplexed theologue gave the salesman permission to pick out what was necessary — a commission which the latter cordially executed, and the affair ended by his escorting Salem to the basement and helping him to select a dress-suit case, extraordinarily heavy and expensive, but absolutely correct in design.

It was with this case in one hand and two big paper parcels in the other—he had telegraphed his Andover landlady to forward his trunk to Mount Desert by express—that Salem walked up the gang-plank of the Olivette shortly after five that afternoon. He was hot and tired and nervous, and the first passenger on board. The purser informed him that a Mr. Pitman had telegraphed for two state-rooms, and in one of these Kittredge deposited his belongings. Then, after puzzling over the Spanish notices posted around the cabin—memorials of the winter trips of the little vessel—he went out upon the big covered wharf and sat down upon a box of freight, folding the tails of his frock-coat over into his lap and fanning himself with his black Derby hat, while he kept an eye out for Frederic Pitman.

The Olivette had already taken on most of her freight, but the wharf reverberated with the rolling of hand-trucks and the shouts of the deck-hands as the last consignments were disposed of. Baggage-wagons clattered up to the open side of the building, and deposited piles of trunks, which were checked and put aboard as fast as the owners arrived to identify them. Kittredge kept his seat until he was hustled out of the way by an Italian stevedore, and then he began to walk around among the baggage and wonder whether he could recognize young Pitman when he saw him. The confusion increased momentarily, and amid the throng of clamorous children, jauntily-dressed young women, youths in white flannel, jaded mammas, hurrying papas, and Scandinavians and Celts of every condition of servitude, Salem looked in vain for his Confirmed Inebriate. The trunks disappeared gradually within the hold, and the upper deck of the Olivette was filling with passengers. Ten minutes before the time of sailing the wharf was nearly empty once more, and still Salem paced back and forth, pausing to examine the initials upon the late-arriving baggage.

Once his heart beat fast, as he read a big P. upon a steamer trunk, two valises, and a hat-box, and he stepped forward to meet the owner, a stalwart blond fellow in a checked suit and helmet hat. But the dissimilarity between this figure and J. Howard Pitman made him hesitate, and when the stranger, after staring at him an instant, ordered the first officer of the Olivette to book his luggage, it dawned gratefully upon

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Kittredge that P. might also stand for Plantagenet.

The first officer gravely beckoned to the baggage-master, and continued to converse soothingly with the elder of two ladies, who had been hovering anxiously over the trunks for several minutes. She was a stout little rosy-cheeked personage of fifty-five, and her acute eyes were sparkling behind her gold-rimmed glasses.

"Such an irresponsible system!" she exclaimed.

The first officer shrugged his shoulders.

"Auntie," said the younger woman, "are you quite sure the trunk was not put aboard while I was buying the tickets?"

"Certainly, my child. I was watching every moment. To think that all the plans should be in that particular trunk! Would your deck-hands, sir, dare to put a trunk on board before it had been claimed—while I held the transfer-check in my hand?"

"I should scarcely think so, madam," replied the first officer, who had been summoned from the deck to meet this emergency. "But I will have another search made in the hold at once;" and bowing to the older lady while looking at the younger one, he shamelessly retreated under fire, leaving Kittredge and the ladies standing near together.

"It may come yet, Auntie. There are five minutes left—and then you have the check, in any case, you know."

"Yes, but, my dear child—— Wait! We must telephone the transfer company. Is there a telephone here?"

This demand was not addressed to any one in particular, but Kittredge glanced toward her as he heard it, and she made a rapid advance upon him. "Excuse me," she said, "but possibly you can help us. Can you tell me if there is a telephone here?"

Kittredge glanced vaguely along the floor of the huge building, down the sides, over to the Olivette, up to the rafters; whence his gaze fell to the sharp bronze feathers of the younger woman's bonnet, and her fine brown hair, and the grave blue eyes.

"I—don't see any," he ejaculated. "I'm very sorry." And then he took off his hat.

"There's a tellyphown in the offus, mum," volunteered an interested cabman, with a jerk of his thumb toward the upper end of the wharf.

"Ah, thank you. Then *will* you please telephone the transfer company that they must trace Check 38 instantly, and that we have only five minutes to spare, and that if the trunk does not reach here in time they must express it to me at the Hotel Occidental, at their expense, and that——"

"Wouldn't it be better to give your name, Auntie?" suggested the niece.

"Of course. Sign it Mrs. Atterbury, please."

"Sign it?" inquired Kittredge.

"How very stupid in me! You know what I mean," exclaimed Mrs. Atterbury, and as the perplexed theologue started on an undignified run for the office, she added to her niece: "Rachel, I do believe that in my old age I am growing a trifle nervous!"

As Salem reached the office door, the clerk in charge was hurrying out to the Olivette.

"I beg your pardon; have you a telephone here!"

"Right inside. Help yourself."

Kittredge groaned. He had counted on getting the clerk to do the talking. It was only once or twice a year that he had occasion to use a telephone, and then he rarely succeeded in making the thing work. But there was not a moment to lose. He laid his hat in a chair, and grasping the handle of the instrument, turned it loud and long. Then he put the receiver to his ear and waited. Outside, there was the hum and rattle of the streets; down the harbor somewhere, a tug-boat was blowing her whistle; out on the wharf there was a scraping sound as if they were hauling up the gang-plank. Salem put the receiver to his other ear, and rang again; but still the mysterious machine was dumb. It occurred to him that perhaps he was expected to speak first.

"Hullo!" His voice was shaky.

"Hullo, Central!" It was slightly louder now, and it seemed to him stentorian.

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"Say, Central! Oh-h. Cen-tr-a-l!!" Never had he closed a pulpit discourse with a purer pathos.

Then a cold sweat broke out all over him. He had forgotten to press the button. With a trembling hand he began again, and was greeted with a prompt "Hullo!"

"Is that the Central?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am trying to find Mrs. Atterbury's trunk. It's lost, and she wanted me to telephone to the transfer company——"

"Hold on a minute."

"What did you say?"

"Go ahead. Whom did you wish to call up?"

"The transfer company. I'm trying to find Mrs. Atterbury's trunk, and she wanted me to telephone——"

"Yes, yes. But what number?"

"Number thirty-eight. I think it was a sole-leather trunk, and the Olivette is just starting now, and she says——"

"Wait a minute!" There was a conversation at the other end of the machine, and a confusion of sentences: "Lewis wharf"—"some one there"—"can't make out what he wants"—"no such call as thirty-eight in the book."

Then came a new voice.

"Who is it that's talking?"

"Mr. Kittredge, Salem Kittredge. I am trying to find Mrs. Atterbury's trunk; Mis-ses At-ter-bur-y. She wanted me to telephone to the transfer company——"

"All right. Now hold on. Stand up closer to the telephone. *What transfer company?*"

Salem's heart came up in his throat. He did not have the remotest idea. "I think it was from the Old Colony Depot," he stammered desperately. "But it may have been the Albany Depot, or perhaps it was the New England. Can't you try them all?" he went on, penitently but hopelessly. "The fact is, she didn't tell me, and——"

There was a quick rustle of skirts behind him, and Kittredge turned. In the narrow doorway of the dingy office stood Rachel Atterbury, slender, alert as a bird just alighting, one gray-gloved hand resting on the door-jamb and the other supported by the handle of her parasol. She leaned toward him, a flush of color in her cheeks, her lips parted with her quick breathing.

"Auntie's trunk is found!" she panted. "It was in the hold all the time! We were so afraid you would be left. It was so very kind of you to take this trouble."

Salem stared at her an instant in abject, speechless gratitude; then he let the telephone receiver swing dangling back against the wall and stammered, with admirable sincerity, "You're welcome. You are very welcome."

They hurried toward the Olivette side by side. The deck-hands had already laid hold of the ropes of the gang-plank, and the boat was quivering with the slow turning of her screw. Frederic Pitman had gone utterly out of Kittredge's mind. But as they reached the boat, they encountered a spectacle which recalled to the theologue the aim of his excursion to Mount Desert. A red-faced, pot-bellied hackman bore down upon them, staggering under the weight of a huge, commercial traveller's trunk; and in the rear of this combination appeared the Confirmed Inebriate, a smallish young man with a pert nose and demure eyes, immaculately dressed in blue serge, russet shoes, and yachting cap, carrying his head thrown forward, his elbows very slightly outward, and his knees very daintily bent as he walked, and with a bundle of silver-headed sticks and umbrellas in his hand. It was with this bundle that he politely touched the hackman's elbow, and indicated where the trunk should be thrown on board; then he caught sight of Miss Atterbury. She recognized him, with a somewhat formal inclination, and passed swiftly up the plank. His lips murmured her name respectfully; his bow was the perfection of good form.

"This is Mr. Pitman?" said Kittredge, wondering how Mrs. Atterbury's niece could happen to know an Inebriate, but feeling instinctively sure of his man.

"Yes; Mr. Kittredge, I believe? I am very glad to meet you. After you."

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And in that order they mounted to the deck of the Olivette.

III.

THE experience of Salem Kittredge as a student of theology and even as a frontier preacher for a space of some four months had scarcely accustomed him to such prompt action and swift transitions as had marked that afternoon. It was difficult for him to keep more than one thing in his head at a time, and from the moment the Atterbury ladies had appealed to him in their anxiety until he spied his Inebriate, he had quite forgotten the real reason of his journey to Bar Harbor. But his memory was sharply jogged before he had been a minute upon the deck of the steamer. Young Mr. Pitman excused himself in order to look up his state-room, leaving Kittredge leaning over the rail of the boat watching her work her way out of the slip. The quartermaster was close beside him, lowering a rope buffer between the steamer and the black piles of the wharf, and conversing respectfully with the second officer.

"D' ye remember that little feller who just come aboard?"

"No. I don't know as I do," replied the second officer.

"Why, he was that feller that wanted to charter the Olivette to carry a cargo of pills from Tampa to Havana, last winter."

"Is that so? Well, he was lively for a little one, wa'nt he?"

"I guess he was!" And, bending still farther over, he swung the buffer just in time to catch the whole weight of the straining boat, and as it creaked and flattened with the pressure, he added, judicially: "There ain't any bichloride of gold in *his* blood!"

Salem turned away, with a sudden sinking at his heart. He was there to watch over a drunkard; such was the service to which he owed his salary; he had drawn that salary in advance, and he must earn it somehow. Restlessly he made his way to the upper deck, and there ran across Mrs. Atterbury, who had thriftily taken possession of a chair and had scattered her wraps over two or three others. She scrutinized him through the gold-rimmed eye-glasses an instant, and then stopped him as he was passing her.

"You must let me thank you for your kindness," she said, in a clear, rapid voice. "It was very obliging of you to telephone for me. I have no doubt it did some good, even if those stupid porters had put the trunk aboard already. You see the company ought to be reprimanded constantly for its carelessness, on general principles. I am glad they had a man to talk to them. But we feared the boat might start without you; we were very grateful."

"Oh, I—I really did very little," said Kittredge, blushing.

"That is for us to decide," graciously replied Mrs. Atterbury, "and no one knows how much good it may have done the transfer company."

The theologue had the appearance of deferentially waiving this question, but he could not think of anything to say, and the pause in the conversation indicated that his brief acquaintance with Mrs. Atterbury had already reached its limit. As he hesitated, on the point of leaving her, the Inebriate brushed past his elbow, and was greeted by the lady with a smile of recognition and an outstretched hand.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Pitman! I remember meeting you at Magnolia. Is your mother on board?"

"Mother is not here," responded Mr. Pitman, with a slightly husky voice, into which he succeeded in pouring a most unctuous regret, and with a look of bland resignation in his brown eyes. "Mother has felt obliged to remain in Magnolia this summer. It would have given her great pleasure to meet you again. I see you know Mr. Kittredge," he added, turning to Salem.

"Yes, indeed! Mr. Kittredge has been of the greatest service to us; he must have telephoned all over the city in search of a trunk that contained the plans for our cottage. We couldn't have lost it, you know. Tell me, Mr. Pitman, is not a transfer company liable under the circumstances to the full extent of the law?"

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The Inebriate nodded gravely.

"Won't you take these chairs?" she went on. "It will be impossible to find one in a few minutes, the boat is so crowded;" and with hospitable zeal she piled her travelling-rugs upon the deck and insisted that the young men should sit down. The fleet Olivette had already left the docks far behind her and was headed down the channel. Young Pitman and Mrs. Atterbury were still deep in the discussion of the trunk question—broken by occasional comments upon the speed of the steamer or the familiar beauty of the harbor—when Salem caught sight of Rachel Atterbury picking her way toward them through the crowded chairs. She had exchanged the bronze-feathered bonnet for a blue Tam O' Shanter, and the collar of her tight-fitting jacket was turned up around her throat, making her figure seem even slenderer than before. Just as she reached the group, the wash from a passing schooner struck the Olivette's quarter; and the girl, with a little gasp, threw up her hands to balance herself, and was poised for a single instant in the very attitude in which she had appeared to Salem at the dingy office door upon the wharf. He sprang to his feet, followed by the Inebriate.

"My niece, Miss Atterbury—Mr. Pitman. Oh, of course! You have met at Magnolia; I should have remembered it. And Mr. Kittredge."

Again Salem noticed that her bow to Frederic Pitman, though perfectly pleasant, was formal, far more so than her recognition of himself; and of the chairs which the two gentlemen offered her, she accepted Kittredge's. A keen sense of pleasure thrilled him. He talked eagerly, gayly, cutting short her reiteration of gratitude about that wretched telephone; and young Pitman, glancing shrewdly at them in the pauses of his own conversation with the aunt, decided that his new companion was more of a ladies' man than he looked.

When the steamer had made Minot's Light, and was headed away for the darkening northeast, the cooler wind and increasing motion drove most of the passengers from the upper deck. But in the west there was a gorgeous sunset, and off the port quarter the flash of first one and then another distant light, and the Atterbury ladies, wrapped in their rugs, sat watching it all until the dusk fell close around the sharp black bow of the Olivette, and there was a scent in the air like that of a coming fog. Then they went down to supper, leaving the two young men, for the first time, alone together.

Salem felt that the moment had come for them to reach an understanding of the peculiar relation into which they were about to enter; and Freddie Pitman seemed to realize his companion's thought, for he turned up the collar of his overcoat, stretched his feet irreverently upon the chair which Miss Atterbury had abandoned, and sat eying Kittredge as if waiting for him to begin. But it was exceedingly difficult for the theologue to invent an introduction to his discourse, and he had a decidedly vague idea of what the discourse itself ought to be.

"Well," he said, "here we are."

"Yes," assented Pitman, politely, "here we are." The fact, indeed, was indubitable. Salem was shaking with the cold, and dizzy with the rise and fall of the steamer's bow.

"I suppose," he ventured, "we ought to have something of a talk."

"Yes?" was the response. "What do you say to a smoke?" Freddie Pitman unbuttoned his coat and held out a plethoric cigar-case.

"No, I thank you," said Salem, hurriedly, his teeth chattering as he spoke, and the bare idea of smoking or seeing any one else smoke seemed suddenly to augment by ten or fifteen degrees that upward and downward pitch of the bow.

"Look here, aren't you cold? Hadn't you better get your overcoat?"

"I—I left it in Andover. I *am* a little cold. Perhaps I ought to eat some supper," he added, weakly, as he caught the first whiff of Pitman's cigar.

"Of course. That will make you feel better—warmer, I mean"—he corrected himself instantly—"and I will wait here for you if you like. I had a five o'clock dinner, and nearly lost the boat by it, so I think I won't go down."

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Salem rose unsteadily and made his way aft, while the wind lifted his shiny coat-tails and forced him to keep tight hold of his stiff hat. Down the companion-way he stumbled, and into the dining-saloon, but a single look at the tables convinced him that supper was not what he needed. Slowly, dizzily, he dragged himself to the fresh air of the upper deck once more, and stood there a moment watching the red tip of Pitman's cigar, as the young fellow paced nonchalantly back and forth upon the deserted deck; but just then the tricky Olivette began to roll a little, Freddie Pitman's cigar-tip seemed to circle up—up—up, and to whirl down—down — down, and Salem Kittredge suddenly remembered that he had a state-room.

Two hours later there was a gentle knock at that state-room door, and Pitman entered quietly. The theologue was stretched face downward in his berth, his coat off, shivering, but too wretched to stir.

"Hullo!" said Freddie, "I've been wondering where you were. Couldn't imagine what had become of you. But it's sensible to turn in early; this looks like a bad night and I'm going to follow suit. Allow me, Mr. Kittredge, it will make you more comfortable." As he spoke, he covered Salem dexterously with the blankets from both berths. "Nonsense, let me pull your shoes off—there! And now, my dear fellow, your teeth are chattering so that I can't go to sleep in the next state-room. You must let me prescribe; wait a second—here, swallow this; no, I'll hold it; don't try to sit up; just open your mouth and shut your eyes—so-o—there!"

But when Salem had stopped choking, and the fiery liquid had begun to diffuse a delicious warmth throughout his vitals, he opened his eyes sufficiently to behold a friendly and extraordinarily infectious smile upon the features of the Inebriate, who was carefully screwing down the top of a brandy-flask.

IV.

At five the next morning the Olivette changed her course and slackened speed, cautiously feeling her way in the fog toward a certain bell-buoy. The altered rhythm of her engines woke Kittredge from a sleep which even the Olivette's fog-whistle, blowing for the past two hours, had not disturbed. He raised himself upon one elbow and stared sleepily around the state-room. There were his new dress suit case and the paper parcels, just as he had left them; but his long black coat, which he indistinctly remembered dropping upon the floor, was now suspended neatly from a hook, and his shoes were placed carefully beneath it. His shoes? He recalled that when he went to bed he had decided, all at once, not to take off his shoes. Gracious! There flashed over him the quiet kindness of Pitman—and the blankets—and that scorching spirituous draught. He flung himself out of the berth and looked in the mirror. His eyes were not bloodshot, nor were his features haggard; his hair was mussed, certainly, but his head was clear as a bell; he glanced out of the porthole at the glassy water and the luminous fog through which the boat seemed scarcely more than drifting; then he counted his pulse, and decided he had never felt better in his life.

In half an hour he had bathed, arrayed himself, after some hesitation, in his new white suit, and was knocking at Pitman's state-room. As there was no answer, and the door was slightly ajar, Kittredge thrust his head in, and beheld the Inebriate slumbering peacefully in the lower berth. For a moment Salem watched him. It was a very young face, and scarcely seemed a bad one: the collar of the silk night-robe was drawn close up to the chin, whose lines were delicate and almost firm; the mouth was winning, the saucy nose lent a certain gayness to the countenance, the brown hair was tumbled in boyish fashion; and while Kittredge was still looking, the demure eyes opened wide and smiled a morning greeting.

"How do you do," said Salem; "I thought I'd see if you were awake."

"That's all right. Come in. What time is it?"

"It's moving along toward six," replied Kittredge, "and I didn't know but we should be getting in soon."

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"Exactly," yawned Pitman, directing his brown eyes inquiringly at the theologue's flannel suit. But he made no comment, and announced an intention of arising in a very few minutes and annihilating the Olivette's fog-whistle. In this work of destruction Salem was cordially invited to join, and he assented to the extent of agreeing to wait for Pitman upon the upper deck, that they might begin operations together. Thither, accordingly, Salem betook himself, fairly satisfied with the pleasantry he had exchanged with his *protégé*, and feeling himself to be quite a different person from the man who had retreated down those slippery saloon stairs the night before.

The morning was delicious. The Olivette was still enwrapped with fog, so thick that with a double lookout at the bow, she did not dare to steam ahead at full speed; yet in her wake it was all translucent in the sun, gleaming with a hundred tints of mother-of-pearl and clouded opal, and around her keel it slowly rose like drifting smoke from the dull-green water. Kittredge threw back his shoulders, and took a deep breath of the salt air. Then he observed Miss Atterbury, who was leaning over the rail to watch a floating jelly-fish, and in the buoyancy of that moment he stepped promptly to her side. She started as she caught sight of his big hand upon the rail, so close to her own, and for an instant she failed to recognize him in his utterly changed attire.

"Good-morning!" he exclaimed. "Did you sleep well?"

"Oh, good-morning, Mr. — Mr. Kittredge," she said, straightening up. "I beg your pardon?"

"Did the fog-whistle keep you awake?" He beamed at her with benevolent gray eyes.

"Yes, indeed, for the longest time. Was it not dreadful!"

"Well, I didn't hear it myself," he admitted. "I must have been very sound asleep. But Mr. Pitman says that it was the—that it was very annoying. He proposes to smash it when he comes up, and wants me to help him."

"Ah? Mr. Pitman must be very vindictive," she said, smilingly. "Don't you think one ought to be more forgiving on a perfect morning like this?"

"I? Oh, I could forgive anything or anybody to-day, I am sure. And perhaps Mr. Pitman didn't mean it. I don't know him very well."

"No?"

"No, not really. In fact, I met him only yesterday. You see I have been a theological student, and——"

He hesitated, and she helped him out a little, in feminine fashion.

"Yes, I think you told me you had been studying at Andover. What a lovely old place Andover is, isn't it!"

"You have been there, then?"

"I have only driven through, with Auntie and a coaching party. But I interrupted you, did I not?"

"No," he said, bluntly, his feeling of loyalty to the young fellow keeping him from the explanation he had started to give, "Pitman and I are just travelling together."

She nodded silently, looking him in the eyes. Kittredge remembered her coolness toward Pitman the night before, and was sure she had guessed the relationship between himself and the Inebriate. But she changed the subject. "I was just watching the funniest jelly-fish!" she remarked, looking down at the water again. "I wonder if you can tell me its name; there were so many of them here a few moments ago. Do you study jelly-fishes at the theological seminary, Mr. Kittredge?"

"No," he replied; "we have them there, but we don't study them, except incidentally."

She glanced at him with a delightful smile of comprehension. "I have met some of the men in our own theological school at Cambridge, and — yes, they are queer. But many of them are very nice—really, not jelly-fishy at all."

"I don't suppose we can help it—to a certain extent," said Kittredge, fearing that he had slandered his brethren, and at the same time offering a guilty apology for himself; "it's the nature of the life we lead—the defect of our qualities, if you like."

"No," she insisted, "I don't admit it. The Church—the ministry, I mean —is a noble profession; it is quite the noblest. And some of the men are

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charming. We have had several of them in some informal dances this last winter; they were so clever, too."

"Indeed? I am afraid we are not all clever at Andover. But we have some sterling men."

She interrupted him, pointing eagerly down to the water. "Quick!" she cried, "isn't it a nautilus? A real Chambered Nautilus?"

Kittredge looked critically at the tiny floating object. "I'm sure I don't know. Is he sailing away from his low-vaulted past or does he take it with him?"

"Oh, he leaves it behind!" she laughed. "Don't you remember? 'Leave thy low-vaulted past'—it comes just after 'Build thou more stately mansions, O my soul.' That last is the line I've been teasing Auntie with all the spring. I maintain that her house at Newton, built by old Colonel Atterbury himself, is ever so much nicer than this new cottage at Bar Harbor. Did she offer to show you the plans?"

"No," said Kittredge, "but I believe she discussed them with Mr. Pitman."

"Those plans are a perfect mania with Auntie; you should hear her talk them over with the coachman! If the trunk had veritably been lost, Mr. Kittredge, I'm sure I can't imagine what we should have done. The architect has just sailed for Europe. Auntie will never forget your kindness; but I am certain that you cannot escape looking over the plans."

"But I shall enjoy it!" he exclaimed. "I think house-building is very delightful. And until it is finished?"

"We shall remain at the Occidental."

The theologue flushed with pleasure. "We are going there too," he cried. "Perhaps you will let me—let us—see something of you?" The thought of the Inebriate made him hesitate; he wondered whether he should find himself under a social ban because of his companion, and he had an uncomfortable minute or two while he pretended to watch the nautilus drift away into the lifting fog.

"I do not really know Mr. Pitman," she began, after a little, as if she were thinking of the very same thing as Kittredge. "I heard some talk about him at Magnolia last summer. His father is the patent-medicine man, is he not?"

Salem nodded with a queer expression in his face. "'Si monumentum quæris,'" said he, "just look at that!"

The fog had been swept apart by a sudden breeze, and all around there were tiny islands, covered with thick clumps of spruce, where blue jays and crows were calling to each other. On a huge bowlder just off the bow of the Olivette, still glistening from the falling tide, was the following legend, in white letters upon an azure field: *Use Pitman's Primitive Pellets.*

"What horrid vandalism!" she cried, indignantly. "Should you not think that——"

Salem heard a step behind them, and turning, hurriedly touched her arm. She smothered an exclamation and faced around, a charming color in her cheeks. The Inebriate advanced unconsciously, his mouth quirked into the most agreeable of smiles. Kittredge tried to throw his broad shoulders between Pitman and that staring sign, but it was Miss Atterbury who saved the day.

"Mr. Pitman," she said, "we've been talking of your threatened assault upon the steam-whistle, and I don't even know where the thing is. Won't you please show me?"

The flattered Inebriate extended his elbow with a bow. She took his arm instantly, and off they marched, with their backs turned upon the bowlder and Mr. Kittredge, who stood there somewhat vacantly by the rail. Miss Atterbury and her companion were in perfect step, and she kept turning cosily toward him as they promenaded, but Salem could not help thinking that she was quite too tall for his *protégé*. Possibly Mrs. Atterbury, who joined Kittredge at the instant when his reflections upon this point were in danger of growing a trifle sombre, may have shared his feeling that there was a certain incongruity in that sudden friendliness, for she lifted her eye-glasses and regarded her niece steadily, while Kittredge murmured something about getting Pitman away from a Pellet advertisement that might have been awkward for him.

"For him?" laughed the widow.

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"Scarcely; I fancy he is not easily embarrassed; but for my niece and yourself, very possibly. And you were really just looking at it when he came up!" She laughed again; a light, resonant laugh for a woman of fifty-five. "But my niece can make up her mind very quickly on occasion, Mr. Kittredge. She can extricate herself, when necessary, as well as most people."

"I should judge so," said the theologue, with as much admiration as he dared express. "She tells me you are going to build here."

"Yes, the revised plans were in that trunk you so kindly traced for us yesterday. You must let me show them to you some day."

"Certainly," assented Kittredge, promptly. "I shall be most pleased."

"Very good; perhaps you will be the one to assure me whether my architect has made a triumph of the stairs. No one seems sufficiently positive about it. We shall be at the Occidental," she added.

"I am to be there too," Salem exclaimed; "that is—Mr. Pitman and myself."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Atterbury, slowly.

And just then the Olivette leaped forward under full pressure of her steam, glided past the vessels of the White Squadron lying lazily at anchor in the channel, and in five minutes was made fast to the little wooden wharf at Bar Harbor. Salem took one comprehensive glance at the flotilla of Indian canoes and steam yachts, the crowd of truckmen and hotel runners on the wharf, the Kebo Valley Club House, the big hotels looming through the mist; then he started for his state-room in search of the two brown paper parcels and his dress-suit case.

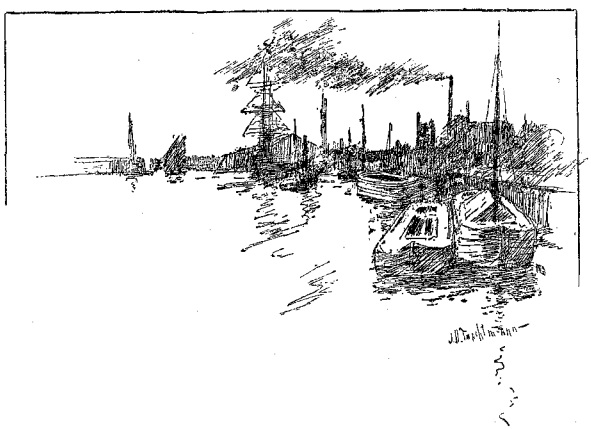
Upon the saloon stairs he met Miss Atterbury. She was hastening up to the deck, buttoning her gloves as she went, but she stopped Salem as they were passing each other.

"Could he have heard?" she whispered, her eyes looking straight into his. "I was never so frightened in my life. Do you think he heard?"

"I hardly think so. You were very quick-witted; and, if you will allow me," he added, bluntly, "you made him ample amends, even if he did hear." He was jealous of the way she had taken the Inebriate's arm.

Miss Atterbury fastened her last glove-button deliberately; then she raised her eyebrows ever so slightly, and made him a mock courtesy. "Yes?" she said, and the crowd upon the stairs swept them apart.

(To be continued.)



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FRENCH ART.

II. ROMANTIC PAINTING.

By W. C. Brownell.

I.

WHEN we come to Scott after Fielding, says Mr. Stevenson, "we become suddenly conscious of the background." The remark contains an admirable characterization of romanticism; as distinguished from classicism, romanticism is consciousness of the background. With Géricault, Paul Huet, Michel, Delacroix, French painting ceased to be abstract and impersonal. Instead of continuing the classic detachment, it became interested, curious, and catholic. It broadened its range immensely, and created its effect by observing the relations of its objects to their environment, of its figures to the landscape, of its subjects to their suggestions even in other spheres of thought; Delacroix, Marilhat, Decamps, Fromentin, in painting the aspect of Orientalism, suggested, one may almost say, its sociology. For the abstractions of classicism, its formula, its fastidious system of arriving at perfection by exclusions and sacrifices, it substituted an enthusiasm for the concrete and the actual; it revelled in natural phenomena. Gautier was never more definitely the exponent of romanticism than in saying "I am a man for whom the visible world exists." To lines and curves and masses and their relations in composition, succeeds as material for inspiration and reproduction the varied spectacle of the external world. With the early romanticists it may be said that for the first time the external world "swims into" the painter's "ken." But, above all, in them the element of personality first appears in French painting with anything like general acceptance and as the characteristic of a group, a school, rather than as an isolated and individual exception here and there, such as Claude or Chardin. The "point of view" takes the place of conformity to a standard. The painter expresses himself instead of endeavoring to realize an extraneous and impersonal ideal. What he himself personally thinks, how he himself personally feels, is what we read in his works.

It is true that, rightly understood, the romantic epoch is a period of evolution, and orderly evolution at that, if we look below the surface, rather than of systematic defiance and revolt. It is true that it recast rather than repudiated its inheritance of tradition; nevertheless there has never been a time when the individual felt himself so free, when every man of any original genius felt so keenly the exhilaration of independence, when the "schools" of painting exercised less tyranny and, indeed, counted for so little. If it be exact to speak of the "romantic school" at all, it should be borne in mind that its adherents were men of the most marked and diverse individualities ever grouped under one standard. The impressionists, perhaps, apart, individuality is often spoken of as the essential characteristic of the painters of the present day. But beside the outburst of individuality at the beginning of the romantic epoch much of the painting of the present day seems both monotonous and eccentric—the variation of its essential monotony, that is to say, being somewhat labored and express in comparison with the spontaneous multifariousness of the epoch of Delacroix and Decamps. In the decade between 1820 and 1830, at all events, notwithstanding the strength of the academic tradition, painting was free from the thraldom of system, and the imagination of its practitioners was not challenged and circumscribed by the criticism that is based upon science. Not only in the painter's freedom in his choice of subject, but in his way of treating it, in the way in which he "takes it," is the revolution—

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or, as I should be inclined to say, rather, the evolution—shown. And as what we mean by personality is, in general, made up far more of emotion than of mind—there being room for infinitely more variety in feeling than in mental processes among intelligent agents—it is natural to find the French romantic painters giving, by contrast with their predecessors, such free swing to personal feeling that we may almost sum up the origin of the romantic movement in French painting in saying that it was an ebullition of emancipated emotion. And, to go a step farther, we may say that, as nothing is so essential to poetry as feeling, we meet now for the first time with the poetic element as an inspiring motive and controlling force.

The romantic painters were, however, by no means merely emotional. They were mainly imaginative. And in painting, as in literature, the great change wrought by romanticism consisted in stimulating the imagination instead of merely satisfying the sense and the intellect. The main idea ceased to be as obviously accentuated, and its natural surroundings were given their natural place; there was less direct statement and more suggestion; the artist's effort was expended rather upon perfecting the *ensemble*, noting relations, taking in a larger circle; a suggested complexity of moral elements took the place of the old simplicity, whose multifariousness was almost wholly pictorial. Instead of a landscape as a tapestry background to a Holy Family, and having no pertinence but an artistic one, we have Corot's "Orpheus."

II.

Géricault and Delacroix are the great names inscribed at the head of the romantic roll. They will remain there. And the distinction is theirs not as awarded by the historical estimate; it is personal. In the case of Géricault perhaps one thinks a little of "the man and the moment" theory. He was, it is true, the first romantic painter—at any rate the first notable romantic painter. His struggles, his steadfastness, his success—pathetically posthumous—have given him an honorable eminence. His example of force and freedom exerted an influence which has been traced not only in the work of Delacroix, his immediate inheritor, but in that of the sculptor Rude, and even as far as that of Millet—to all outward appearance so different in inspiration from that of his own tumultuous and dramatic genius. And as of late years we look on the stages of any evolution as less dependent on individuals than we used to, doubtless just as Luther was confirmed and supported on his way to the Council at Worms by the people calling on him from the house-tops not to deny the truth, Géricault was sustained and stimulated in the face of official obloquy by a more or less considerable æsthetic movement of which he was really but the leader and exponent. But his fame is not dependent upon his revolt against the Institute, his influence upon his successors, or his incarnation of an æsthetic movement. It rests on his individual accomplishment, his personal value, the abiding interest of his pictures. "The Raft of the Medusa" will remain an admirable and moving creation, a masterpiece of dramatic vigor and vivid characterization, of wide and deep human interest and truly panoramic grandeur, long after its contemporary and historic importance have ceased to be thought of except by the æsthetic antiquarian. "The Wounded Cuirassier" and the "Chasseur of the Guard" are not documents of æsthetic history, but noble expressions of artistic sapience and personal feeling.

What, I think, is the notable thing about both Géricault and Delacroix, however, as exponents, as the initiators, of romanticism, is the way in which they restrained the impetuous temperament they share within the confines of a truly classic reserve. Closely considered, they are not the revolutionists which they seemed to the official classicism of their day. Not only do they not base their true claims to enduring fame upon a spirit of revolt against official and academic art—a spirit essentially negative and nugatory, and never

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The Raft of the Medusa.—Géricault.

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the inspiration of anything permanently puissant and attractive—but, compared with their successors of the present day, in whose works individual preference and predilection seem to have a swing whose very freedom and irresponsible audacity extort admiration—compared with the confident temerariousness of what is known as *modernité*, their self-possession and sobriety seem their most noteworthy characteristics. Compared with the "Bar at the Folies-Bergère," either the "Raft of the Medusa" or the "Convulsionists of Tangiers" is a classic production. And the difference is not at all due to the forty years' accretion of Protestantism which Manet represents as compared with the early romanticists. It is due to a complete difference in attitude. Géricault imbued himself with the inspiration of the Louvre. Delacroix is said always to have made a sketch from the old masters or the antique a preliminary to his own daily work. So far from flaunting tradition, they may be said to have, in their own view, restored it; so far from posing as apostles of innovation, they may almost be accused of "harking back"—of steeping themselves in what to them seemed best and finest and most authoritative in art, instead of giving a free rein to their own unregulated emotions and conceptions.

Géricault died early and left but a meagre product. Delacroix is *par excellence* the representative of the romantic epoch. And both by the mass and the quality of his work he is the true connecting link between the classic epoch and the modern. He represents culture—he knows art as well as he loves nature. He has a feeling for what is beautiful as well as a knowledge of what is true. He is pre-eminently and primarily a colorist—he is, in fact, the introducer of color as a distinct element in French painting after the pale and bleak reaction from the Louis Quinze decorativeness. His color, too, is not merely the prismatic coloration of what had theretofore been mere chiaroscuro; it is original and personal to such a degree that it has never been successfully imitated since his day. Withal, it is apparently simplicity itself. Its hues are apparently the primary ones, in the main. It depends upon no subtleties and refinements of tints for its effectiveness. It is significant that the absorbed and affected Rossetti did not like it; it is too frank and clear and open, and shows too little evidence of the morbid brooding and hysterical forcing of an arbitrary and esoteric note dear to the English pre-Raphaelites. It attests a delight in color, not a fondness for certain colors, hues, tints—a difference perfectly appreciable to either an unsophisticated or an educated sense. It has a solidity and strength of range and vibration combined with a subtle sensitiveness, and, as a result of the fusion of the two, a certain splendor that recalls Saracenic decoration. And with this mastery of color is united a combined firmness and expressiveness of design, that makes Delacroix unique by emphasizing his truly classic subordination of informing enthusiasm to a severe and clearly perceived ideal—an ideal in a sense exterior to his purely personal expression. In a word, his chief characteristic—and it is a supremely significant trait in the representative painter of romanticism—is a poetic imagination tempered and trained by culture and refinement. When his audacities and enthusiasms are thought of, the directions in his will for his tomb should be remembered too: "Il n'y sera placé ni emblème, ni buste, ni statue; mon tombeau sera copié très exactement sur l'antique, ou Vignoles ou Palladio, avec des saillies très prononcées, contrairement à tout ce qui se fait aujourd'hui en architecture." "There must be neither emblem, bust, nor statue on my tomb, which shall be copied very scrupulously after the antique, either Vignola or Palladio, with prominent projections, contrary to everything done to-day in architecture." In a sense all Delacroix is in these words.

III.

Delacroix's color deepens into an almost musical intensity occasionally in Decamps, whose oriental landscapes and figures, far less important intellectually, far less *magistrales* in conception, have

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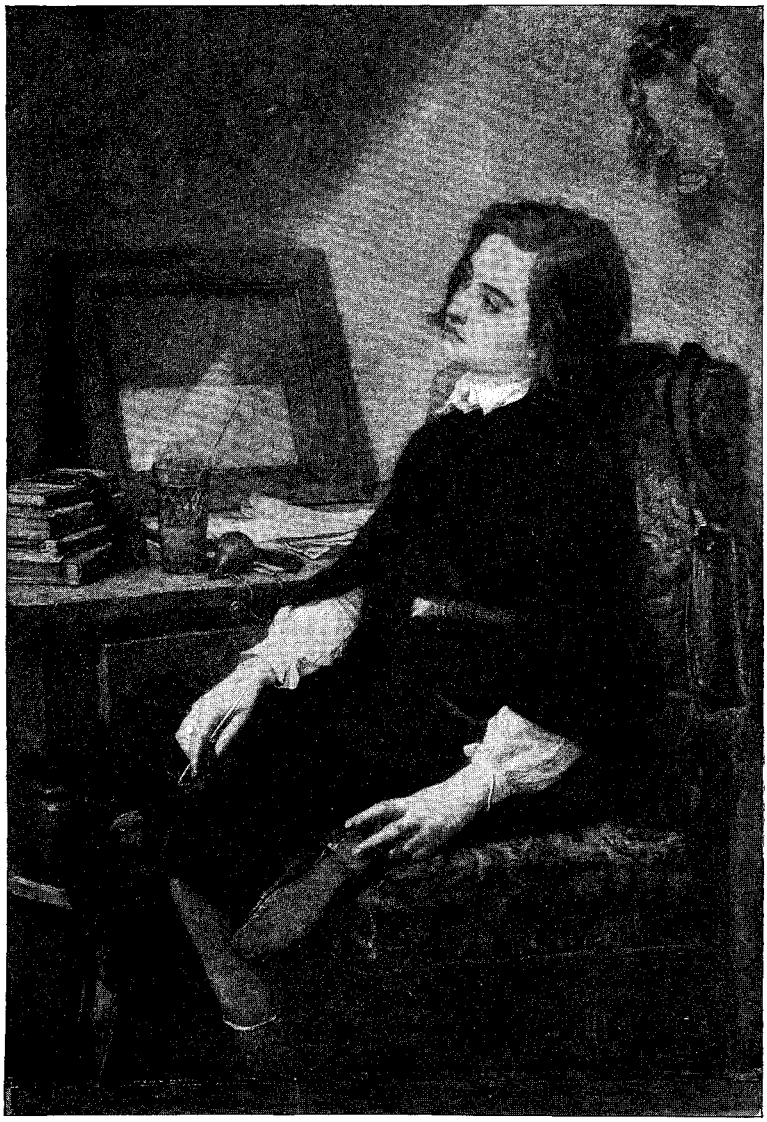

Day-Dreams.—Couture.

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at times, one may say perhaps without being too fanciful, a truly symphonic quality that renders them unique. "The Suicide" is like a chord on a violin. But it is when we come to speak of the "Fontainebleau Group," in especial, I think, that the æsthetic susceptibility characteristic of the latter half of the nineteenth century feels, to borrow M. Taine's introduction to his lectures on "The Ideal in Art," that the subject is one only to be treated in poetry.

Of the noblest of all so-called "schools," Millet is perhaps the most popular member. His popularity is in great part, certainly, due to his literary side, to the sentiment which pervades, which drenches, one may say, all his later work—his work after he had, on overhearing himself characterized as a painter of naked women, betaken

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himself to his true subject, the French peasant. A literary, and a very powerful literary side, Millet undoubtedly has; and instead of being a weakness in him it is a power. His sentimental appeal is far from being surplusage, but, as is not I think popularly appreciated, it is subordinate, and the fact of its subordination gives it what potency it has. It is idle to deny this potency, for his portrayal of the French peasant in his varied aspects has probably been as efficient a characterization as that of George Sand herself. But, if a moral instead of an æsthetic effect had been Millet's chief intention, we may be sure that it would have been made far less incisively than it has been. Compare, for example, his peasant pictures with those of the almost purely literary painter Jules Breton, who has evidently chosen his field for its sentimental rather than its pictorial value, and whose work is, perhaps accordingly, by contrast with Millet's, noticeably external and superficial even on the literary side. When Millet ceased to deal in the Correggio manner with Correggiesque subjects, and devoted himself to the material that was really native to him, to his own peasant genius — whatever he may have thought about it himself, he did so because he could treat this material *pictorially* with more freedom and less artificiality, with more zest and enthusiasm, with a deeper sympathy and a more intimate knowledge of its artistic characteristics, its pictorial potentialities. He is, I think, as a painter, a shade too much preoccupied with this material, he is a little too philosophical in regard to it, his pathetic struggle for existence exaggerated his sentimental affiliations with it somewhat, he made it too exclusively his subject, perhaps. We gain, it may be, at his expense. With his artistic gifts he might have been more fortunate, had his range been broader. But in the main it is his pictorial handling of this material, with which he was in such acute sympathy, that distinguishes his work, and that will preserve its fame long after its humanitarian and sentimental appeal has ceased to be as potent as it now is—at the same time that it has itself enforced this appeal in the subordinating manner I have suggested. When he was asked his intention, in his picture of a maimed calf borne away on a litter by two men, he said it was simply to indicate the sense of weight in the muscular movement and attitude of the bearers' arms.

His great distinction, in fine, is artistic. His early painting of conventional subjects is not without significance in its witness to the quality of his talent. Another may paint French peasants all his life and never make them permanently interesting, because he has not Millet's admirable instinct and equipment as a painter. He is a superb colorist, at times—always an enthusiastic one; there is something almost unregulated in his delight in color, in his fondness for glowing and resplendent tone. No one gets farther away from the academic grayness, the colorless chiaroscuro of the conventional painters. He runs his key up and loads his canvas, occasionally, in what one may call not so much barbaric as uncultivated and elementary fashion. He cares so much for color that sometimes, when his effect is intended to be purely atmospheric, as in the "Angélus," he misses its justness and fitness, and so, in insisting on color, obtains from the color point of view itself an infelicitous—a colored—result. Occasionally he bathes a scene in yellow mist that obscures all accentuations and play of values. But always his feeling for color betrays him a painter rather than a moralist. And in composition he is, I should say, even more distinguished. His composition is almost always distinctly elegant. Even in so simple a scheme as that of "The Sower," the lines are as fine as those of a Raphael. And the way in which balance is preserved, masses are distributed, and an organic play of parts related to each other and each to the sum of them is secured, is in all of his large works so salient an element of their admirable excellence, that, to those who appreciate it, the dependence of his popularity upon the sentimental suggestion of the raw material with which he dealt seems almost grotesque. In his line and mass and the relations of these in composition, there is a severity, a restraint, a conform-

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Orpheus.—Corot.
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ity to tradition, however personally felt and individually modified, that evince a strong classic strain in this most unacademic of painters. Millet was certainly an original genius, if there ever was one. In spite of, and in open hostility to, the popular and conventional painting of his day, he followed his own bent and went his own way. Better, perhaps, than any other painter, he represents absolute emancipation from the prescribed, from routine and formulary. But it would be a signal mistake to fail to see, in the most characteristic works of this most personal representative of romanticism, that subordination of the individual whim and isolated point of view to what is accepted, proven, and universal, which is essentially what we mean by the classic attitude. One may almost go so far as to say, considering its reserve, its restraint and poise, its sobriety and measure, its quiet and composure, its subordination of individual feeling to a high sense of artistic decorum, that, romantic as it is, unacademic as it is, its most incontestable claim to permanence is the truly classic spirit which, however modified, inspires and infiltrates it. Beside some of the later manifestations of individual genius in French painting, it is almost academic.

In Corot, anyone, I suppose, can see this note, and it would be surplusage to insist upon it. He is the ideal classic-romantic painter, both in temperament and practice. Millet's subject, not, I think, his treatment—possibly his wider range—makes him seem more deeply serious than Corot, but he is not essentially as nearly unique. His is unrivalled in his way, but Corot is unparalleled. Corot inherits the tradition of Claude; his motive, like Claude's, is always an effect, and, like Claude's, his means are light and air. But his effect is a shade more impalpable, and his means are at once simpler and more subtle. He gets farther away from the phenomena which are the elements of his *ensemble*, farther than Claude, farther than anyone. His touch is as light as the zephyr that stirs the diaphanous drapery of his trees. Beside it Claude's has a suspicion, at least, of unctuousness. It has a pure, crisp, vibrant accent, quite without analogue in the technic of landscape painting. Taking technic in its widest sense, one may speak of Corot's shortcomings—not, I think, of his failures. It would be difficult to mention a modern painter more uniformly successful in attaining his aim, in expressing what he wishes to express, in conveying his impression, communicating his sensations.

That a painter of his power, a man of the very first rank, should have been content—even placidly content—to exercise it within a range by no means narrow, but plainly circumscribed, is certainly witness of limitation. "Delacroix is an eagle, I am only a skylark," he remarked once, with his characteristic cheeriness. His range is not, it is true, as circumscribed as is generally supposed outside of France. Outside of France his figure-painting, for example, is almost unknown. We see chiefly variations of his green and gray arbored pastoral—now idyllic, now heroic, now full of freshness, the skylark quality, now of grave and deep harmonies and wild, sweet notes of transitory suggestion. Of his figures we only know those shifting shapes that blend in such classic and charming manner with the glades and groves of his landscapes. Of his "Hagar in the Wilderness," his "St. Jerome," his "Flight into Egypt," his "Democritus," his "Baptism of Christ," with its nine life-size figures, who, outside of France, has even heard? How many foreigners know that he painted what are called architectural subjects delightfully, and even *genre* with zest?

But compared with his landscape, in which he is unique, it is plain that he excels nowhere else. The splendid display of his works in the Centenaire Exposition of the great World's Fair of 1889, was a revelation of his range of interest rather than of his range of power. It was impossible not to perceive that, surprising as were his essays in other fields, to those who only knew him as a landscape painter, he was essentially and integrally a painter of landscape, though a painter of landscape who had taken his subject in a way and treated it in a manner so personal as to be really unparalleled. Out-

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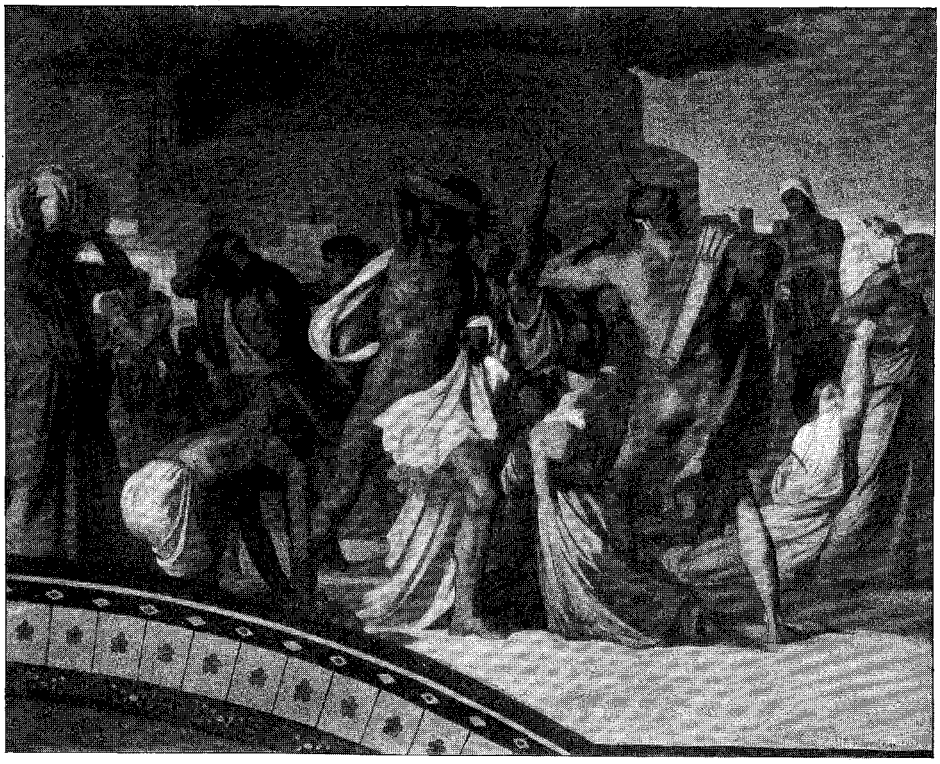
side of landscape his interest was clearly not real. In his other works one notes a certain *débonnaire* irresponsibility. He pursued nothing seriously but out-of-doors, its vaporous atmosphere, its crisp twigs and graceful branches, its misty distances and piquant accents, what Thoreau calls its inaudible panting. His true theme, lightly as he took it, absorbed him; and no one of any sensitiveness can ever regret it. His powers, following the indication of his true temperament, his most genuine inspiration, are concentrated upon the very finest thing imaginable in landscape painting; as, indeed, to produce as they have done the finest landscape in the history of art, they must have been.



Medea.—Delacroix.

There are, however, two things worth noting in Corot's landscape, beyond the mere fact that better even than Rousseau he expresses the essence of landscape, dwells habitually among its inspirations, and is its master rather than its servant. One is the way in which he poetizes, so to speak, the simplest stretches of sward and clumps of trees, and long clear vistas across still ponds, with distances whose accents are pricked out with white houses and yellow cows and placid fishers and ferrymen in red caps, seen in glimpses through curtains of sparse, feathery leafage—or peoples woodland openings with nymphs and fawns, silhouetted against the sunset glow, or dancing in the cool gray of dusk. A man of no reading, having only the elements of an education in the general sense of the term, his instinctive sense for what is refined was so delicate that we may say of his landscapes, that had the Greeks left any they would have been like Corot's. And this classic and cultivated effect he secured not at all, or only very incidentally, through the force of association, by dotting his hillsides and vaporous distances with bits of classic architecture, or by summing up his feeling for the Dawn in a graceful figure of Orpheus greeting with extended gesture

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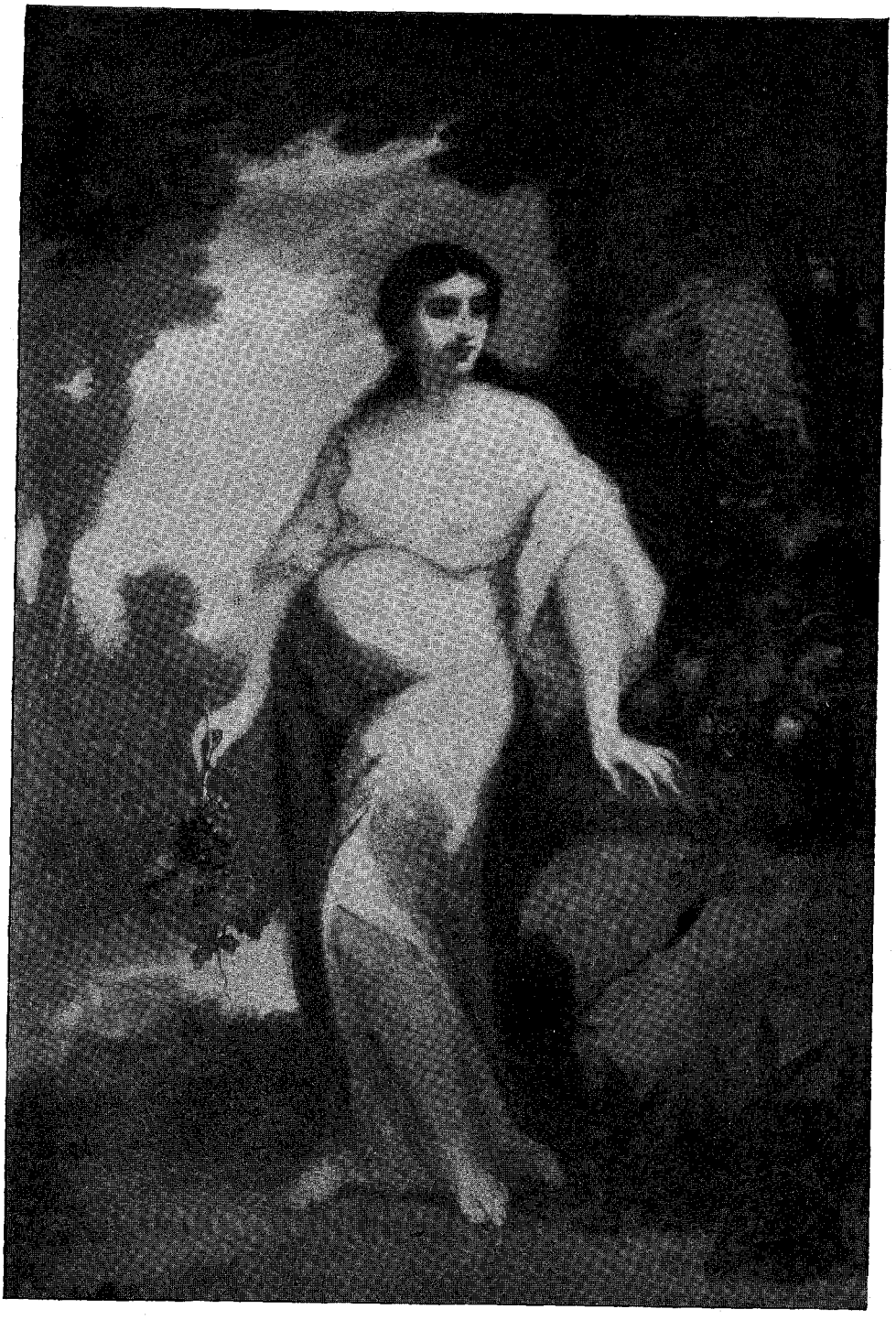

Autumn.—Diaz.

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the growing daylight, but by a subtle interpenetration of sensuousness and severity resulting in precisely the sentiment fitly characterized by the epithet classic. The other trait peculiar to Corot's representation of nature and expression of himself is his color. No painter ever exhibited, I think, quite such a sense of refinement in so narrow a gamut. Green and gray, of course, predominate and set the key, but he has an interestingly varied palette on the hither side of splendor whose subtleties are capable of giving exquisite pleasure. Never did anyone use tints with such positive force. Tints with Corot have the vigor and vibration of positive colors—his lilacs, violets, straw-colored hues, his almost Quakerish coquetry with drabs and slates and pure clear browns, the freshness and bloom he imparted to his tones, the sweet and shrinking wild flowers with which as a spray he sprinkled his humid dells and brook margins. But Corot's true distinction — what gives him his unique position at the very head of landscape art, is neither his color, delicate and interesting as his color is, nor his classic serenity harmonizing with, instead of depending upon, the chance associations of architecture and allegory with which now and then he decorates his landscapes; it is the blithe, the airy, the truly spiritual way in which he gets farther away than anyone, from both the actual pigment that is his instrument, and from the phenomena that are the objects of his expression—his ethereality, in a word. He has communicated his sentiment almost without material, one may say, so ethereally independent of their actual analogues is the interest of his trees and sky and stretch of sward. This sentiment, thus mysteriously triumphant over color or form, or other sensuous charm, which nevertheless are only subtly subordinated, and by no manner of means treated lightly or inadequately, is as exalted as any that has in our day been expressed in any manner. Indeed, where, outside of the very highest poetry of the century, can one get the same sense of elation, of aspiring delight, of joy unmixed with regret — since "the splendor of truth" which Plato defined beauty to be, is more animating and consoling than the "weary weight of all this unintelligible world," is depressing to a spirit of lofty seriousness and sanity?

Dupré and Diaz are the decorative painters of the Fontainebleau group. They are, of modern painters, perhaps the nearest in spirit to the old masters, pictorially speaking. They are rarely in the grand style, though sometimes Dupré is restrained enough to emulate if not to achieve its sobriety. But they have the *bel air*, and belong to the aristocracy of the painting world. Diaz especially, has almost invariably the patrician touch. It lacks the exquisiteness of Monticelli's, in which there is that curiously elevated detachment from the material and the real that the Italians—and the Provençal painter's inspiration and method, as well as his name and lineage, suggest an Italian rather than a French association—exhibit far oftener than the French. But Diaz has a larger sweep, a saner method. He is never eccentric, and he has a dignity that is Iberian, though he is French rather than Spanish on his æsthetic side, and at times is as conservative as Rousseau — without, however, reaching Rousseau's lofty simplicity except in an occasional happy stroke. Both he and Dupré are primarily colorists. Dupré sees nature through a prism. Diaz's groups of dames and gallants have a jewel-like aspect. They leave the same impression as a tangle of ribbons, a bunch of exotic flowers, a heap of gems flung together with the felicity of haphazard. In general, and when they are in most completely characteristic mood, it is not the sentiment of nature that one gets from their works. It is not even *their* sentiment of nature —the emotion, aroused in their susceptibilities by natural phenomena. What one gets is their personal feeling for color and design—their decorative quality, in a word.

The decorative painter is he to whom what is called "subject," even in its least restricted sense and with its least substantial suggestions, is comparatively indifferent. Nature supplies him with objects; she is not in any intimate degree his subject. She is the medium

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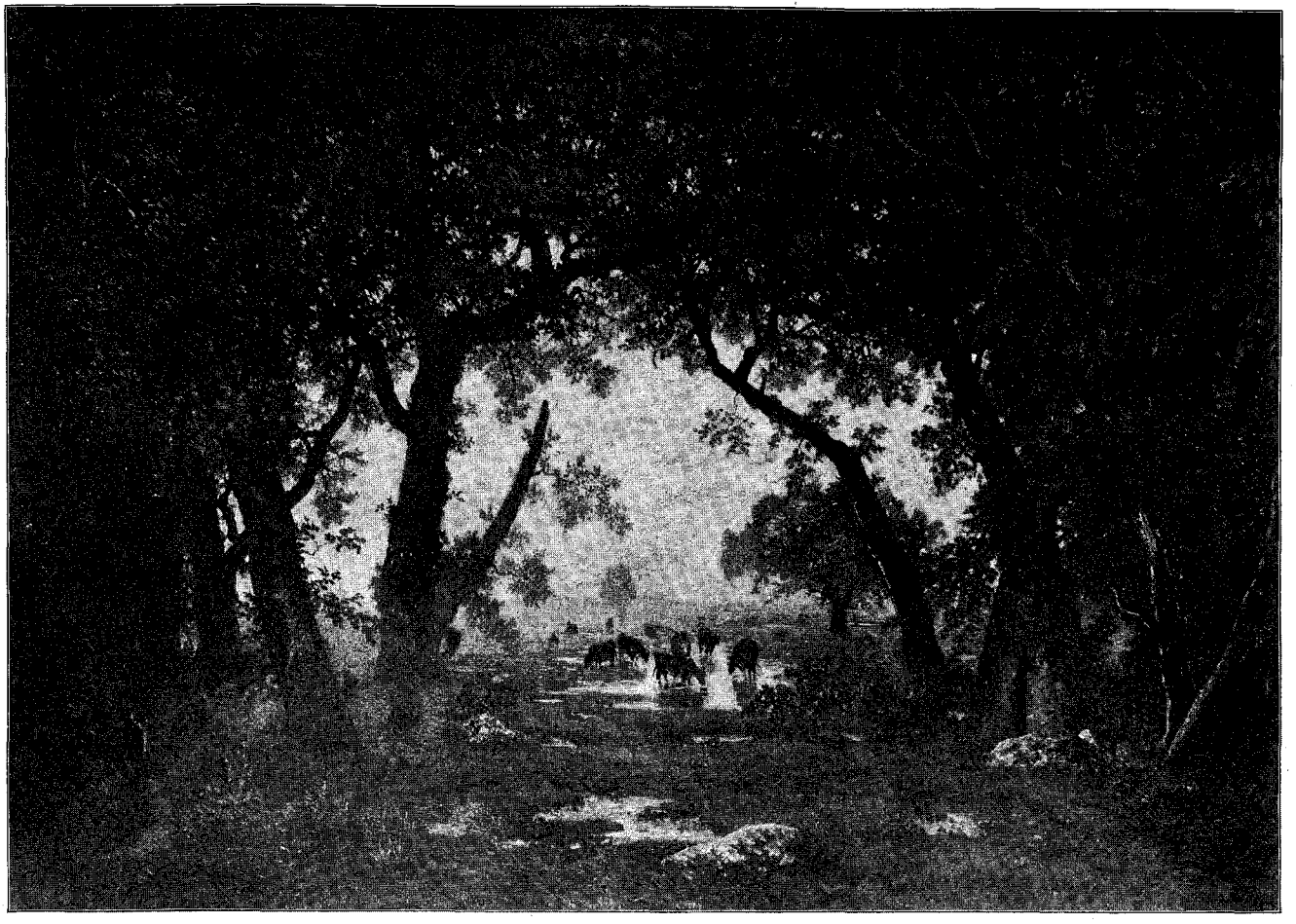

Landscape.—Rousseau.

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through which, rather than the material of which, he creates his effects. It is her potentialities of color and design that he seeks, or at any rate, of all her infinitely numerous traits, it is her hues and arabesques that strike him most forcibly. He is incurious as to her secrets and calls upon her aid to interpret his own, but he is so independent of her, if he be a decorative painter of the first rank — a Diaz or a Dupré — that his rendering of her, his picture, would have an agreeable effect, owing to its design or color or both, if it were turned upside down. Decorative painting in this sense may easily be carried so far as to seem incongruous and inept, in spite of its superficial attractiveness. The peril that threatens it is whim and freak. Some of Monticelli's, some of Matthew Maris's pictures, illustrate the exaggeration of the decorative impulse. After all, a painter must get his effect, whatever it be and however it may shun the literal and the exact, by rendering things with pigments. And some of the decorative painters only escape things by obtruding pigments, just as the *trompe-l'œil* or optical illusion painters get away from pigments by obtruding things. It is the distinction of Diaz and Dupré that they avoid this danger in most triumphant fashion. On the contrary, they help one to see the decorative element in nature, in "things," to a degree hardly attained elsewhere since the days of the great Venetians. Their predilection for the decorative element is held in leash by the classic tradition with its reserve, its measure, its inculcation of sobriety and its sense of security. Dupré paints Seine sunsets and the edge of the forest at Fontainebleau, its "long mysterious reaches fed with moonlight," in a way that conveys the golden glow, the silvery gleam, the suave outline of spreading leafage, and the massive density of mysterious boscage with the force of an almost abstract acuteness. Does nature look like this? Who knows? But in this semblance, surely, she appeared to Dupré's imagination. And doubtless Diaz saw the mother-of-pearl tints in the complexion of his models, and is not to be accused of artificiality, but to be credited with a true sincerity of selection in juxtaposing his soft corals and carnations and gleaming topaz, amethyst, and sapphire hues. The most exacting literalist can hardly accuse them of solecism in their rendering of nature, true as it is that their decorative sense is so strong as to lead them to impose on nature their own sentiment instead of yielding themselves to absorption in *hers*, and thus, in harmonious and sympathetic concert with her, like Claude and Corot, Rousseau and Daubigny, interpreting her subtle and supreme significance.

Rousseau carried the fundamental principle of the school farther than the others—with him interest, delight in, enthusiasm for nature became absorption in her. Whereas other men have loved nature, it has been acutely remarked, Rousseau was in love with her. It was felicitously of him, rather than of Dupré or Corot, that the naif peasant inquired, "Why do you paint the tree; the tree is there, is it not?" And never did nature more royally reward allegiance to her than in the sustenance and inspiration she furnished for Rousseau's genius. You feel the point of view in his picture, but it is apparently that of nature herself as well as his own. It is not the less personal for this. On the contrary, it is extremely personal, and few pictures are as individual, as characteristic. Occasionally Diaz approaches him, as I have said, but only in the very happiest and exceptional moments, when the dignity of nature as well as her charm seems specially to impress and impose itself upon the less serious painter. But Rousseau's selection seems instinctive and not sought out. He knows the secret of nature's pictorial element. He is at one with her, adopts her suggestions so cordially and works them out with such intimate sympathy and harmoniousness, that the two forces seem reciprocally to reinforce each other, and the result gains many fold in power from their subtle co-operation. His landscapes have in this way a Wordsworthian directness, simplicity, and severity. They are not troubled and dramatic like Turner's. They are not decorative like Dupré's, they have not the solemn sentiment of

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Woman and Child.—Millet.

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Daubigny's, or the airy aspiration and fairy-like blitheness of Corot's. But there is in them "all breathing human passion;" and at times, as in "Le Givre," they rise to majesty and real grandeur because they are impregnated with the sentiment, as well as are records of the phenomena, of nature, and one may say of Rousseau, paraphrasing Mr. Arnold's remark about Wordsworth, that nature seems herself to take the brush out of his hand and to paint for him "with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power." Rousseau, however, is French, and in virtue of his nativity exhibits always what Wordsworth's treatment of nature exhibits only occasionally, namely the Gallic gift of style. It is rarely as felicitous as in Corot, in every detail of whose every work, one may almost say, its informing, co-ordinating, elevating influence is distinctly to be perceived; but it is always present as a factor, as a force dignifying and relieving from all touch, all taint of the commonness that is so often inseparably associated with art whose absorption in nature is listlessly unthinking instead of enthusiastic and alert. In Rousseau, too, in a word, we have the classic strain, as at least a psychological element, and note as one source of his power his reserve and restraint, his perfect self-possession.

In Daubigny a similar attitude toward nature is obvious, but with a sensible difference. Affection for, rather than absorption in her, is his inspiration. Daubigny stands somewhat apart from the Fontainebleau group, with whom nevertheless he is popularly and properly associated, for though he painted Normandy mainly, he was spiritually of the Barbizon kindred. He stands, however, somewhat apart from French painting in general, I think. There is less style, more sentiment, more poetry in his landscapes than in those of his countrymen who are to be compared with him. Beyond what is admirable in them there is something attaching as well. He drew and engraved a good deal as well as painted. He did not concentrate his powers enough, perhaps, to make as signal and definite a mark as otherwise he might have done. He is a shade desultory, and too spontaneous to be systematic. One must be systematic to reach the highest point, even in the least material spheres. But never have the grave and solemn aspects of landscape found a sweeter and serener spirit to interpret them. In some of his pictures there is a truly religious feeling. His frankness recalls Constable's, but it is more distinguished, in being more spiritual. He has not Diaz's elegance, nor Corot's witchery, nor Rousseau's power, but nature is more mysteriously, more mystically significant to him, and sets a deeper chord vibrating within him. He is a sensitive instrument on which she plays, rather than a magician who wins her secrets, or an observer whose generalizing imagination she sets in motion. The design of some of his important works, notably that of his last *Salon* picture, is very distinguished, and in one of his large canvases representing a road like that from Barbizon through the level plain to Chailly, there is the spirit and sentiment of all the summer evenings that ever were. But he has distinctly less power than the strict Fontainebleau group. He has, in force, less affinity with them than Troyon has, whose force is often magnificent, and whose landscape is so sweet, often, and often so strong as well, that one wonders a little at his fondness for cattle—in spite of the way in which he justifies it by being the first of cattle painters. And neither Daubigny nor Troyon, nor, indeed, Rousseau himself, often reaches in dramatic grandeur the lofty landscape of Michel, who with Paul Huet (the latter in a more strictly historical sense) were so truly the forerunners and initiators of the romantic landscape movement, both in sentiment and chronology, in spite of their Dutch tradition, as to make the common ascription of its debt to Constable, whose aid was so cordially welcomed in the famous Salon, of 1824, a little strained.

IV.

But quite aside from the group of poetic painters which stamped its impress so deeply upon the romantic movement at the outset, that to this day it is Delacroix and Millet, Decamps

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and Corot whom we think of when we think of the movement itself, the classic tradition was preserved all through the period of greatest stress and least conformity by painters of great distinction, who, working under the romantic inspiration and more or less according to what may be called romantic methods, nevertheless possessed the classic temperament in so eminent a degree that to us their work hardly seems less academic than that of the Revolution and the Empire. Not only Ingres, but Delaroche and Ary Scheffer, painted beside Géricault and Delacroix. Ary Scheffer was an eloquent partisan of romanticism, yet his "Dante and Beatrice" and his "Temptation of Christ" are admirable only from the academic point of view. Delaroche's "Hemicycle" and his many historical tableaux are surely in the classic vein, however free they may seem in subject and treatment by contrast with the works of David and Ingres. They leave us equally cold, at all events, and in the same way—for the same reason. They betray the painter's preoccupation with art rather than with nature. They do, in truth, differ widely from the works which they succeeded, but the difference is not temperamental. They suggest the French phrase, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.* Gérôme, for example, feels the exhilaration of the free air of romanticism fanning his enthusiasm. He does not confine himself, as, born a decade or two earlier, certainly he would have done, to classic subject. He follows Decamps and Marilhat to the Orient, which he paints with the utmost freedom, so far as the choice of theme is concerned—descending even to the *danse du ventre* of a Turkish café. He paints historical pictures with a realism unknown before his day. He is almost equally famous in the higher class of *genre* subjects. But throughout everything he does it is easy to perceive the academic point of view, the classic temperament. David assuredly would never have chosen one of Gérôme's themes; but had he chosen it, he would have treated it in much the same way. Allowance made for the difference in time, in the general feeling of the æsthetic environment, the change in ideas as to what was fit subject for representation and fitting manner of treating the same subject, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that Ingres would have sincerely applauded Gérôme's "Cleopatra" issuing from the carpet roll before Cæsar. And if he failed to perceive the noble dramatic power in such a work as the "Ave, Cæsar, morituri te salutant," his failure would nowadays, at least among intelligent amateurs, be ascribed to an intolerance which it is one of the chief merits of the romantic movement to have adjudged absurd.

It is a source of really æsthetic satisfaction to see everything that is attempted as well done as it is in the works of such painters as Bouguereau and Cabanel. Of course the feeling that denies them large importance is a legitimate one. The very excellence of their technic, its perfect adaptedness to the motive it expresses, is, considering the insignificance of the motive, subject for criticism; inevitably it partakes of the futility of its subject-matter. Of course the personal value of the man, the mind, behind any plastic expression is, in a sense, the measure of the expression itself. If it be a mind interested in "pouncet-box" covers, in the pictorial setting forth of themes whose illustration most intimately appeals to the less cultivated and more rudimentary appreciation of fine art—as indisputably the Madonnas and Charities and Oresteses and Bacchus Triumphs of M. Bouguereau do—one may very well dispense himself from the duty of admiring its productions. Life is short, and more important things, things of more significant import, demand attention. The grounds on which the works of Bouguereau and Cabanel are admired are certainly insufficient. But they are experts in their sphere. What they do could hardly be better done. If they appeal to a *bourgeois*, a philistine ideal of beauty, of interest, they do it with a perfection that is pleasing in itself. No one else does it half so well. To minds to whom they appeal at all, they appeal with the force of finality; for these they create as well as illustrate the type of what is admirable and lovely. It is

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as easy to account for their popularity as it is to perceive its transitory quality. But not only is it a mark of limitation to refuse all interest to such a work as, for example, M. Cabanel's "Birth of Venus," in the painting of which a vast deal of technical expertness is enjoyably evident, and which in every respect of motive and execution is far above similar things done elsewhere than in France; it is a still greater error to confound such painters as M. Cabanel and M. Bouguereau with other painters whose classic temperament has been subjected to the universal romantic influence equally with theirs, but whose production is as different from theirs as is that of the thorough and pure romanticists, the truly poetic painters.

The instinct of simplification is an intelligent and sound one. Its satisfaction is a necessary preliminary to efficient action of any kind, and indeed the basis of all fruitful philosophy. But in criticism this instinct can only be satisfied intelligently and soundly by a consideration of everything appealing to consideration, and not at all by heated and wilful, or superior and supercilious, exclusions. Catholicity of appreciation is the secret of critical felicity. To follow the line of least resistance, not to take into account those elements of a problem, those characteristics of a subject, to which, superficially and at first thought, one is insensitive, is to dispense one's self from a great deal of particularly disagreeable industry, but the result is only transitorily agreeable to the sincere intelligence. It is in criticism, I think, though no doubt in criticism alone, preferable to lose one's self in a maze of perplexity—distressing as this is to the critic who appreciates the indispensability of clairvoyance in criticism—rather than to reach swiftly and simply a conclusion which candor would have foreseen as the inevitable and unjudicial result of following one's own likes and whims, and one's contentment with which must be alloyed with a haunting sense of insecurity. In criticism it is perhaps better to keep balancing counter-considerations than to determine brutally by excluding a whole set of them because of the difficulty of assigning them their true weight. In this way, at least, one preserves the attitude of poise, and poise is perhaps the one essential element of criticism. In a word, that catholicity of sensitiveness which may be called mere impressionism, behind which there is no body of doctrine at all, is more truly critical than intolerant depreciation or unreflecting enthusiasm. "The main thing to do," says Mr. Arnold, in a significant passage, "is to get one's self out of the way and let humanity judge."

It is temptingly simple to deny all importance to painters who are not poetic painters. And the temptation is especially seductive when the prosaic painters are paralleled by such a distinguished succession of their truly poetic brethren as are the painters of the romantic epoch who are possessed of the classic temperament. But real criticism immediately suggests that prose has its place in painting as in literature. In literature we do not insist even that the poets be poetic. Poetic is not the epithet that would be applied, for instance, to French classic verse or the English verse of the eighteenth century, compared with the poetry, French or English, which we mean when we speak of poetry. Yet no one would think of denying the value of Dryden or even of Boileau. No one would even insist that, distinctly prosaic as are the qualities of Boileau—and I should say his was a crucial instance—he would have done better to abjure verse. And painting, in a wide sense, is just as legitimately the expression of ideas in form and color as literature is the expression of ideas in words. It is perfectly plain that Meissonier was not especially enamoured of beauty, as Corot, as Troyon, as Decamps was. But nothing could be less critical than to deny Meissonier's importance and the legitimate interest he has for every educated and intelligent person, in spite of his literalness and his insensitiveness to the element of beauty, and indeed to any truly pictorial significance whatever in the wide range of subjects that he essayed, with, in an honorable sense, such distinguished success.

Especially in America, I think, where

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of recent years we have shown an Athenian sensitiveness to new impressions, the direct descendants of the classic period of French painting have suffered from the popularity of the Fontainebleau group. Their legitimate attachment to art, instead of the Fontainebleau absorption in nature, has given them a false reputation of artificiality. But the prose element in art has its justification as well as the poetic, and it is witness of a narrow culture to fail in appreciation of its admirable accomplishment. The academic wing of the French romantic painting is marked precisely by a breadth of culture that is itself a source of agreeable and elevated interest. The neo-Grec painters are thoroughly educated. They lack the picturesque and unexpected note of their poetic brethren—they lack the moving and interpreting, the elevating and exquisite touch of these, nay, they lack the penetrating distinction that radiates even from rusticity itself when it is inspired and transfigured as it appears in such works as those of Millet and Rousseau. But their distinction is not less real for being the distinction of cultivation rather than altogether native and absolute. It is perhaps even more marked, more pervasive, more directly associated with the painter's aim and effect. One feels that they are familiar with the philosophy of art, its history and practice, that they are articulate and eclectic, that for being less personal and powerful their horizon is less limited, their purely intellectual range, at all events, and in many cases their æsthetic interest, wider. They have more the cultivated man's bent for experimentation, for variety. They care more scrupulously for perfection, for form. With a far inferior sense of reality and far less felicity in dealing with it, their sapient skill in dealing with the abstractions of art is more salient. To be blind to their successful handling of line and mass and movement, is to neglect a source of refined pleasure. To lament their lack of poetry is to miss their admirable rhetoric; to regret their imperfect feeling for decorativeness is to miss their delightful decorum.

It is, however, interesting to note that in France, where in every field of intellectual effort the influence of schools and groups and movements is so great that almost every individuality, no matter how strenuous, falls naturally and intimately into association with some one of them, there is every now and then an exception that escapes these categories and stands quite by itself. In painting such exceptions, and widely different from each other as the poles, are Couture and Puvis de Chavannes. Better than in either the true romanticists with the classic strain, or the academic romanticists with the classic temperament, the blending of the classic and romantic inspirations is illustrated in Couture. The two are in him, indeed, actually fused. In Puvis de Chavannes they appear in a wholly novel combination; his classicism is absolutely unacademic, his romanticism unreal beyond the verge of mysticism, and so preoccupied with visions that he may almost be called a man for whom the actual world does *not* exist—in the converse of Gautier's phrase. Puvis de Chavannes is, perhaps, the most interesting figure in French painting to-day. Couture is little more than a name. It is curious to consider why. Twenty years ago he was still an important figure. He had been an unusually successful teacher. Many American painters of distinction, especially, were at one time his pupils —Hunt, La Farge, George Butler. He theorized as much, as well—perhaps even better than—he painted. His "Entretiens d'Atelier" are as good in their way as his "Baptism of the Prince Imperial." He had a very distinguished talent, but he was too distinctly clever—clever to the point of sophistication. In this respect he was distinctly a man of the nineteenth century; "born," in Musset's words, "too late into a world too old." His great work, "Grandeur et Décadence des Romains," created as fine an effect at the Centenary Exhibition of the Paris World's Fair in 1889 as it does in the Louvre, whence it was then transferred, but it was distinctly a decorative effect—the effect of a fine panel in the general mass of color and design; it made a fine centre. It remains his

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greatest performance, the performance upon which chiefly his fame will depend, though as painting it lacks the quality and breadth of the "Day-Dreams" of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art. Its permanent interest perhaps will be the historical one, due to the definiteness with which it assigns Couture his position in the evolution of French painting. It shows, as everything of Couture shows, the absence of any pictorial feeling so profound and personal as to make an impression strong enough to endure indefinitely. And it has not, on the other hand, the interest of reality—that faithful and enthusiastic rendering of the external world which gives importance to and fixes the character of the French painting of the present day.

"Three Kickapoo Indians, splendid in paint and feathers, peacefully vending the 'Famous Kickapoo Sagwa.'" —Page 450.

STORIES OF A WESTERN TOWN.

By Octave Thanet.

III.—TOMMY AND THOMAS.

IT was while Harry Lossing was at the High School that Mrs. Carriswood first saw Tommy Fitzmaurice. He was not much to see, a long lad of sixteen who had outgrown his jackets and not yet grown to his ears. At this period Mrs. Fitzmaurice was his barber, and she, having been too rash with the shears in one place, had snipped off the rest of his curly black locks "to match;" until he showed a perfect convict's poll, giving his ears all the better chance, and bringing out the rather square contour of his jaws to advantage. He had the true Irish-Norman face; a skin of fine texture, fair and freckled, high cheek-bones, straight nose, and wide blue eyes that looked to be drawn with ink, because of their sharply pencilled brows and long, thick, black lashes. But the feature that Mrs. Carriswood noticed was Tommy's mouth, a flexible and delicately cut mouth, of which the lips moved lightly in speaking and seldom were quite in repose.

"The genuine Irish orator's mouth," thought Mrs. Carriswood.

Tommy, however, was not a finished orator, and Mrs. Carriswood herself deigned to help him with his graduating oration; Tommy delivering the aforesaid oration from memory, on the stage of the Bailey Grand Opera House, to a warm-hearted and perspiring audience of his towns-people, amid tremendous applause and not the slightest proddings of conscience.

Really the speech deserved the applause; Mrs. Carriswood, who had heard half the eloquence of the world, spent three evenings on it; and she has a good memory.

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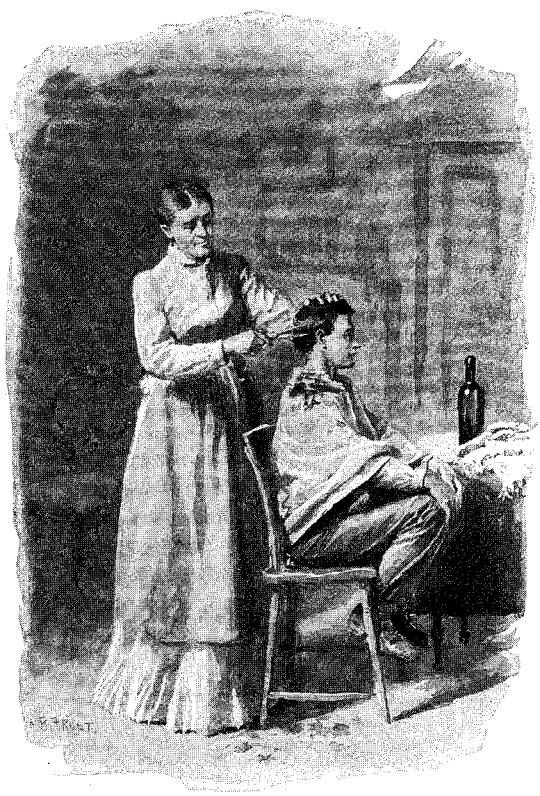
Her part in the affair always amused her; though, in fact, it came to pass easily. She had the great fortune of the family. Being a widow with no children, and the time not being come when philanthropy beckoned on the right hand and on the left to free-handed women, Mrs. Carriswood travelled. As she expressed it, she was searching the globe for a perfect climate. "Not that I in the least expect to find it," said she, cheerfully, "but I like to vary my disappointments; when I get worn out being frozen, winters, I go somewhere to be soaked." She was on her way to California this time, with her English maid, who gave the Lossing domestics many a jolly moment by an inextinguishable panic about red Indians. Mrs. Derry supposed these savages to be lurking on the prairie outside every Western town; and almost fainted when she did chance to turn the corner upon three Kickapoo Indians, splendid in paint and feathers, and peacefully vending the "Famous Kickapoo Sagwa." She had others of the artless notions of the travelling English, and I fear that they were encouraged not only by the cook, the "second girl," and the man-of-all-work, but by Harry and his chum, Tommy; I know she used to tell how she saw tame buffalo "roosting" on the streets, "w'ich they do look that like common cows a body couldn't tell 'em hapart!"



"At this period Mrs. Fitzmaurice was his barber."—Page 449.

She had a great opinion of Tommy, a mystery to her mistress for a long time, until one day it leaked out that Tommy "and Master Harry, too," had told her that Tommy's great-grandfather was a lord in the old country.

"The family seem to have sunk in the world since, Derry," was Mrs. Carriswood's single remark, as she smiled to herself. After Derry was dismissed she picked up a letter, written that day to a great friend of hers, and read some passages about Harry and Tommy, smiling again.

"Harry"—one may look over her pretty shoulder without impertinence, in a story—"Harry," she wrote, "is a boy that I long to steal. Just the kind of boy we have both wanted, Sarah—frank, happy, affectionate. I must tell you something about him. It came out by accident. He has the Western business instincts, and what do you suppose he did? He actually started a wee shop of his own in the corner of the yard (really it is a surprisingly pretty place, and they are quite civilized in the house, gas, hot water, steam heat, all most comfortable), and sold 'pop' and candy and cakes to the boys. He made so much money that he proposed a partnership to the cook and the setting up a little booth in the 'county fair,' which is like our rural cattle shows, you know. The cook (a superior person who borrows books from Mrs. Lossing, but seems very decent and respectful notwithstanding, and broils game to perfection. And *such* game as we have here, Sarah!)—well, the cook

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made him cream-cakes, sandwiches, tarts, and candy, and Harry honorably bought all the provisions with his profits from the first venture. You will open your eyes at his father permitting such a thing, but Henry Lossing is a thorough Westerner in some ways, and he looks on it all as a joke. 'Might show the boy how to do business,' he says.

"Well, they had a ravishing display, so Alma, the cook, and William, the man, assured me—per Derry. All the sadder its fate; for alas! a gang of rowdy boys fell upon Harry, and while he was busy fighting half of them—he is as plucky as his uncle, the general—the other half looted the beautiful stock in trade! They would have despoiled our poor little merchant entirely but for the opportune arrival of a schoolmate who is mightily respected by the rowdies. He knocked one of them down and shouted after the others that he would give every one of them a good thrashing if they did not bring the plunder back; and as he was known to be a lad of his word for good or evil, actually the scamps did return most of the booty, which the two boys brushed off and sold, as far as it went (!) The consequence of the fray has been that Harry is unboundedly grateful to this Tommy Fitzmaurice, and is at present coaching him on his graduating oration. Fitzmaurice has studied hard and won honors, and wants to make a show with his oration, to please his father. 'You see,' says Harry, 'Tommy's father has saved money and is spending it all on Tommy, so's he can be educated. He needs Tommy in the business real bad, but he won't let him come in; he keeps him at school, and he thinks everything of his getting the valedictory, and Tommy he worked nights studying to get it.' When I asked what was his father's business, Harry grew a bit confused. 'Well, he kept a saloon; but'—Harry hastened to explain—'it was a very nice saloon, never any trouble with the police there; why, Tommy knew every man on the force. And they keep good liquors, too,' said Harry, earnestly; 'throw away all the beer left in the glasses.' 'What else would they do with it?' asked innocent I. 'Why, keep it in a bucket,' said Harry, solemnly, 'and then slip the glass under the counter and half fill out of the bucket, then hold it under the keg *low*, so's the foam will come; that's a trick of the trade, you know. Tommy says his father would *scorn* that!' There is a vista opened, isn't it? I was rather shocked at such associates for Harry, and told his mother; did she think it a good idea to have such a boy coming to the house? a saloon-keeper's son? She did not laugh, as I half expected, but answered quite seriously that she had been looking up Tommy, that he was very much attached to Harry, and that she did not think he would teach him anything bad. He has, I find myself, notions of honor, though they are rather the code of the street. And he picks up things quickly. Once he came to tea. It was amusing to see how he glued his

Tommy's Valedictory.—Page 452.

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eyes on Harry and kept time with his motions. He used his fork quite properly, only as Harry is a left-handed little fellow, the right-handed Thomas had the more difficulty.

"He is taking such vast pains with his 'oration' that I felt moved to help him. The subject is 'The Triumph of Democracy,' and Tommy civilly explained that 'democracy' did not mean the Democratic party, but 'just only a government where all the poor folks can get their rights and can vote.'

"The oration was the kind of spread-eagle thing you might expect; I can see that Tommy has formed himself on the orators of his father's respectable saloon. What he said in comment interested me more. 'Sure, I guess it is the best government, ma'am, though, of course, I got to make it out that way, anyhow. But we come from Ireland, and there they got the other kind, and me granny she starved in the famine time, she did that—with the fever. Me father walked twenty mile to the Sackville's place, where they gave him some meal, though he wasn't one of their tenants; yes, and the lady told him how he would be cooking it. I never will forget that lady!'

"I saw a dramatic opportunity, would Tommy be willing to tell that story in his speech? He looked at me with an odd look—or so I imagined it! 'Why not?' says he; 'I'd as soon as not tell it to anyone of them, and why not to them all together?' Well, why not, when you come to think of it? So we have got it into the speech; and I, I myself, Sarah, am drilling young Demosthenes, and he is so apt a scholar that I find myself rather pleasantly employed." Having read her letter, Mrs. Carriswood hesitated a second and then added Derry's information at the bottom of the page. "I suppose the lordly ancestor was one of King James's creation—see Macaulay, somewhere in the second volume. I dare say there is a drop or two of good blood in the boy. He has the manners of a gentleman—but I don't know that I ever saw an Irishman, no matter how low in the social scale, who hadn't."

Thus it happened that Tommy's valedictory scored a success that is a tradition of the High School, and came to be printed in both the city papers; copies of which journals Tommy's mother has preserved sacredly to this day; and I have no doubt, could one find them, they would be found wrapped around a yellow photograph of the "A Class" of 1870: eight pretty girls in white, smiling among five solemn boys in black, and Tommy himself, as the valedictorian, occupying the centre of the picture in his new suit of broadcloth, with a rose in his buttonhole and his hair cut by a professional barber for the occasion.

It was the story of the famine that really captured the audience; and Tommy told it well, with the true Irish fire, in a beautiful voice.

In the front seat of the parquette a little old man in a wrinkled, black broadcloth, with a bald head and a fringe of whisker under his long chin, and a meek little woman, in a red Paisley shawl, wept and laughed by turns. They had taken the deepest interest in every essay and every speech. The old man clapped his large hands (which were encased in loose black kid gloves) with unflagging vigor. He wore a pair of heavy boots, the soles of which made a noble thud on the floor.

"Ain't it wonderful the like of them young craters can talk like that!" he cried; "shure, Molly, that young lady who'd the essay—where is it?"—a huge black forefinger travelled down the page—"'*Music, The Turkish Patrol,*' No—though that's grand, that piece; I'll be spakin' wid Professor Von Keinmitz to bring it when we've the opening. Here 'tis, Molly, '*Tin, Essay. The Darkest Night Brings Out the Stars, Miss Mamie Odenheimer.*' Thrue for you, mavourneen! And the sintiments, wasn't they illigant? and the langwidge was as foine as Pat Ronan's speeches or Father—whist! will ye look at the flowers that shlip of a gyirl's gitting! Count 'em, will ye?"

"Fourteen bouquets and wan basket," says the little woman, "and Mamie Odenheimer, she got seventeen bouquets and two baskets and a sign. Well," she looked anxious, but smiled, "I know of siven bouquets Tommy will git for sure. And that's not countin' what Harry Lossing will do for him. Hiven bless the good heart of him!"

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"Well, I kin count four for him on wan seat," says the man, with a nod of his head toward the gay heap in the woman's lap, "barrin' I ain't onvaygled into flinging some of thim to the young ladies!"

Harry Lossing, in the seat behind on the asparagus-bed, into the bargain, and Mrs. Lossing and Alma and Mrs. Carriswood and Derry and Susy Lossing had made bouquets and baskets and wreaths, and Harry had distributed them among friends in different parts of the house. I say Harry, but, compli-

"It was Tommy Fitzmaurice, grown into a handsome young man."—Page 455.

with his mother and Mrs. Carriswood, giggled at this and whispered in the latter lady's ear, "That's Tommy's father and mother. My, aren't they excited, though! And Tommy's white's a sheet—for fear he'll disappoint them, you know. He has said his piece over twice to me, to-day, he's so scared lest he'll forget. I've got it in my pocket, and I'm going behind when it's his turn, to prompt him. Did you see me winking at him? it sort of cheers him up."

He was almost as keen over the floral procession as the Fitzmaurices themselves. The Lossing garden had been stripped to the last bud, and levies made mented by Mrs. Carriswood, he admitted ingenuously that it was Tommy's idea.

"Tommy thought they would make more show that way," says Harry, "and they are all on the middle aisle, so his father and mother can see them; Tim O'Halloran has got one for him, too, and Mrs. Macillarney, and she's got some splendid pinies. Picked every last one. They'll make a show!"

But Harry knew nothing of the most magnificent of his friend's trophies until it undulated gloriously down the aisle above the heads of two men, white satin ribbons flying, tin foil shining—an enormous horseshoe of roses and mignonette!

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The parents were both on their feet to crane their necks after it, as it passed them amid the plaudits.

"Oh, it was *you*, Cousin Margaret; I know it was you," cried Harry.

He took the ladies over to the Fitzmaurices the minute that the diplomas were given; and, directly, Tommy joined them, attended by two admiring followers laden with the trophies. Mrs. O'Halloran and Mrs. Macillarney and divers of the friends, both male and female, joined the circle. Tommy held quite a little court. He shook hands with all the ladies, beginning with Mrs. Carriswood (who certainly never had found herself before in such a company, jammed between Alderman McGinnis's resplendent new tweeds and Mrs. Macillarney's calico); he affectionately embraced his mother, and he allowed himself to be embraced by Mrs. Macillarney and Mrs. O'Halloran, while Patrick Fitzmaurice shook hands with the alderman.

"Here's the lady that helped me on me piece, father; she's the lady that sent me the horseshoe, mother. Like to make you acquainted with me father and me mother. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzmaurice, Mrs. Carriswood."

In these words, Tommy, blushing and happy, presented his happy parents.

"Sure, I'm proud to meet you, ma'am," said Fitzmaurice, bowing, while his wife courtesied and wiped her eyes.

They were very grateful, but they were more grateful for the flowers than for the oratorical drilling. No doubt they thought that their Tommy could have done as well in any case; but the splendid horseshoe was another matter!

Ten years passed before Mrs. Carriswood saw her pupil again. During those years the town had increased and prospered; so had the Lossing Art Furniture Works. It was after Harry Lossing had disappointed his father. This is not saying that he had done anything out of the way; he had simply declined to be the fourth Harry Lossing on the rolls of Harvard College. Instead, he proposed to enter the business and to begin by learning his own trade. He was so industrious, he kept at it with such energy that his first convert was his father—no, I am wrong, Mrs. Carriswood was the first; Mrs. Lossing was not a convert, *she* had believed in Harry from the beginning. But all this was years before Mrs. Carriswood's visit.

Another of Master Harry's notions was his belief in the necessity of his "meddling"—so his father put it—in the affairs of the town, the state, and the nation, as well as those of the Lossing furniture company. But, though he was pleased to make rather cynical fun of his son's political enthusiasm, esteeming it in a sense a diverting and therefore reprehensible pursuit for a business man, the elder Lossing had a sneaking pride in it all the same. He liked to bring out Harry's political shrewdness.

"Fancy, Margaret," says he, "whom do you think Harry has brought over to our side now? The shrewdest ward politician in the town—why, you saw him when he was a boy—Tommy Fitzmaurice."

Then Mrs. Carriswood remembered; she asked, amused, how was Tommy and where was he?

"Tommy? Oh, he went to the State university; the old man was bound to send him, and he was more dutiful than some sons. He was graduated with honors, and came back to a large, ready-made justice court's practice. Of course he drifted into criminal practice; but he has made a fine income out of that, and is the shrewdest, some folks say the least scrupulous, political manager in the county. And so, Harry, you have persuaded him to cast in his lot with the party of principle, have you? and he is packing the primaries?"

"I see nothing dishonest in our trying to get our friends out to vote at the primaries, sir."

"Of course not, but he may not stop there. However, I want Bailey elected, and I am glad he will work for us; what's his price?"

Harry blushed a little. "I believe he would like to be city attorney, sir," said he; and Mr. Lossing laughed.

"Would he make a bad one?" asked Mrs. Carriswood.

"He would make the best kind of a one," replied Harry, with youthful fervor; "he's a ward politician and all

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that, I know; but he has it in him to be an uncommon deal more! And I say, sir, do you know that he and the old man will take twenty-five thousand of the stock at par if we turn ourselves into a corporation?"

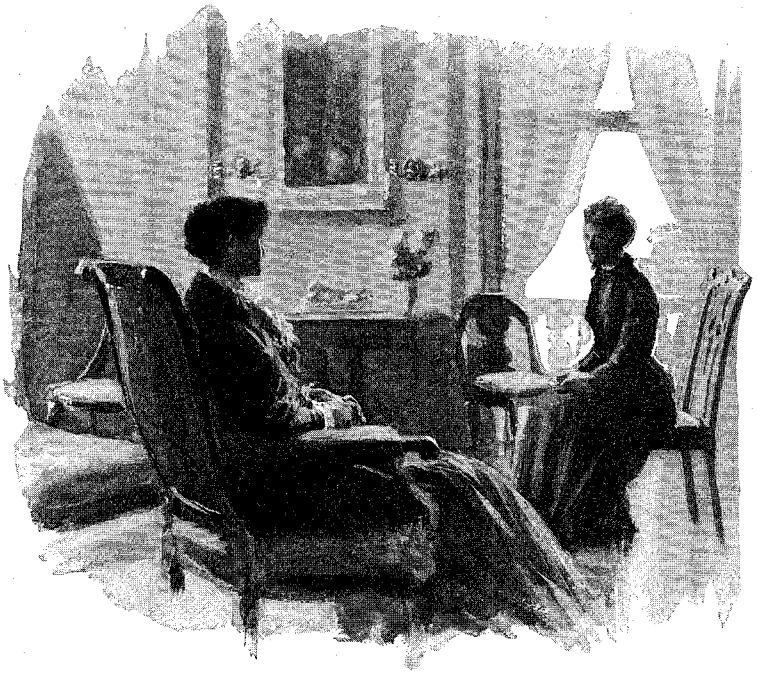
"How about this new license measure? won't that bear a little bit hard on the old man?" This from Mr. Lossing, who was biting his cigar in deep thought.

"That will not prevent his doing his duty; why, the old man for very pride will be the first to obey the law. You'll *see!*"

Six months later they did see, since it was mostly due to Fitzmaurice's efforts that the reform candidate was elected; as a consequence, Tommy became prosecuting attorney; and, to the amazement of the critics, made the best prosecuting attorney that the city had ever known.

It was during the campaign that Mrs. Carriswood met him. Her goddaughter, daughter of the friend to whom years ago she described Tommy, was with her. This time Mrs. Carriswood had recently added Florida to her disappointments in climates, and was back, as she told Mrs. Lossing, "with a real sense of relief in a climate that was too bad to make any pretensions."

She had brought Miss Van Harlem to see the shops. It may be that she would not have been averse to Harry Lossing's



"She has visiting cards, now, and pays visits once a year."—Page 457.

growing interested in young Margaret. She had seen a great deal of Harry while he was East at school, and he remained her first favorite, while Margaret was as good as she was pretty, and had half a million of dollars in her own right. They had seen Harry, and he was showing them through the different buildings or "shops," when a man entered who greeted him cordially, and whom he presented to Mrs. Carriswood. It was Tommy Fitzmaurice, grown into a handsome young man. He brought his heels together and made the ladies a solemn bow. "Pleased to meet you, ladies; how do you like the West?" said Tommy.

His black locks curled about his ears, which seemed rather small now; he had a good nose and a mobile, clean-shaven face. His hands were very white and soft, and the rim of linen above them

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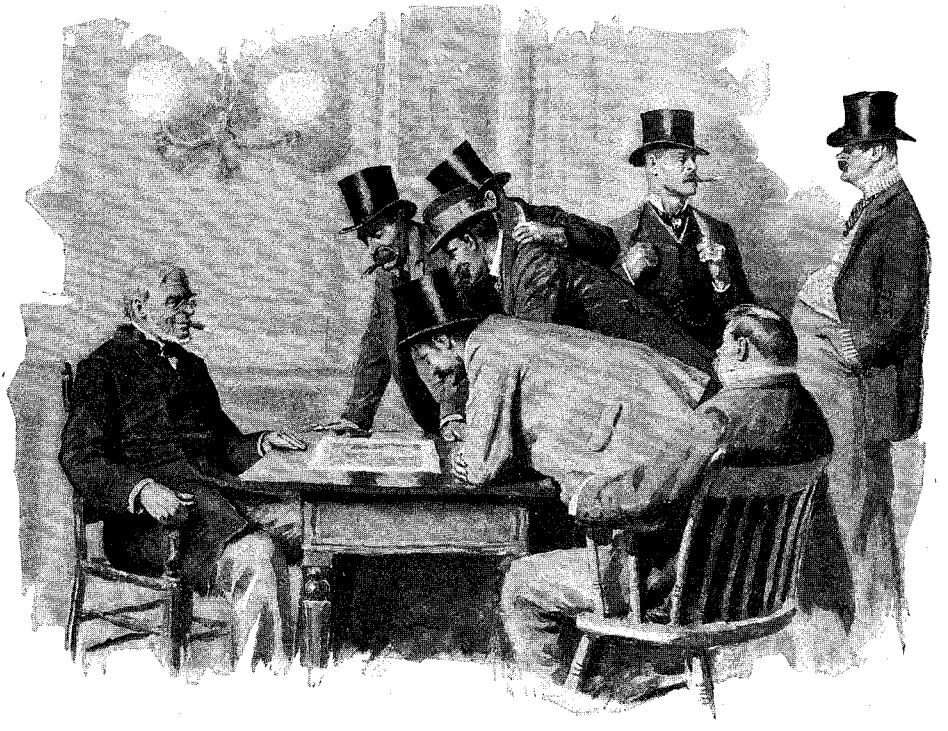
was dazzling. His black frock-coat was buttoned snugly about his slim waist. He brushed his face with a fine silk handkerchief, and thereby diffused the fragrance of the best imported cologne among the odors of wood and turpentine. A diamond pin sparkled from his neckscarf. The truth is, he knew that the visitors were coming and had made a state toilet. "He looks half like an

"How could I, when you have not changed at all."

"But you have," says Mrs. Carriswood, hardly knowing whether to show the young man his place or not.

"Yes, ma'am, naturally. But I have not learned how to make a speech yet."

"Ah, but you make very good ones, Harry tells me."



"Tommy's funny picture."—Page 459.

actor and half like a clergyman, and he *is* all a politician," thought Mrs. Carriswood; "I don't think I shall like him any more." While she thought, she was inclining her slender neck toward him, and the gentlest interest and pleasure beamed out of her beautiful, dark eyes.

"We like the West, but *I* have liked it for ten years; this is not my first visit," said Mrs. Carriswood.

"I have reason to be glad for that, madam. I never made another speech so good."

He had remembered her; she laughed. "I had thought that you would forget."

"Much obliged, Harry. No, ma'am, Harry is a nice boy; but he doesn't know. I know there is a lot to learn, and I guess a lot to unlearn; and I feel all outside; I don't even know how to get at it. I have wished a thousand times that I could talk with the lady who taught me to speak in the first place." He walked on by her side, talking eagerly. "You don't know how many times I have felt I would give most anything for the opportunity of just seeing you and talking with you; those things you said to me I always remembered." He had a hundred questions evidently stinging his tongue.

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And some of them seemed to Mrs. Carriswood very apposite.

"I'm on the outside of such a lot of things," says he. "When I first began to suspect that I was on the outside was when I went to the High School, and sometimes I was invited to Harry's; that was my first acquaintance with cultivated society. You can't learn manners from books, ma'am. I learned them at Harry's. That is," he colored and laughed, "I learned *some*. There's plenty left, I know. Then, I went to the University. Some of the boys came from homes like Harry's, and some of the professors there used to ask us to their houses; and I saw engravings and oil paintings, and heard the conversation of persons of culture. All this only makes me know enough to *know* I am outside. I can see the same thing with the lawyers, too. There is a set of them that are after another kind of things; that think themselves above me and my sort of fellows. You know all the talk about this being a free and equal country. That's the tallest kind of humbug, madam! It is that. There are sets, one above another, everywhere; big bugs and little bugs, if you will excuse the expression. And you can't influence the big ones without knowing how they feel. A fellow can't be poking in the dark in a speech or anywhere else. Now, these fellows here, they go into politics, sometimes; and there, I tell you, we come the nearest to a fair field and no favor! It is the best fellow gets the prize there—the sharpest-witted, the nerviest, and stanchest. Oh, talk of machine politics! all the soft chaps who ain't willing to get up early in the morning, or to go out in the wet, *they* howl about the primaries and corruption; let them get up and clean the primaries instead of holding their noses! Those fellows, I'm not nice enough for them, but I can beat them every time. They make a monstrous racket in the newspapers, but when election comes on they can't touch side, edge, or bottom!"

Discoursing in this fashion, with digressions to Harry in regard to the machines, the furniture, and the sales, that showed Mrs. Carriswood that he meant to keep an eye on his twenty odd thousand dollars, he strolled at her side. To Miss Van Harlem he scarcely said three words. In fact, he said exactly three words, uttered as Miss Margaret's silken skirts swung too near a pot of varnish. They were "Look out, miss!" and at the same second, Tommy, who was in advance (with really no call to know of the danger), turned on his heel and whisked the skirts away, turning back to pick up the sentence he had dropped.

Tommy told Harry that Miss Van Harlem was a very handsome lady, but haughty-looking. Then he talked for half an hour about the cleverness of Mrs. Carriswood.

"I am inclined to think Tommy will rise." (Mrs. Carriswood was describing the interview to her cousin, the next day.) "What do you think he said to me last of all? 'How,' said he, 'does a man, a gentleman'—it had a touch of the pathetic, don't you know, the little hesitation he made on the word—'how does he show his gratitude to a lady who has done him a great service?' 'Young or old?' I said. 'Oh, a married lady,' he said, 'very much admired, who has been everywhere.' Wasn't that clever of him? I told him that a man usually sent a few flowers. You saw the basket to-day—evidently regardless of expense. And fancy, there was a card, a card with a gilt edge and his name written on it.

"The card was his mother's. She has visiting cards, now, and pays visits once a year in a livery carriage. Poor Mrs. Fitzmaurice, she is always so scared; and she is such a good soul! Tommy is very good to her."

"How about the father? Does he still keep that 'nice' saloon?"

"Yes; but he talks of retiring. They are not poor at all, and Tommy is their only child; the others died. It is hard on the old man to retire, for he isn't so very old in fact, but if he once is convinced that his calling stands in the way of Tommy's career, he won't hesitate a second."

"Poor people," said Mrs. Carriswood; "do you know, Grace, I can see Tommy's future; he will grow to be a boss, a political boss. He will become rich by keeping your streets always cleaned—which means never clean—and giving you the worst fire department and po-

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lice to be obtained for money; and, by and by, a grateful machine will make him mayor, or send him to the Legislature, very likely to Congress, where he will misrepresent the honest State of Iowa. Then he will bloom out in a social way, and marry a gentlewoman, and they will snub the old people who are so proud of him."

"Well, we shall see," said Mrs. Lossing; "I think better things of Tommy. So does Harry."

Part of the prophecy was to be speedily fulfilled. Two years later, the Honorable Thomas Fitzmaurice was elected mayor of his city, elected by the reform party, on account of his eminent services — and because he was the only man in sight who had the ghost of a chance of winning. Harry's version was: "Tommy jests at his new principles, but that is simply because he doesn't comprehend what they are. He laughs at reform in the abstract; but every concrete, practical reform he is as anxious as I or anybody to bring about. And he will get them here, too."

He was as good as his word; he gave the city an admirable administration, with neither fear nor favor. Some of the "boys" still clung to him; these, according to Harry, were the better "boys," who had the seeds of good in them and only needed opportunity and a leader. Tommy did not flag in zeal; rather, as the time went on and he soared out of the criminal courts into big civil cases involving property, he grew up to the level of his admirers' praises. "Tommy," wrote Mr. Lossing, presently, "is beginning to take himself seriously. He has been told so often that he is a young lion of reform, that he begins to study the rôle in dead earnest. I don't talk this way to Harry, who believes in him and is training him for the representative for our district. What harm? Verily, his is the faith that will move mountains. Besides, Tommy is now rich; he must be worth a hundred thousand dollars, which makes a man of wealth in these parts. It is time for him to be respectable."

Notwithstanding this preparation, Mrs. Carriswood (then giving Washington the benefit of her doubts of all climates) was surprised one day to receive a perfectly correct visiting card whereon was engraved, "Mr. Thomas Sackville Fitzmaurice, M.C."

The young lady who was with her lifted her brilliant hazel eyes and half smiled. "Is it the funny man we met once at Mrs. Lossing's? Pray see him, Aunt Margaret," said Miss Van Harlem.

Mrs. Carriswood shrugged her shoulders and ordered the man to show him up.

There entered, in the wake of the butler, a distinguished-looking personage who held out his hand with a perfect copy of the bow that she saw forty times a day. "He is taking himself very seriously," she sighed; "he is precisely like anybody else!" And she felt her interest snuffed out by Tommy's correctness. But directly she changed her mind; the unfailing charm of his race asserted itself in Tommy; she decided that he was a delightful, original young man, and in ten minutes they were talking in the same droll confidence that had always marked their relation.

"How perfectly you are gotten up! Are you inside, now?"

"Ah, do you remember that?" said he; "that's awfully good of you. Which is so fortunate as to please you, my clothes or my deportment?"

"Both. They are very good. Where did you get them, Tommy? I shall take the privilege of my age and call you Tommy."

"Thank you. The clothes? Oh, I asked Harry for the proper thing, and he recommended a tailor. I think Harry gave me the manners too."

"And your new principles?" She could not resist this little fling.

"I owe a great deal in that way to Harry also," answered he, with gravity.

Gone were the days of sarcastic ridicule of visionary politics. Tommy talked of the civil service in the tone of Harry himself. He was actually eloquent.

"Why, Aunt Margaret, he is a remarkable young man," exclaimed Miss Van Harlem; "his honesty and enthusiasm are refreshing in this pessimist place. I hope he will come again. Did you notice what lovely eyes he has?"

Before long it was not pure good nature that caused Mrs. Carriswood to

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ask Fitzmaurice to her house. He was known as a rising young man. One met him at the best houses; yet he was a prodigious worker, and had made his mark in committees, before the celebrated speech that sent him into all the newspaper columns, or that stubborn and infinitely versatile fight against odds which inspired the artist of *Puck*.

Tommy bore the cartoon to Mrs. Carriswood, beaming. She had not seen that light in his face since the memorable June afternoon in the Opera-house. He sent the paper to his mother, who vowed the picture "did not favor Tommy at all at all. Sure Tommy never had such a red nose!" The old man, however, went to his ex-saloon, and sat in state all the morning, showing Tommy's funny picture.

It was about this time that Mrs. Carriswood observed something that took her breath away: Tommy Fitzmaurice had the presumption to be attentive to my lady's goddaughter, Miss Van Harlem. Nor was this the worst; there were indications that Miss Van Harlem, who had refused the noble names and titles of two or three continental nobles, and the noble name unaccompanied by a title of the younger son of an English earl, without mentioning the half-dozen "nice" American claimants—Miss Van Harlem was not angry.

The day this staggering blow fell on her, Mrs. Carriswood was in her dressing-room, peacefully watching Derry unpack a box from Paris, in anticipation of a state dinner. And Miss Van Harlem, in a bewitching wrapper, sat on the lounge and admired. On this scene of feminine peace and happiness enter the Destroyer, in the shape of a note from Tommy Fitzmaurice. Were they going on Beatoun's little excursion to Alexandria? If they were, he would move heaven and earth to put off a committee meeting, in order to join them. By the way, he was to get the floor for his speech that afternoon. Wouldn't Mrs. Carriswood come to inspire him? Perhaps Miss Van Harlem would not be bored by a little of it.

It was a well-worded note; as Mrs. Carriswood read it she realized for the first time how completely Tommy was acclimated in society. She remembered his plaint years ago, and his awe of "oil paintings" and "people of culture;" and she laughed half-sadly as she passed the note over to Miss Van Harlem.

"I presume it is the Alexandria excursion that the Beatouns were talking about yesterday," she said, languidly. "He wants to show that young Irishman that we have a mild flavor of antiquity, ourselves. We are to see Alexandria and have a real old Virginian dinner, including one of the famous Beatoun hams and some of the '69 Château Yquem and the sacred '47 port. I suppose he will have the four-in-hand buckboard. 'A small party'—that will mean the Honorable Basil Sackville, Mrs. Beatoun, Lilly Denning, probably one of the Cabinet girls, Colonel Turner, and that young Russian Beatoun is so fond of, Tommy Fitzmaurice——"

"Why do you always call Mr. Fitzmaurice Tommy?"—this interruption comes with a slight rise of color from young Margaret.

"Everybody calls him Tommy in his own town; a politician as popular as he with the boys is naturally Tommy or Jerry or Billy. They slap him on the back or sit with an arm around his neck and concoct the ways to rule us."

"I don't think anyone slaps Mr. Fitzmaurice on the back and calls him Tommy, *now*," says Margaret, with a little access of dignity.

"I dare say his poor old father and mother don't venture on that liberty; I wish you had seen them——"

"He has told me about them," says Margaret.

And Mrs. Carriswood's dismay was such that for a second she simply gasped. Were things so far along that such confessions were made? Tommy must be very confident to venture; it was shrewd, very shrewd, to forestall Mrs. Carriswood's sure revelations—oh, Tommy was not a politician for nothing!

"Besides," Margaret went on, with the same note of repressed feeling in her voice, "his is a good family, if they have decayed; his ancestor was Lord Fitzmaurice in King James's time."

"She takes *him* seriously too!" thought Mrs. Carriswood, with inexpressible consternation; "what *shall* I say to her mother?"

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Strange to say, perhaps, considering that she was so frankly a woman of the world, her stubbornest objection to Tommy was not an objection of expediency. She had insensibly grown to take his success for granted, like the rest of the Washington world; he would be a governor, a senator, he might be—anything! And he was perfectly presentable, now; no, it would be on the whole an investment in the future that would pay well enough; his parents would be awkward, but they were old people, not likely to be too much *en évidence*.

Mrs. Carriswood, while not overjoyed, would not feel crushed by such a match, but she did view what she regarded as Tommy's moral instability with a dubious and fearful eye. He was earnest enough for his new principles now; but what warrant was there of his sincerity? Margaret and her mother were high-minded women. It was the gallant knight of her party and her political faith that the girl admired, the valiant fight, not the triumph! No mere soldier of fortune, no matter how successful or how brilliant, could win her; if Tommy were the mercenary, not the knight, no worldly glory could compensate his wife.

Wherefore, after a bad quarter of an hour reflecting on these things, Mrs. Carriswood went to the Capitol, resolved to take her goddaughter away. She would not withdraw her acceptance of the Beatouns's invitation, no; let the Iowa congressman have every opportunity to display his social shortcomings in the contrast with the accomplished Russian, and Jack Turner, the most elegant man in the army; the next day would be time enough for a telegram and a sudden flitting. Yet in the midst of her plans for Tommy's discomfiture she was assailed by a queer regret and reluctance. Tommy's fascination had affected even a professional critic of life; he had been so amusing, so willing, so trusting, so useful, that her chill interest had warmed into liking. She felt a moving of the heart as the handsome black head arose, and the first notes of that resonant, thrilling voice swelled above the din on the floor.

It was the day of his great speech, the speech that made him, it was said.

As Mrs. Carriswood sank back, turning a little in an instinctive effort to repulse her own sympathy, she was aware of the presence near her of an elderly man and woman. The old man wore a shining silk hat and shining new black clothes. His expansive shirt-bosom was very white, but not glossy, and rumpled in places; and his collar was of the spiked and antique pattern known as a "dickey." His wrinkled, red face was edged by a white fringe of whisker. He wore large gold-bowed spectacles, and his jaws worked incessantly.

The woman was a little, mild, wrinkled creature, with an anxious blue eye and snowy hair, smoothed down over her ears, under her fine bonnet. She was richly dressed, but her silks and velvets ill suited the season. Had she seen them anywhere else, Mrs. Carriswood might not have recognized them; but there, with Tommy before them, both of them feverishly absorbed in Tommy, she recognized them at a glance. She had a twinge of pity, watching the old faces pale and kindle. With the first rustle of applause, she saw the old father slip his hand into the old mother's. They sat well behind a pillar; and however excited they became, they never so lost themselves as to lean in front of their shield. This, also, she noticed. The speech over, the woman wiped her eyes. The old man joined in the tumult of applause that swept over the galleries, but the old woman pulled his arm, evidently feeling that it was not decent for them to applaud. She sat rigid, with red cheeks and her eyes brimming; he was swaying and clapping and laughing in a roar of delight. But it was he that drew her away, finally, while she fain would have lingered to look at Tommy receiving congratulations below.

"Poor things," said Mrs. Carriswood, "I do believe they haven't let him know that they are here." And she remembered how she had pitied them for this very possibility of humiliation years before. But she did not pursue the adventure, and some obscure motive prevented her speaking of it to Miss Van Harlem.

Did Tommy's parents tell Tommy? If they did, Tommy made no sign. The morning found him with the others, in

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a beautiful white flannel suit, with a silk shirt and a red silk sash, looking handsomer than any man of the party. He took the congratulations of the company modestly. Either he was not much puffed up, or he had the art of concealment.

They saw Alexandria in a conscientious fashion, for the benefit of the guest of the day. He was a modest young fellow with a nose rather too large for his face, a long upper lip, and frank blue eyes. He made himself agreeable to one of the Cabinet girls, on the front seat, while Tommy, just behind him, had Miss Van Harlem and bliss for his portion.

The old streets, the toppling roofs, the musty warehouses, the uneven pavement, all pleased the young creatures out in the sunshine. They made merry over the ancient ball-room, where Washington had asked a far-away ancestress of Beatoun to dance; and they decorously walked through the old church.

It happened in the church. Mrs. Carriswood was behind the others; so she saw them come in, the same little old couple of the Capitol.

In the chancel, Beatoun was explaining; beside Beatoun shone a curly black head that they knew.

Mrs. Carriswood sat in one of the high old pews. Through a crack she could look into the next pew; and there they stood. She heard the old man: "Whist, Molly, let's be getting out of this! *He* is here with all his grand friends. Don't let us be interrupting him."

The old woman's voice was so like Tommy's that it made Mrs. Carriswood start. Very softly she spoke: "I only want to look at him a minute, Pat, jest a minute. I ain't seen him for so long."

"And is it any longer for you than for me?" retorted the husband. "Ye know what ye promised if I'd be taking you here, unbeknownst. Don't look his way! Look like ye was a stranger to him. Don't let us be mortifying him wid our country ways. Like as not 'tis the prisidint, himself, he is colloguein' wid, this blessed minute. Shtep back and be a stranger to him, woman!"

A stranger to him, his own mother! But she stepped back; she turned her patient face. Then—Tommy saw her.

A wave of red flushed all over his face. He took two steps down the aisle, and caught the little figure in his arms.

"Why, mother?" he cried, "why, mother, where did you drop from?"

And before Mrs. Carriswood could speak she saw him step back and push young Sackville forward, crying, "This is my father, this is the boy that knew your grandmother."

He did it so easily; he was so entirely unaffected, so perfectly unconscious, that there was nothing at all embarrassing for anyone. Even the Cabinet girl with a grandmother in very humble life, who must be kept in the background, could not feel disconcerted.

For this happy result, Mrs. Carriswood owns a share of the credit. She advanced on the first pause, and claimed acquaintanceship with the Fitzmaurices. The story of their last meeting and Tommy's first triumph in oratory came, of course; the famous horseshoe received due mention; and Tommy described with much humor his terror of the stage. From the speech to its most effective passage was a natural transition; equally natural the transition to Tommy's grandmother, the Irish famine, and the benevolence of Lady Sackville.

Everybody was interested, and it was Sackville, himself, who brought the Fitzmaurices's noble ancestors, the apocryphal Viscounts Fitzmaurice of King James's creation, on to the carpet.

He was entirely serious. "My grandmother told me of your great-grandfather, Lord Fitzmaurice; she saw him ride to hounds once, when she was a little girl. They say he was the boldest rider in Ireland, and a renowned duellist too. King James gave the title to his grandfather, didn't he? and the countryside kept it, if it was given rather too late in the day to be useful. I am glad you have restored the family fortunes, Mr. Fitzmaurice."

The Cabinet girl looked on Tommy with respect, and Miss Van Harlem blushed like an angel.

"All is lost," said Mrs. Carriswood to herself; yet she smiled. Going home, she found a word for Tommy's ear.

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The old Virginian dinner had been most successful. The Fitzmaurices (who had been almost forced into the banquet by Beatoun's imperious hospitality) were not a wet blanket in the least. Patrick Fitzmaurice, brogue and all, was an Irish gentleman without a flaw. He blossomed out into a modest wag; and told two or three comic stories as acceptably as he was used to tell them to a very different circle—only, carrying a fresher flavor of wit to this circle, perhaps, it enjoyed them more. Mrs. Fitzmaurice looked scared and ate almost nothing, with the greatest propriety, and her fork in her left hand. Yet even she thawed under Miss Van Harlem's attentions and gentle Mrs. Beatoun's tact, and the winning ways of the last Beatoun baby. She took this cherub to her heart with such undissembled warmth, that its mother ever since has called her "a sweet, funny little old lady."

They were both (Patrick and his wife) quite unassuming and retiring, and no urging could dissuade them from parting with the company at the tavern door.

"My word, Tommy, your mother and I can git home by ourselves," whispered honest Patrick; "we've not exceeded—if the wines *were* good. I never exceeded in my life, God take the glory!"

But he embraced Tommy so affectionately in parting that I confess Mrs. Carriswood had suspicions. Yet, surely, it is more likely that his brain was—let us not say *turned*, but just a wee bit *tilted*, by the joy and triumph of the occasion rather than by Beatoun's port or champagne.

But Mrs. Carriswood's word had nothing to do with Tommy's parents, ostensibly, though, in truth, it had everything to do. She said: "Will you dine with us to-morrow, quite *en famille*, Thomas?"

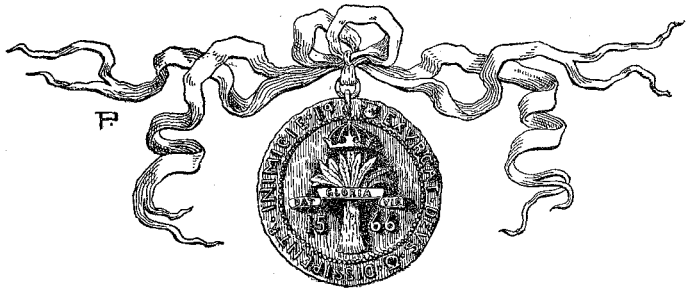
"I ought to tell you, I suppose, that I find your house a pretty dangerous paradise, Mrs. Carriswood," says Tommy.

"And I find you a most dangerous angel, Thomas; but—you see I ask you!"

"Thank you," answers Tommy, in a different tone; "you've always been an angel to me. What I owe to you and Harry Lossing—well, I can't talk about it. But see here, Mrs. Carriswood, you always have called me Tommy; now you say Thomas; why this state?"

"I think you have won your brevet, Thomas."

He looked puzzled, and she liked him the better that he should not make enough of his conduct to understand her; but, though she has called him Tommy often since, he keeps the brevet in her thoughts. In fact, Mrs. Carriswood is beginning to take the Honorable Thomas Fitzmaurice and his place in the world seriously, herself.



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THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

By Walter B. Peet.

ABOUT a century ago there were two contemporaneous educators of the deaf and dumb; the Abbé de l'Épée, on the one hand, used as his method natural signs or gestures, which he developed to a system, and the manual alphabet, or spelling with the fingers, as a means of conveying a knowledge of language to the brain of the pupil, following out the principle that "there is no more natural and necessary connection between abstract ideas and the articulate sounds which strike the ear than there is between the same ideas and the written characters that address themselves to the eye."

On the other hand, Samuel Heinicke took a diametrically opposite view, with the idea that "the written word is only the representation of articulate sound. It addresses itself to the eye, and can never be imprinted on the soul or become the medium of thought. That is the sole prerogative of the voice. Without an acquaintance with spoken language a deaf-mute child can never become more than a writing machine, or have anything beyond a succession of images passing through his mind." With this theory he refused to use any means of educating those bereft of hearing except through speech, which was read by his pupils from the lips, and writing.

These two pioneers have had their followers ever since, and when the Twelfth Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, and the first International Convention in America, was held at the New York Institution, on Washington Heights, in the summer of 1890, each system had its enthusiastic advocates.

But the chasm between them has been bridged by the majority of American instructors in the use of the "Combined System."

The advocates of the French method, following out De l'Épée's fundamental idea, that spoken words were not necessary to the development of the brain, and wishing to increase the mental growth as rapidly as possible, bring to their help signs, the natural language of deaf-mutes, and one which they acquire without effort in a remarkably short time after entering a school where gestures are used. In this manner they converse with great ease and rapidity, and it is undoubtedly the means through which they can communicate with each other with the greatest pleasure.* In these signs both the hands and arms are employed.

De l'Épée developed the sign language with the original gestures of the uneducated deaf-mute as a basis; and it has now attained to such a degree of perfection that by means of it a lecture containing the most abstract ideas may be rendered perfectly intelligible to a large audience of deaf-mutes.

It is a fact worth noting that the signs used by the Indians of North America are identical in many instances with those employed by the deaf-mutes of to-day. A short time ago a friend of the writer, who had spent considerable time among the Indians, but who had never talked with a deaf-mute before, conversed with some pupils of the New York Institution by means of signs which he had learned from the red men. "Where are you going?" and "I am going away on horseback," were the same when given by the deaf-mutes and by the visitor. Another instance showing the sign language to be a universal one was when the mother of the writer, herself a deaf person, while attending a convention of instructors of the deaf in France, conversed on various topics with a mute friend by means of signs. The French lady had no knowledge of

* At the Convention alluded to above, one of the greatest exponents of the pure oral method, in answer to a question put to him during his speech on the system, admitted that his pupils generally talked to each other by signs after leaving school.

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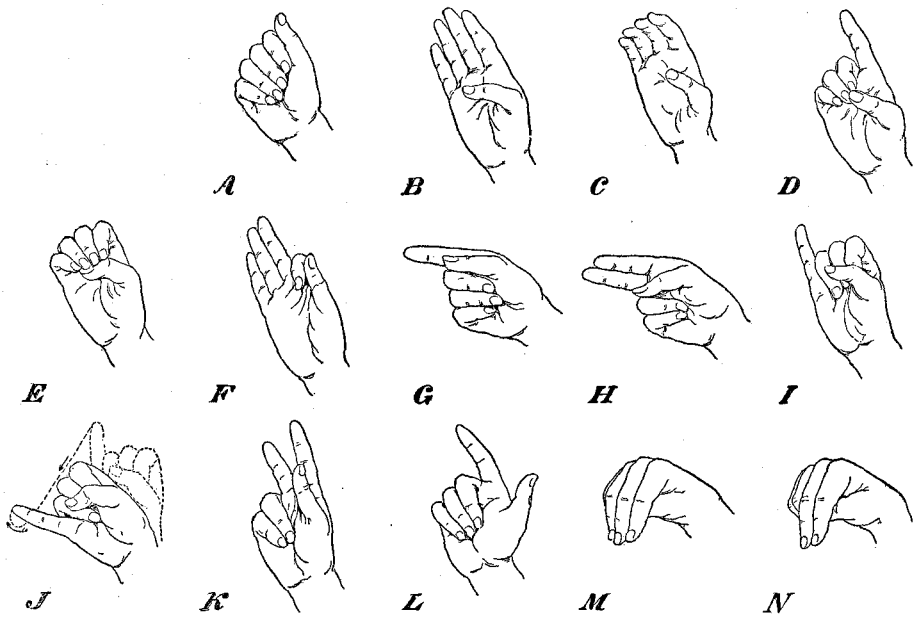

The Single Hand

the English language, while the American knew hardly a word of French.

It is evident that with the aid of a means of communication having the scope of this sign language, and learned without effort by simple inter-communication of deaf-mutes, general knowledge may be rapidly instilled into the minds of those who are deprived of hearing. They improve remarkably fast; but this system is not without its drawbacks, for if the sign language is depended upon too greatly the pupil does not make that progress in the English language that is essential to his communication with hearing and speaking people, nor for his improvement by the reading of both text-books and current literature.

The followers of De l'Épée also make use of the single-hand alphabet given above.* This has come down to us from Pedro Ponce de Leon, a Spanish monk of the sixteenth century, and is in use at the present day in almost its original form. The letters, as formed by the hands, are in a measure similar in looks to the small Roman characters. There is also a double-hand alphabet, which is used only in England.

* The alphabet given above is a copy of engravings made from photographs of the hand under the direction of Professor J. C. Gordon of the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington.

Those perfectly familiar with the one-hand alphabet can spell words as fast as the average man speaks in delivering an address. The writer has repeatedly spelled with his fingers every word of a sermon to his deaf mother. This is an easy task for anyone who has had a few years' practice; and with him, and, in fact, with all the children of the family, the language of the hands has been literally their mother tongue, as they instinctively began to make signs before they could speak.

The followers of Heinicke, or the pure oralists as they are called, discard signs and spelling, teaching only by means of spoken words. They go even so far as to insist that words shall be spoken and read from the lips before they are written. When a new pupil is brought to them, words are pronounced by the teacher, and the object represented is shown. An attempt is then made to get the child to reproduce the sound, and so, step by step, words and their meaning are conveyed to the brain. Each stage is slowly, tediously taken, and the mind expands proportionately tardily.

The argument used by the advocates of this method is that if all other means

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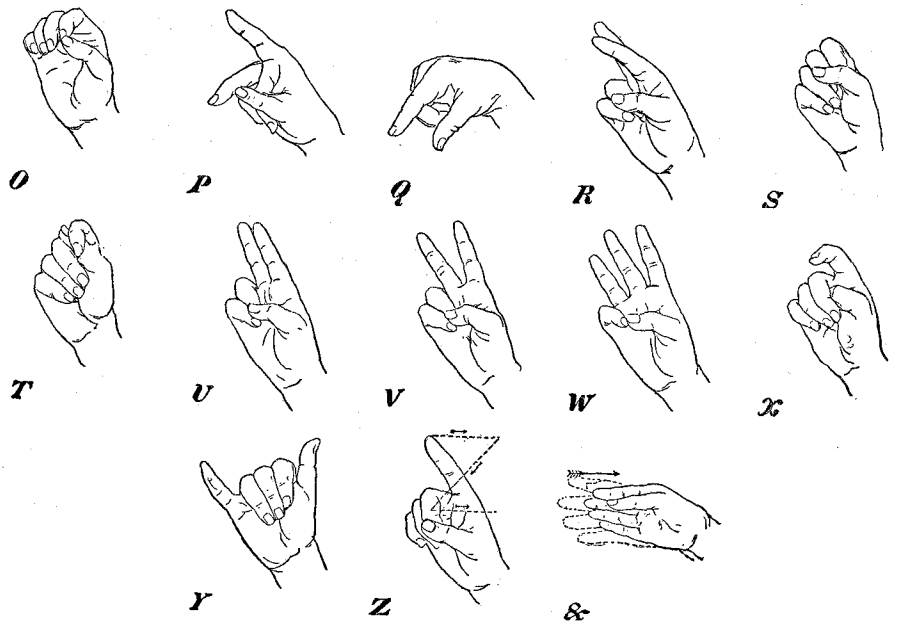

Deaf and Dumb Alphabet.

of communication are shut off from the pupil, he must of necessity advance at a much greater speed in articulation and lip-reading, and this is the goal for which they try, as, according to their principle, speech is the only road to intelligence. The methods used in thus teaching articulation will be explained later in this article.

It may be said, however, without the least fear of contradiction, that the most brilliantly educated deaf-mutes in this country are results of the Combined System. As the name implies, it is a combination of all methods — signs, spelling, articulation, lip-reading, writing, charts, symbols, objects—in fact everything is made use of that has been found practicable in the instruction of this unfortunate class. This method is in vogue, in some form, in fifty-nine of the eighty-four institutions in America.

Before giving an illustration of the methods used in the Combined System for the education of deaf-mutes, as practised in one of the leading institutions, it may be well to state that the instructors of the deaf and dumb recognize three distinct classes :

1. *Semi-deaf,* or those having sufficient hearing to be instructed in part through the ear by means of devices shown later.

2. *Semi-mutes,* or those who have become deaf after having acquired a knowledge of language by hearing. A great number of these articulate more or less when they arrive at school, and consequently the task of developing their speech, lip-reading, and use of language is comparatively easy.

3. *Congenital* deaf-mutes, or those born with no hearing, and consequently dumb as regards their power of articulating words. They are not dumb, however, in the sense of having no voice, as is erroneously supposed by many, except in very rare cases, caused by paralysis of the vocal organs.

It is to this last class, of course, that articulation and lip-reading come the most slowly and with the greatest difficulty, and, never having had words conveyed to their brain through the normal channel, the ear, they acquire the English language only after the most persistent efforts, both on their part and on that of their teachers. In fact it is as a foreign language to them. They use it with the same difficulty that the Japanese do when not born here, and in many cases make the same idio-

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matic errors that these foreigners fall into.

This is practically illustrated in the extracts given below from letters written by a congenital deaf-mute in one column, and from the correspondence of a Japanese friend in the other:

CONGENITAL DEAF-MUTE.

MY DEAR—

I am going a write letter to you. The hens success eggs, every day three four five eggs.

I will think some little chickens dead will.

I am very tired by heavy hands from hard work. I have get trouble very pain teeth about two weeks. If you let me will kill a pig for eat me? If you's family come at here April 1rd 1892? You and me can seeds on hot bed on April.

Mrs. K—— not like red paint of house and like yellow. I told she that is style new house for paint color.

Your truly
friendship boy,

JAPANESE.

March 3th, 1892.

MY DEAR MR. C. B.—

I received your letters two times but I could not answer you for first time. I have very few letters which writted in the English language.

I was looking for the place where I can sale goods. There is a Japanese store has been founded by our countrymen at the October of 1891. I came to partner at that store it is very good chance to me.

I was finished my work at the 27th of last month, but here I am trouble occurred to me, for my friend laid in the bed about eight days by la grippe. It seems to me every things are monotony.

Has your mother quite well now?

Yours truly friend,

When a congenital deaf-mute, six or eight years of age, is brought to an institution he knows nothing. He has not the slightest idea of letters, words, or language of any kind. Neither has he that knowledge of general subjects which hearing and speaking children gain through their ears. In fact he is lower in point of intellect than the child of a savage.

He is taken into a class-room, where he sees written on a black-board, in round, clear letters, the following twelve words:

The key.	The adze.
The hat.	The cup.
The box.	The vase.
The mat.	The door.
The jug.	The quill.
The saw.	The knife.

On the table are the twelve objects represented by these words. The teacher touches the key and points to the written name. This exercise is repeated till the pupil catches the idea that the written word represents the thing, and the pupil soon points to that word when the teacher touches the object. The instructor then goes through the same process in connection with each of the other objects till the pupil is able to associate the name with the object at sight. This done the teacher points to each name and requires the pupil to touch the object.

In the third exercise the teacher instructs the pupil to spell the words by the manual alphabet, forming the letters on his own hand as models for the little learner. For the fourth step the teacher repeats the letters in alphabetical order on his hands, and requires the pupil at the same time to point out these letters as they occur in the list of words. Then the pupil writes the words, copying them from the slate; and at this point he has learned the alphabet, both written and manual, for in these twelve words all the letters occur.

The next step is to require him to write the several words without copy whenever the objects are shown to him. The pronoun of the first person singular, with the verb *touch*, is soon added in this way: the teacher writes the direction "touch the key," and shows the pupil how to perform the act desired. He then writes the question, "What did you do?" and teaches his charge to write, "I touched the key." In like manner all the objects are treated. On this principle of direction, question, and answer, in connection with an object, a considerable number of nouns, verbs, pronouns, numerals, adjectives, and prepositions are introduced.

By the time this point has been reached the pupil has picked up from association with his playmates the language of signs, and his little mind bursts forth into an unusually rapid growth because of its former stagnation. He runs to his teacher each day and asks the word equivalent to some sign which he has just learned, that he may write it in his daily journal, which is by

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this time used as one of the means for developing language.

The teacher now spells with the fingers everything of which he has occasion to speak, and requires his pupils to give a responsive sign for each word. If any pupil fails to understand a word, the teacher explains it in signs, and thus these responsive signs are a test of the child's understanding. It is at once detected when a pupil does not understand a word, and the teacher then acts as a dictionary to him.

After this fashion all his lessons are explained, and the English language constantly finds its way to his mind. He is also encouraged in every possible way to read each day and to put the ideas so obtained into written English in his own style. The products of his attempts are corrected and criticised by his tutor, the results being, after a time, most gratifying. Day by day, month by month, year by year, his mind is expanded, until, at the end of eight years, which time finds him in the high class, his list of studies comprises arithmetic, English grammar, English composition, geography, United States and English history, natural science, moral science, continental literature, mediæval arts, and mythology.

In the special class for college preparation political geography, physical geography, natural philosophy, algebra, and Latin are added.

But to go back. After the pupil has become familiar with the alphabet in connection with the twelve objects, the teaching of articulation and lip-reading is commenced.

The first step is to teach the phonic alphabet given below, which embraces all the sounds of the English language.

CONSONANTS.

Lip.	Tip of tongue.	Top of tongue.	Back of tongue.
p	t	y	k
b	d	sh	g
m	n	tsh = ch	ng
f	l	zh	ks = x
v	r	dzh = j	kw = qu
wh	s	h	
w	z		
	th		

Front vowels where tongue is pressed forward.*	Middle vowels where tongue is in middle of mouth.	Back vowels where tongue is pressed back.	Combined vowels.
ē	ŭ	ōō	äē = ī
ĭ	ŭr	ŏŏ	äōō = ou or ow
ā		ō	a.ē = oy or oi
ĕ		ä	ĭōō = ū
ă		a.	
		ŏ	

The sound, not the name, of each letter and combination is given by the teacher, and the pupil is encouraged to imitate this as closely as possible. Of course he cannot hear it, but a looking-glass is given him, and after seeing the teacher form the letter with his lips, the young student tries to imitate him, comparing his own lips with those of the teacher by means of the mirror. He feels the throat and the chest of the teacher, and puts his hand in front of the instructor's mouth, and tries to reproduce the manner of puffing out the air, breathing, etc., that the teacher uses in giving the sounds.

With the congenital deaf-mute this is slow work; his more fortunate classmates, the semi-mutes, having learned all this naturally before coming to school, are easily far ahead of him in this branch of study.

After a pupil has learned the proper positions that his mouth, lips, and tongue should assume, his voice must be governed. The most common difficulties to overcome are high pitch, and nasal and guttural intonations. The high pitch is the most frequent, and to correct this the teacher makes as deep tones as is possible, and placing the boy's hand on his chest, shows him that the vibrations are low on the trunk, and then the child is encouraged to make his vibrations equally deep. After the phonic alphabet has been mastered words are spoken, then sentences, and afterward series of sentences combining all the sounds.

As the pupil learns to form the phonic letters himself, he is also made to read them from his preceptor's lips, and so

* As will be seen, Webster's diacritical marks are used.

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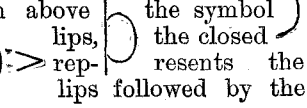
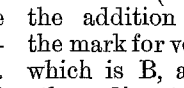
his power of lip-reading grows simultaneously with his articulation.

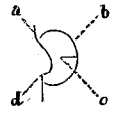
One of the greatest obstacles that the oral teacher has to overcome is the misleading spelling of the English language. If we spelled phonetically the task would be much lighter. As it is, the teacher must first translate his words into their phonetic equivalents before asking his pupil to pronounce them. When a sentence such as "Queens used to write with quill pens," is given, the teacher writes it "Kwēnz ŭōōzd tōō rāēt with kwĭl pĕnz;" and in the class-room the pupil is supplied with a handy volume of Webster's dictionary, to which he turns for the diacritical marks of the words with which he is unfamiliar.

A most useful device for teaching articulation to the deaf and dumb is the system of "visible speech" or "sound-writing," invented by A. Melville Bell, father of Dr. A. Graham Bell.

This was not originally intended as a help to deaf-mutes, but was what Mr. Bell hoped it would be, as he expressed it, universal phonetics. It is to the son that the credit must be given for having applied the system to deaf-mute instruction.

It consists of symbols which represent the positions which the different vocal organs assume while one is speaking, and being in a sense pictorial, it clearly shows the deaf-mute what he should do to produce any desired sounds. A diagram is drawn of that portion of the head containing the parts which are used in speech, and the symbols are taken directly from it as follows:

As is seen above  the symbol means the lips, the closed lips, and represents the closed lips followed by the puffing out of breath which produces the sound (not the name) of P. With the addition of  , which is the mark for voice, is produced, which is B, and, with still another adjunct, the nose, we have the following diagram showing that



a, nose; *b*, lips; *c*, voice; *d*, closed.

the lips are closed, voice is used and the nasal sound is brought into play, all producing M. These examples will suffice to show the method used.

This system has been so perfected by Mr. Bell that the symbols for any sound or series of sounds, capable of production by the human voice, can be written, and when read by a person be exactly reproduced, even though the person doing it has never heard the sounds before. A short time ago a number of Mexicans visited the New York Institution, where the Bell system is in vogue in one of the classes. The professor of the most advanced class in articulation asked the interpreter who accompanied them to say to him slowly, and not in the presence of the visitors, some Spanish words of welcome. The teacher put the words on paper in Bell's symbols, and members of the class gave the sounds of these Spanish words, although totally ignorant of their meaning, clearly enough to be distinctly understood by the delighted foreigners.

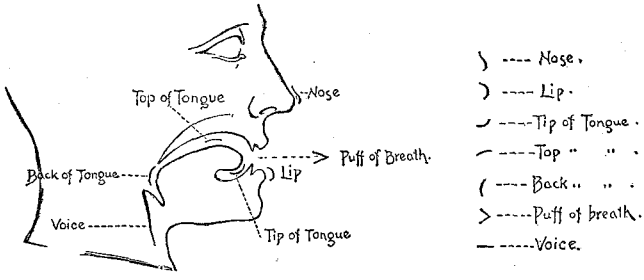


Diagram of the Head, showing the Parts Used in Speech with their Symbols.

The brain of the semi-deaf pupil is reached, whenever possible, through the

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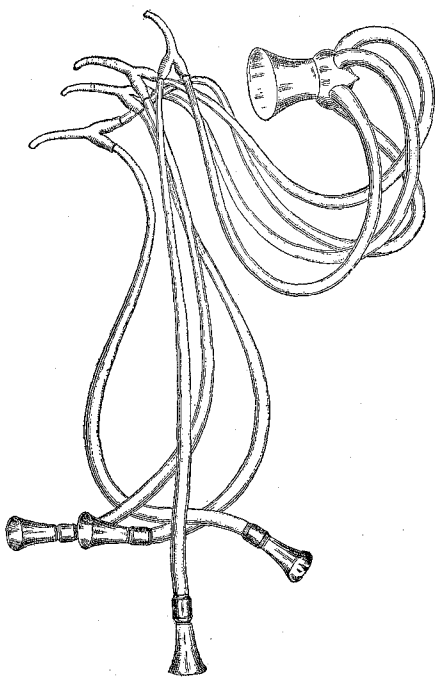
ear. Some years ago Professor E. H. Currier, of the New York Institution, devised an instrument which has proved of great benefit in teaching this class of pupils. It consists of a double flexible speaking-tube, each division of which has an opening for the voice. It has but one ear-piece, which is at the union of the two tubes. The pupil puts the end of the tube intended for the ear in place. The teacher speaks in one division, and the pupil, imitating, speaks in the other.

The scholar is in this way able to compare his own voice with that of the teacher, as is shown on page 473.

Another instrument, shown here, has been made by Professor Currier on the same principle, which has four double tubes branching from the teacher's mouthpiece, so that four pupils may be spoken to at the same time, each pupil, as in the other instrument, being enabled to hear his own voice as well as his instructor's.



Instrument with Four Double Tubes, with which four pupils can be taught at once, enabling them to hear their own voices as well as their instructor's.

The semi-deaf and semi-mutes are helped to a great degree by articulation and lip-reading, but the congenital deaf-mute, except in a very few instances, is not appreciably benefited by this branch of instruction. It is true that in exceptional congenital cases a success has been made, but it has almost invariably happened that the pupil was unusually clever, and that he had had the undivided attention of an expert teacher. But in large classes, such as are made necessary by the present appropriations for teaching the deaf, articulation and lip-reading are of no practical benefit except to semi-mutes and the semi-deaf.

The religious instruction, which is entirely free from sectarianism, consists of services in the chapel every Sunday given by means of signs. The order followed is: 1. The Lord's Prayer. 2. Hymn, rendered in concerted signs by a choir of girls. 3. Reading of the Ten Commandments. 4. Prayer. 5. Sermon. 6. Prayer. 7. Doxology, given by the girl choir. 8. Benediction.

The deaf, being for the first few years entirely shut out from the evils of the outside world, as well as from its advantages, their morals are easily moulded, and one of the most striking facts noticed is the supreme faith which the pupils have. An almost amusing instance of this happened some time ago, when two boys were arguing over the respective skill of the base-ball teams of Yale and Princeton. One of them had made a bet on the New Jersey team. When the news came that Yale had won he was seen to say that it was not fair, that Yale did not win on account of good ball-playing, but that Stagg, their Christian pitcher, had prayed to the Lord, as was his custom, to let him win, and that God helped Yale to be victorious, although Princeton played much better ball.

After the pupils leave school they are still enabled to attend religious services. This has been made possible by the philanthropy of the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, the son of the first American instructor of the deaf, who holds regular services in this city, rendered in the sign language. His efforts are supplemented by others who, under his direction, travel throughout the

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country preaching to the deaf and dumb.

As long ago as 1670 Lana Terzi recognized that "the privation of one sense gives to the others a keenness entirely new and extraordinary." In art this is especially noticeable, the increased acuteness of the eye assisting the students to a great degree. They are taught clay-modelling, wood-carving, free-hand and mechanical drawing, painting in oil and water colors, original designing, ceramic ornamentation and decoration, and glaze and enamel work on tiles, trays, and plaques. The girls are also taught embroidery. Several of the graduates who have taken the art course in connection with their other studies are now supporting themselves comfortably by means of this occupation. Until within the past few years the great majority of adult deaf-mutes have been forced to depend solely for their livelihood upon the manual trades.

The industries taught include the following: Printing, shoemaking, carpentering and cabinet-making, painting and glazing, tailoring, gardening, dressmaking, type-writing, shirt-making, and plain sewing. In the first named the boys become remarkably proficient, as their quickened eyes and hands are a great help in type-setting. Being unable to talk without the use of their hands, the possibility of setting type and talking at the same time, as some of their hearing and speaking neighbors try to do, is excluded. About thirty of the most advanced girls receive instruction in cooking from a professional teacher of this branch.

By these courses, both educational and industrial, an ignorant, irresponsible being is transformed into a useful and law-abiding member of society. Not only is this true of the great majority, but in some cases we meet with almost incredible brilliancy and talent.

A still more afflicted class than those already noticed, and one which, fortunately, is comparatively small, consists of deaf-mutes who are also deprived of sight. Of these cases several show that the deaf, dumb, and blind may not only be educated, but that they are capable of a high degree of mental development.

There is a boy now under instruction who has made remarkable progress in a comparatively short time. He is shut in from the outside world in every way except through the sense of feeling. He knew, of course, even less than the congenital deaf-mute beginners. The first light was admitted to his brain two years ago, when he was eight years old. He was taken to the beginners' room, and started on the twelve objects. The names of these had been carved by a member of the art department on a square block of wood in distinct script letters.

The key was handed to him, and after feeling it slowly, he showed by the expression of his face that he knew its use. The teacher then took the boy's finger and ran it over the carved letters, "the key." This had to be repeated many times, but at last the boy recognized that every time the key was given him he felt the same letters, and saw that these invariably followed the handling of the key. In like manner the association between the other objects and their names gradually became clear to him. After this had been accomplished, he learned the manual alphabet by feeling his teacher's hand as he spelled the names of the twelve objects. He acquired it in a remarkably short time, as he also did the sign language. The latter was taught him by his seeing deaf companions whose arms he felt while they were talking.

By this time he had become familiar with the formation of written letters. He was given a pencil and told to imitate these letters. Whenever he went astray his hand was guided, and soon he was able to write legibly.

He was also taught to read the raised letters in ordinary use by the blind, but his daily lessons from regular text-books are studied for him by the eyes of his comrades, who take turns in helping him during the study hours. They read the lesson, spelling it by the manual alphabet, while he, by placing his hand upon that of his companion, feels each letter, no matter how rapidly the words are spelled.

By the aid of feeling alone, he has

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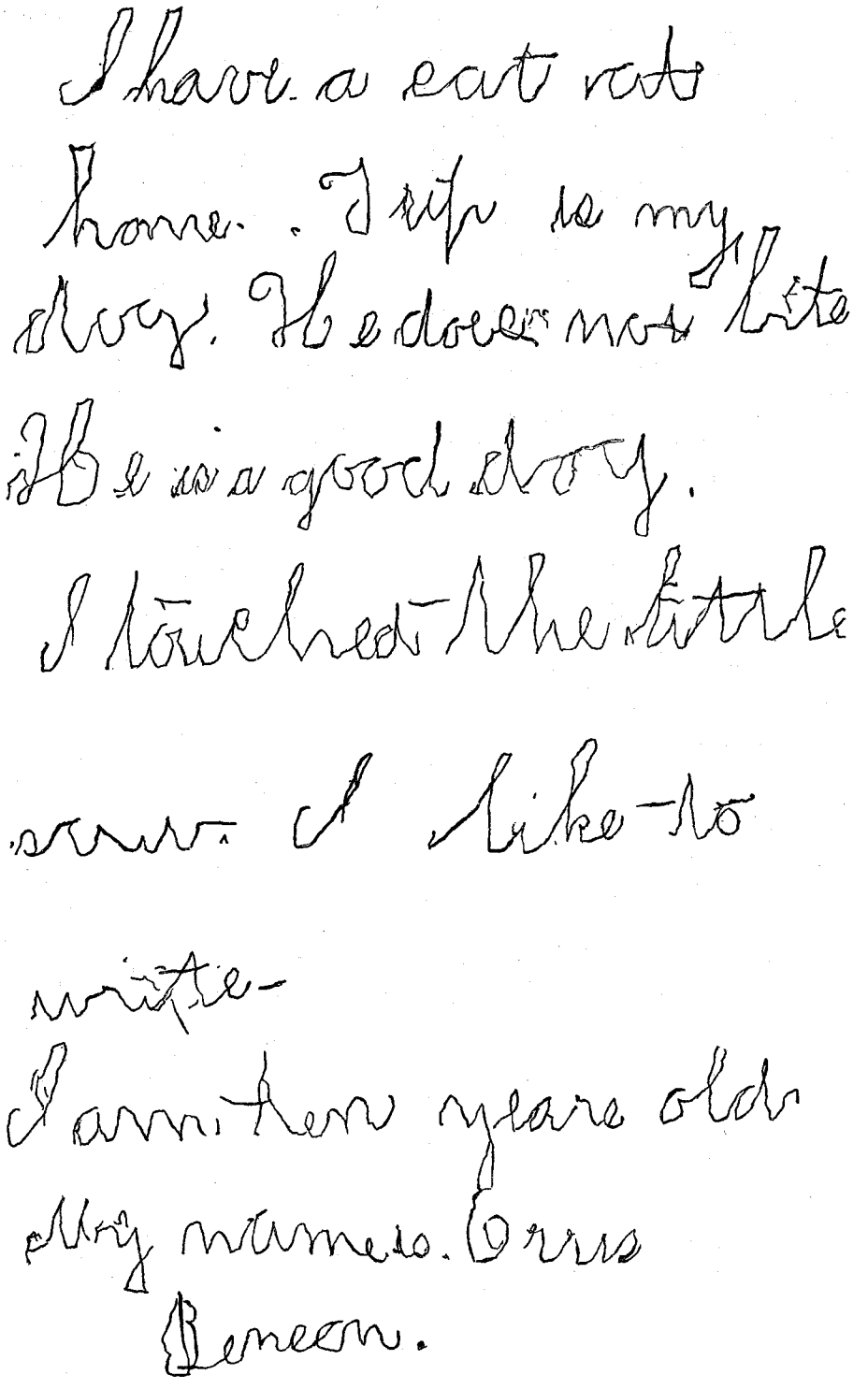

I have a cat to
home. Jip is my
dog. He does not bite
He is a good dog.
I touched the little
worm I like to
write.
I am ten years old
My name is Orris
Beneen.

Letter Written by a Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Boy, Ten Years Old, after Two Years' Instruction.

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been taken through the various stages for beginners described before—signs, spelling, reading and writing, all reaching his brain through the medium of his hands alone—until now, at the age of ten, he is capable of expressing his thoughts in writing, of which a specimen is given on page 471.

Not long ago among the graduating class was a deaf, dumb, and blind young man, James H. Caton, who, on account of his comparatively fluent use of the English language, was selected to give the Salutatory Address. I quote it here in full:

Nature was man's first teacher. From seeing things he tried to give them names. He made many mistakes, which experience corrected. People formerly did not know much. They had funny beliefs about many things, but they slowly improved. Time explained many things they did not know. So we see the different ages show a steady advance. Learning spread wider. People became more sensible. We do not now fear witchcraft, but it was once a serious thing. We now laugh at many old fancies. Perhaps a hundred years hence a new generation will laugh at us, and still former times produced some things which we cannot improve upon.

In education, however, the progress is very marked. History tells us that in old times people had a very poor chance of obtaining a good education. Especially, in America, it was hard work. Every improvement came very slowly. This was a new country. At last some learned men came here from England. After a time they opened Yale College, in Connecticut; Harvard, in Massachusetts; Columbia, in New York, and Princeton College, in New Jersey. Later, a part of the taxes was set apart by law for public education. We now boast of one of the best systems of public instruction. No child need remain uneducated. Everything is done to make our people intelligent. So it is with our benevolent institutions. They do great good.

We sometimes read of men teaching animals to act almost like people. There are wonderful examples of trained horses, dogs, birds, and even of insects. But these instances are as nothing compared with the wonders in teaching those who lack important senses. My own case is an instance of difficulties overcome. I came to this Institution at the age of nine years, knowing nothing of language, for I was born deaf and dumb, but have not always been blind. At the age of twelve years I became blind. The directors naturally thought it impossible to instruct one who was blind as well as deaf. They, however, gave me every opportunity to prove it was possible. After months of patient endeavor on the part of the principal, my teacher, and myself, I began to comprehend the signs made to me, and also to read by touch whatever was spelt to me by the manual alphabet. By following the motion of the writer's arm I also came to understand whatever was written to me with a pencil. At present I have no difficulty in using the English language intelligently, and this is a source of delight to me.

Now that I am about to graduate, I hope to be able to support myself. I have learned to cane the bottoms of chairs, and this will help me. Moreover, I am an expert at picking berries, which will afford me employment during the summer months. I can chop wood, too, but this accomplishment is too risky to hope that it will be a means of gaining a livelihood. Nevertheless I am hopeful of being able to work and support myself.

To the Board of Directors: I desire to say that to you I am greatly indebted. You have done much to add to my comfort and happiness. No pupil has received greater care or consideration at your hands. I am only sorry that in moments of despair I have been so careless as to do wrong. I assure you that it has been from thoughtlessness rather than from intent. I shall ever remember your loving care, and there is One above who, should I forget, will not.

To the Principal and Teachers it is also proper that I should say a few words. You, my kind friends, have been my aids and comforters for many years. I shall miss you all. You have worked hard to make my life less lonesome. Often you have reprimanded and advised me for my own good. I wish that in the past I had given more heed to your counsels, but even now it is not too late; I shall ever remember you, one and all, for you have ever been my kind, my sincere, my patient, and loving friends.

To the audience who have honored us with their presence this morning we extend greetings. We hope that the exercises of Closing Day will prove interesting and suggestive, and will show that our school, both in its intellectual and mechanical instruction, has maintained, if not excelled its high reputation as a successful school for the deaf. Welcome, thrice welcome.

This young man was a congenital deaf-mute, but lost his eyesight during an attack of small-pox when he was twelve years old. He became an expert type-writer, learning the position of the keys in a very short time, and with this machine he puts his ideas rapidly into words. He is able, however, to write plainly, although at a much slower rate than with the type-writer. A curious psychological phase of the deaf, dumb, and blind is that, contrary to what might naturally be supposed, they have the sunniest of dispositions.

Many of the brightest semi-mute graduates obtain positions as teachers of

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the deaf, and other things being equal they make excellent instructors, as they know better than anyone else the needs of this class. Of course they are unable to teach articulation, but this is provided for by the employment of special teachers.

Provision is made for the higher education of deaf-mutes of both sexes by the National College for the Deaf at Washington, D. C., under the presidency of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, to whose efforts is due much of the success of the Combined System.

The course pursued at Washington is almost identical with that of American colleges in general. The degrees of Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Arts, and Master of Arts are conferred here. There are sixty-two State schools for the deaf and dumb in the United States, and fifteen private, with a total number of 9,232 pupils. Canada, with seven institutions, brings the number up to 10,025. Slightly more than half of these are congenital deaf-mutes.

In 9,209 recorded cases of adventitious deafness the causes, as given by the parents of the pupils, were: Meningitis, 2,856; scarlet fever, 2,695; malarial and typhoid fevers, 571; measles, 448; fevers, non-malarial, 381; catarrh and catarrhal fevers, 324; other inflammations of the air-passages, 142; falls, 323; abscesses, 281; whooping-cough, 195; nervous affections, 170; scrofula, 131; quinine, 78; blows and contusions, 74; inflammations of the ear, 72; diphtheria, 70; hydrocephalus, 63; teething, 54; mumps, 51; small-pox and variola, 47; erysipelas, 36; fright, 32; water in the ear, 25; sunstroke, 21; noises and concussions, 21; tumors, 11; chicken-pox, 10; struck by lightning, 10; foreign bodies in the ear, 9; salt-rheum, 3; malformation of the ear, 2; syphilis, 2; consumption, 1.

From the above it will be seen that a great number of this class lose their hearing from the diseases of childhood. The general practitioner is beginning

A Double Speaking-Tube.

The teacher speaks into one division and the pupil imitating speaks into the other.

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to realize the necessity of guarding the ear by prophylactic measures during these illnesses, and it is to be hoped that through these efforts the percentage of deaf children may be lessened.

A precaution which parents should avail themselves of for the future welfare of their children, in case of deafness, and especially as this measure is conducive to the good of the child in any event, is the very early teaching of reading and use of language.

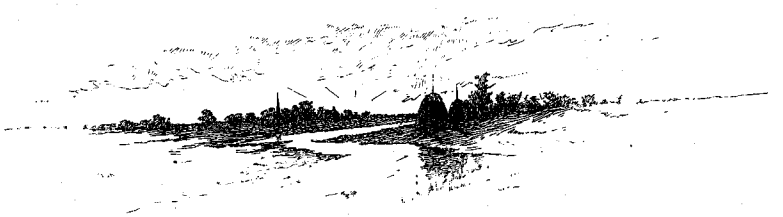
Nothing is more pernicious than baby-talk in conversing with a child, for this invariably delays the acquisition of proper pronunciation, and, what is even more important, the correct formation of sentences.

AUTUMN AND THE AFTER-GLOW.

By Edith M. Thomas.

When the far woods a misty veil assume
(The sun being gone), and stand in solemn hush,
To the pale heavens comes a heightened bloom;
Slowly it gathers—an ethereal flush,
Blending the summer rose—the oriole's breast—
Wine—fruit—and leafage touched to various flame—
The candle-light of home far seen and blest,
And flower-like, gem-like splendors without name.
This is the reminiscent After-glow,
Day's riches told upon the bourn of Night:
So I, Life's pilgrim, ere from hence I go,
Resigning the sweet heritage of light,
Would view in the soul's west the pageant train
Of what hath been, but shall not be again.

As dies the Day so dies the blessed Year,
Through dreamful languishment and mystic trance,
With murmur-voiced adieu, and wistful glance
Still deepening as the shadow draws more near.
What is it wanders with the thistle's sphere,
Or darts before the gossamer's shimmering lance,
Or mingles with the lost leaves' elfin dance,
Or, birdlike, flutes along the upland sear?
The host of those departing! Yet, a while
They linger, and with sweet remembering
Catch back the tender prattle of the Spring,
The full heart-throb of Summer and her smile.
Good-by, fond Day, good-by, regretful Year!
Ye go—the Night and Winter tarry here!



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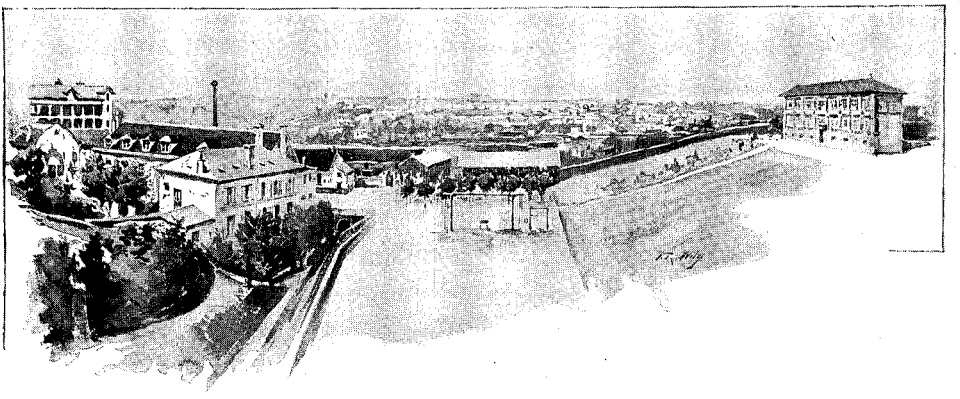

The D'Alembert School Buildings at Montévrain.

A SCHOOL FOR STREET ARABS.

By Edmund R. Spearman.

STREET Arabs are often picturesque to look at, especially on the canvasses of the fair bride of an African explorer. They are also amusing in their "cheek" and their "lingo," especially in the pages of Dickens. But they are also highly dangerous to the public peace if allowed to "run to seed," the seed being often robbery, outrage, and even murder. The street Arab battalions of London during recent years have kept whole districts under a reign of terror, and one notorious murder in Marylebone, connected with the wild excesses of the London urchins, a few years ago set all tongues to wagging over the necessity of some sweeping reform. The street Arab grows into the "larrikin" and "hoodlum," the "rough" and "plug ugly," and becomes less picturesque and more obnoxious.

While London has been talking, Paris has been acting. The philosophic guardians of the French capital have, during the last decade, taken the street Arab in hand to some purpose, and have dealt with him in a manner to serve as a model to the other great capitals of the world, where the same questions are sure to present themselves for solution.

The Municipal Council of Paris has invented a new theory in legislation regarding the young. The street Arab is, according to them, to be known henceforth in jurisprudence as the "morally abandoned." Other cities and other lands have taken to task the juvenile convicted vagrant and criminal, and devised schemes for their reclamation; but the Parisian authorities apply the axiom that the "ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure," and take the children before they have become either misdemeanants or criminals. The juvenile criminal and juvenile vagabond, in nine cases out of ten, is the child of certain classes of parents who are unfit to have the care of children. Such are the older criminals themselves, the notoriously vicious, and the notoriously debauched or dissipated. By a new French law (July 24, 1889), all this special class of parents are denied all rights over their children. This law is the result of the Paris lever, which, in this as in so many other matters, raised the whole of France.

Previous to 1889 there was no legal authority in France to hand over non-convicted children above twelve years of age to the public charge. Moreover there was no authority to take into state charge any children below twelve not convicted of offence who had not been cast adrift by their parents, although the said parents might be worse than none. This great lack in the

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French legislation especially struck the attention of M. Loys Brueyre, who, in his capacity as head of the children's bureau in the office of poor relief in the Department of the Seine, had peculiar facilities for knowing the shortcomings of the system. M. Brueyre felt that a large number of children were wandering the streets under no proper parental care, or, worse still, highly improper care, who would make better citizens than those already in charge under the orphan, foundling, and common laws. At present these children were plunging into certain careers of ignorance, vice, and crime.

The Carpenter's Shop.

There is nothing like "teaching by example," and, before moving the unwieldy and stolid fabric of national legislation, the authorities of the capital were first appealed to, and asked to put the idea into practice, showing the practicability of reclaiming these juvenile vagabonds, then get the country to adopt it, after it saw "how the thing worked." M. Brueyre found an able backer in the work in M. Michel Moring, director of the department of the Paris poor relief, who induced the Council of the Seine to take up the matter. The Council consists of the well-known Municipal Council of Paris, with the deputies from the *banlieue* or communes in the suburbs outside the fortifications. All matters relating to the police and poor relief are treated as departmental affairs. The Seine Council debated several schemes, such as the establishment of a departmental orphan asylum, and the care of all children where the mother was "*seule et misérable*," or where the father was "*veuf ou abandonné par sa femme*." All these propositions being set aside as impracticable, the Council finally came around to M. Brueyre's idea. This idea was first developed before a special committee of the Council, consisting of M. Moring, Dr. Thulié (ex-president of the Council and also of the Anthropological Society), and M. Charles Lafont (one of the representatives for Paris in the Chamber of Deputies). In December, 1879, this commission reported most

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favorably, and, although the premature death of M. Moring, in May, 1880, deprived the scheme of its ablest supporter, a good substitute was found in M. Moring's successor, M. Charles Quentin, who gave the new protégés that great requisite in successful movements of reform and legislation—a name. M. Quentin dubbed the children proposed to be taken in state keeping the "morally abandoned," a most happy appellation.

To Dr. Thulié we owe the careful fostering of the idea in the channels of legislation. His painstaking reports on the progress of the matter have been summarized in his elaborate work on the Paris foundlings,* a perfect triumph of typography achieved by the children for whom the author did so much to give an opportunity to gain their present position. From the first all the foster-parents of the new scheme were active in their several directions. M. Quentin, as head of the Paris branch of that curious compound of public and private charity, the French poor relief, used every available occasion to give facilities for launching the venture. Among other opportunities he was enabled to purchase, for forty thousand francs, a beautifully located farm in the department of the Seine-et-Marne, for the installation of some hospitalary or hygienic establishment. M. Quentin induced the Council to devote this purchase to the use of one of the new schools. It is now the location I am about to describe. Meanwhile M. Lafont had interested his powerful fellow-legislator, the distinguished M. Theophile Roussel (then a fellow-deputy, but since elected a senator), who has divided his life between chemistry for adults and philanthropy for juveniles, to broach the legal reform. M. Roussel (who is the author of the standard law for the protection of nursing children, known as the Roussel Act) formulated still another important law for child protection, the one which became at length enacted in 1889. Dr. Thulié collected all the accumulated wisdom of past experience on the subject, including the advice of the prison reform societies, and especially the noble Pastor Robin, the Protestant philanthropist of Belleville, and of M. Charles Lucas, of the Institute, the accomplished architect and resolute advocate for the abolition of death penalties, and of other prison reforms. Most important of all was the mission of M. Brueyre himself, who happened to be blessed with a store of rich friends and the knack of interesting them in helping forward good works. Funds were the chief requisite; for the Council could not or would not vote much money for the venture, as it hardly had the power. The donations obtained by M. Brueyre were mostly from the kings of the *haute finance*, including several of the Rothschilds. Some of these donations were for the service generally, and some for particular undertakings. Several schools were thus inaugurated. A school of horticulture at Villepreux, not far from Versailles, was one of the first ventures. This was at first a great success, being especially under the benevolent eye of M. Roussel himself. The Minister of Agriculture gave an annual donation, and two scholarships at the Barres School of Forestry, near Montargis, were also created for the benefit of the Villepreux scholars. This last is a great honor, for in Loiret the picked guardians of the national forests are trained. Villepreux has languished of late, from various causes, but may yet recover its early vigor. Another school has been placed at Alençon, principally of typography, the young printers being trained and their labor used by a local printer. To this school a shoemaking department has been added. Still another school for girls, of weaving and housekeeping, was started at Yseure, a little commune in central France, but the pupils were so few that it was soon closed. The most important of all the ventures however was the school of cabinet-making, with a minor printing annex, which, in 1881, was, as before mentioned, authorized by the Municipal Council to be placed at Montévrain in the Seine-et-Marne. In honor of the co-founder of the Encyclopædia, the Municipal Council (which holds as gospel that all good dates from the Revolution, and that, the Revolution being the sum of all wisdom, the Encyclopædia was its prophet) named the

* Enfants Assistés de la Seine. Paris, 1887.

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new venture the D'Alembert School.* The immediate inauguration of the venture was provided for by the munificent gift of fifty thousand francs by the Baron de Sarter. This sum was afterward supplemented by a like amount from Madame Dagnan. Still another of M. Brueyre's financial friends, M. Edouard Kohn, has given nine thousand five hundred francs at various times, and Madame S. Emden three thousand francs. These various benefactions are duly acknowledged in letters of gold on a tablet at the school to-day. This rich supply of funds has encouraged the Municipal Council to devote an increasing amount of attention to the plan, and to allow considerable subsidies from the general fund. The school was opened in August, 1882, and has had an increasingly prosperous history. It has had the devotion of two thoroughly enthusiastic directors, M. May, the first, being replaced a year or two since by M. Dehesden, and both of them have evidently had their whole hearts in the undertaking. No more agreeable day can be passed in the country around Paris than by a visit to the D'Alembert School, for anyone who has the "open sesame" of an order from the Place de Grève.

Fifteen miles to the eastward of Paris, on the Strasbourg line, is the quaint old town of Lagny, lying on the south bank of the wide and sleepy Marne, having a twin town (Thorigny) on the north bank. The fine old bridges and the lazily moving canal boats give a notion of the easy-going life of other days. The bustle and modern innovations of the great steam highway are hidden from the river-side. The crooked old streets of Lagny seem only made for palfreys and cavaliers. Taking the eastern highway out of the town, we soon find ourselves climbing to high ground, whence we look across the river valley to the flourishing settlement of Dampmart. The Marne valley is sweet to the eye and refreshing to the lungs. No choicer spot could be found to escape the close confinement of town life at such short distance from Notre Dame and the Hôtel de Ville. Here, just east of Lagny, in the sparsely settled commune of Montévrain—the home of the D'Alembert School—at a spot where the painstaking road-builders of the "king's highway," in the days when kings were rife in France, have spanned the sudden fall of a deep hollow by a fine viaduct of solid earth. Close under the high land to the right, a steep slope is left toward the still deeper falling ground on the left. Thus, quite below the roadway and reached by a flight of steps and inclined paths, are hidden the buildings of the farm. These buildings are not now attached to their former domain, but will be added most likely in a short while for increased accommodation. Covering the former fields toward the roadway, the new structures and new dispositions of the ground for the school, might themselves be unnoticed by a careless passer-by, being all below the road level. The official who was inspired with the notion of placing an asylum on the spot was certainly endowed with the gift of "happy thoughts." The situation is simply ideal; on one side it nestles against the hill-side, protected from the bleakness of a too exposed position, while toward the river the broad expanse of valley below gives air and sunshine in abundance. Here the D'Alembert School lodges, feeds, and instructs a constant succession of Parisian street Arabs, giving them indeed an industrial paradise.

The grounds are ample, and include trim-kept gardens and lawns to the roadside, with high shrubberies hiding most of the place. To the rear the two chief workshops are placed high up at either extremity of a long parade, this latter being the exercise ground and gymnasium. The parade is the rear and much the larger of the two open courts, the one nearer the road being separated by a large building used in three floors as a dormitory, the upper story being under a pitched roof with dormer windows. To the right of this front court is the directors' office and residence, while to the left is the mess-room and storage-house. At the rear of the great court or parade is a fourth dormitory in a low building, while to its right is the "police cell" for bad boys (a structure whose office is almost a sinecure), and

* Some of the more orthodox revolutionists insist on calling it the Alembert School, considering the aristocratic prefix as rank heresy.

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to the left is an engine-house with a third workshop devoted to turning. The majority of the young workers are however employed in the two large brick pavilions which face each other from the high banks that bound the premises. In the river end of the left-hand or western pavilion is installed the school of printing. The lower story is devoted to the presses, hand and foot, while above is the composing-room. Two large machine presses are placed in the adjoining end of the rear building, next to the turners, and thus, like the latter, have the use of the power from the engine-room.

The printing occupies about thirty of the boys, and, like all the other departments, is under the direction of a master of the craft. Judging by the results, the teaching printer must be a born genius at the task: the work turned out by these young aspirants to "the Art preservative of Art" will bear comparison with the best in any land, and is of the most varied and difficult description, including a great variety of ornamental and "table work." Of course, excellent method and ample materials, in the shape of a full assortment of type and other necessaries for a great printing-office go a long way to help the young printers. But their tutor and the aptitude and interest taken by the pupils are the chief factors. On my visiting rounds I encountered one bright little lad who had only been four days in the school, yet had set up a short galley of type, the proof of which was better than some I have seen come from old printers. Of course he must have been exceptionally clever and have been carefully coached; but all the pupils seem to be able to perform somewhat similar prodigies. An older pupil, of eighteen months standing, was setting up a railway time-table, which not one compositor in five hundred would dare to undertake at first sight. The street Arab as a printer is evidently a success. No printing office in the world can show such a galaxy of choice and capable apprentices as can the D'Alembert School.

The work in the press-room below is of as great excellence as the type-setting above, and, although there are no "long runs" (as printers call taking a great many impressions of the same work) to keep the two large machines of the latest improved patterns in two adjoining buildings always in motion, the young printers are as adept in this branch of the trade as in the others. Doubtless, when the capabilities of this printing office get fully into the general administrative craniums, the imprint of Montévrain will be as familiar in French official documents as "Eyre & Spottiswoode, Printers to the Queen," on the English archives, or "Government Printing Office, Washington," on those of the United States. This was not originally intended for the chief printing school of the service, that at Alençon having printing as its special feature, while at Montévrain only a handful of boys were originally set to the composing-stick and ink-roller. The easy access to Paris, however, soon occasioned the printing of the overseeing bureau to drift to Montévrain, which soon outstripped the more distant rival, now still engaged on private work. At present Alençon is becoming more and more an apprenticeship of its alternated trade, the trade of the twin Saints Crispin - Crispanus. The shoemakers can as well be five hundred miles away as fifty.

The handiness of the printers to Paris has not caused them to oust the other trade of Montévrain however, for the very good reason that all the other young apprentices are engaged in manufacture which is even more important as an adjunct to the administrative bureau than the printing. They, in fact, make a large proportion of the furniture for the hospital service of Paris.

I have mentioned the turning-shop adjoining the press-room on one side, and the engine-room on the other, in the rear buildings. There are only a few boys here, because the ornamental work is a minor factor in ordinary cabinet-making. The product is nevertheless worthy of comparison with the most beautiful furniture in the matter of artistic finish, although simple as a rule. The sawing is mostly done by the master turner, a circular saw being the last thing intrusted to a workman, and especially dangerous to novices, however careful and clever. The work in the turning-room is the most dangerous on

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the premises, and liable to take odd fingers and thumbs as a toll on the highway to knowledge. The boys when I visited them seemed to have thus far escaped with only a bandaged forefinger on the eldest of their number, due doubtless to the momentary forgetfulness of some recent day. For, although not trusted with the circular saw itself, all turning is done at rapidly oscillating engine-driven instruments, and the least carelessness occasions injury either to the work or to the workman. The youths here were producing various ornamental designs with the confident dexterity of a master of the craft, although the chips, from gouges, chisels, grooving planes, and bevelling knives, showered like driven snow over the chucks and mandrels of the turning-lathes and moulding-gear, and the loud crunching of the sharp iron on the hard fibre was quite enough to frighten the nervous observer.

Leaving the clever young turners to their sanctuary of sawdust, I next visited the lower floor of the opposite end of the chief workshops, beyond the printing-room. Here the first elements of the cabinet-making trade were being instilled into the heads of some fifteen of the younger pupils, planing and polishing the large smooth surfaces of furniture being here the special feature. The great bulk of the articles in hand seemed to be washstands and tables. At the time of my visit a great stock of new furniture was being made for the Bichat Hospital at Paris, large alterations and renovations there requiring a new supply. The superintendent at the polishing-up workshop seemed to have a more mischievous crew than any other: probably the less steady attention required for the work allows animal spirits more scope. Hence the rebukes of the schoolmaster were rife here—the only specimens I noticed on my visit.

On the floor above, the work was chiefly fitting and finishing, putting on ornaments, locks to drawers and doors, etc., the fire and glue-pot being ever at hand. Here the work was of special nicety, and the ingenuity shown by the young workmen in morticing, pinning, clamping, etc., being very wonderful. In a room of twenty boys, of course, a single overseer has to trust almost entirely to each one's talent and faithfulness of detail. If the work were solely matter of practice, to be thrown aside when done, the after-examination and correction of faults would be all necessary. As a fact, the work is all disposed of for important use, and will not only bear comparison with the furniture sold in the fashionable salesroom, but is superior to most modern work, which is generally made to sell and not to use.

The truth is, the cabinet-making trade is one which has suffered more than any other by the modern mania for hurry-skurry, shoddy manufacture, and mere show in place of substance. The so-called "craze" for old furniture, rife during the last thirty or forty years, has this solid basis of reason that the furniture of our ancestors is an altogether different product, outside all considerations of fashion, from that of the modern cabinet-maker, who knows not his trade, but is a mere particle in a great machine of cheap and slovenly production. This school at Montévrain was partly started as a protest against this bad tendency in the cabinet trade, by one of the leading and most enlightened cabinet firms of Paris, that of Damon-Kreiger, in Saint-Antoine. The Municipal Council would scarcely have been able to launch their novel scheme without the assistance of this far-sighted house. The cabinet-making of Paris is famous the world over, but, like that elsewhere, has been going rapidly to the bad. A genuine cabinet-maker, master of his trade, below middle age, had almost ceased to exist in the French capital. The firm of Damon-Kreiger keenly felt this lack. The extreme division of labor and a machine-like production is profitable enough to master and men, if fashions never changed. But fashions do change, and fashions in furniture as well. It was found that the machine workman of divided labor was incapable of producing good work in another direction, when his own special feature became obsolete and a new one was wanted. It is only the master of all branches of the art who can thus easily shift about. The process of extreme division of labor has been built

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up in all trades by a sort of process of living on brain capital. The old race of workmen, with their all-round capacity, could easily develop special features in various directions. But gradually this breeds but mere human machines. When these human machines are asked to work another way they cannot respond. The streets of our great capitals are swarming with helpless, worthless, beggared workmen, thrown out of employment by mere violent shifts of fashion and their own inability to adapt themselves to altered conditions. With the streets of Paris full of unemployed workmen, such a firm as these Saint-Antoine cabinet-makers cried in vain for competent artisans. They evidently had some of the old-fashioned love for faithful apprenticeship. But the workman no longer apprentices his son, the son no longer submits to apprenticeship. The father wants his son to support himself from the day he sets to work; the son thinks he has the right to assume an independent position thenceforth. But here was a chance for the firm of Saint-Antoine. The city of Paris had a stock of boys, intelligent, and yet amenable to discipline, and only too glad to take sufficient time to learn a thorough trade. In fact, the longer the better; for it meant good living and a pleasant home meanwhile—things hitherto unknown—and therefore to be all the more appreciated. So the firm of Damon-Kreiger not only furnished a picked band of working instructors in the trade and abundant material for the work, but also agreed to take the work even at a cost far above that in their own workshops; for it was stipulated by the city that the boys must be paid from the very start for such work as they did. In this way a valuable beginning was obtained.* In course of years, when a thoroughly efficient staff of apprentices was generated, including a good proportion of boys of two and three years' training, practically capable journeymen, the products, of course, became very much more valuable, and the school was able to be almost self-supporting.

The solid character of the product of the school to-day I well appreciated when I crossed the extensive exercise yard and mounted the high bank to the opposite workshop. Here but a small number of boys are employed, the chief portion of the pavilion, the larger of the two, and having three stories, being devoted to storage of the work and of specimens of special results or trophies of industry. Some of these were exhibited at the great exhibition of 1889, and included most beautiful examples of not only plain but ornamental work, in ebony and rosewood. There was a state bed which Louis Quinze himself might have envied, while some of the inlayings of tables and sideboards were simply exquisite. To the professional eye, however, the triumph of all the exhibits was a large hard-wood cylinder, perfect in its smooth circle, the most difficult of all turning processes. It is far more important that the young workmen are apt in the plain, honest work they are chiefly engaged in.

In this pavilion the workers are principally employed in the carpentry and joinery features of the cabinet trade. Doors and sashes and all the specialties of the joiner are here manipulated, and the young workmen show that at a pinch they could build a house as well as furnish it.

The upper floor of this right-hand (or eastern) pavilion is devoted to two school-rooms, one for general study, and the other for drawing and design. Each room is fitted with all the accessories of not only elementary but higher instruction. Maps and charts adorn the walls, while implements of example and experiment in the rudiments of the sciences are visible in the cabinets. The benches look neat, and little injured by the proverbial jack-knives of the village urchin in the country school-rooms. The drawing-school is, of course, a most important feature, and the scholars can not only show their ingenuity on the blackboard and paper sheets, but can

* For the clew to this interesting episode in the early history of the D'Alembert School, I am indebted to the report of a conversation between an intelligent foreman in the Damon-Kreiger employ (M. Lepine) and M. Francisque Sarcey (the famous dramatic critic), in the *Gagne-Petit* newspaper. This daily journalistic refulgence of all the talents (which was really "too good to last," and like "the good, died young") printed at the end of April, 1885 (and near the close of its own career), an account of the visit of M. Sarcey with the publisher and certain officials to Montévrain. The articles (like most French journalism) are rather erroneous if not erratic, but, as their source would indicate, naturally most entertaining.

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carry out the ideas here developed by speedy application in the workshop. The trade of the cabinet-maker is specially fertile in opportunities for the ingenious designer, while even the printers, in their artistic ornamental work, have some field also for application of the instruction.

The hours of schooling are somewhat peculiar, but perhaps best adapted to the circumstances. The young learners take their lessons just after rising from, and just before going to, their beds. This gives a solid day in the more active employment. The following is the daily routine at Montévrain:

5 A.M. Rising, morning toilet, and arrangement of dormitories.
5.45 A.M. School.
7 A.M. Soup.
7.30 A.M. Workshop.
11 A.M. Gymnastics.
12 M. Luncheon.
2 P.M. Workshop.
6.30 P.M. Dinner.
7 P.M. School.
8.30 P.M. Bed.

On four days in the week there is one extra hour of school (8.30 to 9.30), for the pupils in music and drawing, two evenings for each. The regular schoolmaster is replaced in these lessons by special instructors.

The gymnastics are a great pride of the school, the grand parade between the two banks bounded by the workshops offering exceptional facilities for various manœuvres. Besides the crossbars, swings, etc., such as are characteristic of every French barrack yard, the boys here make a special feature of fireman's exercise; they have not only a fire engine, but an experienced instructor from the corps of *sapeurs-pompiers;* for all the French firemen are either soldiers in the service of the state or organized as local military battalions. The school has also had the advantage of a special instructor from the famous military gymnastic school at Joinville-le-Pont, just east of Paris. From these advantages they have been enabled to compete with remarkable success in the athletic competitions so rife in France of recent years, the mania for athletics being the feature of the age. The D'Alembert School boasts a great collection of wreaths, medals, and other trophies, from gymnastic and fire exercise competitions, even as far away as the historic old town of Provins, in Champagne, whence the D'Alembert School carried away in triumph a pretty little statuette of Joseph Viola, the Avignon boy hero of the Revolution (killed by the Royalist insurgents of '93 while cutting the cables on the Rhône), offered by President Carnot himself. All these prizes are displayed in great state in the directors' office. Perhaps some of the snobbish spirits (found even among school-boys) of more fashionable establishments may feel shocked at seeing the street Arabs of Paris prove themselves best in the tug of war, but the D'Alembert boys never allow their illustrious name to be backward in the race, and the supercilious critics (if any such exist), may be reminded that the great D'Alembert himself, not a physical, but an intellectual giant, was not only a Paris street Arab, but a Parisian foundling.*

As every able-bodied Frenchman is

*As D'Alembert is the most illustrious name on the roll of the juvenile outcasts of Paris, a few recently disclosed facts regarding his earliest experiences in life will be interesting. D'Alembert was the product of one of the many amours of Cardinal de Tencin's erratic sister, the famous authoress of the *Princesse de Clèves*, escaped nun, and Parisian leader of literary fashion. D'Alembert's father was the Chevalier Destouches, another illustrious literary connection, the chevalier being of the family of Philippe Destouches, the poet. Several biographical errors being generally repeated regarding D'Alembert's birth, M. Léon Lallemand produced the following authenticated facts on June 8, 1885, in an address before the Academy of Sciences, and has included them in his excellent *Histoire des Enfants abandonnés*:

"'In the Biographie Universelle of Michaud (new edition, tome i., page 385, will be found the following information concerning the origin of D'Alembert:

"'"Alembert (Jean le Rond d'), born at Paris, November 16, 1717, was exposed on the steps of St. Jean le Rond—a church near Notre Dame, now destroyed. The existence of this child appeared so frail that the Commissaire of Police who received it, instead of sending it to the Enfants Trouvés, thought it necessary to give it special care, and with this view confided it to the wife of a poor glazier. Perhaps he had received some instructions to act in this manner, for although the parents never made themselves known, a few days after its birth they retook the abandoned one from where they had left it.' Same details in the *Nouveau Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture* (2me Ed., Didot, 1873, tome vii., p. 104).

"'These recitals, extracts from the eulogy on D'Alembert delivered before the Academy of Sciences by Condorcet, contain, side by side with the truth, some points which are not exact and which it is important to correct.

"'D'Alembert was really abandoned on the steps of the church of St. Jean le Rond, and the procès-verbal of the exposure, published above, shows that special precautions had been taken, for the poor forsaken ones were never placed in wooden boxes. People were generally quite content to deposit them on the earth or on a bench. The story of the commissaire who did not dare to have the child taken to the Maison de la Couche on account of its weakness, is absolutely false, as is proved by the register of admissions for the year 1717, where, on folio 513, under the register No. 1584, we find:

"'"Jean le Rond, newly born—on the procès-verbal of Commissaire Delamere of 16th November, 1717, given in

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a soldier, of course military exercise is a portion of the athletic instruction—a full supply of guns of small pattern (not the famous new Lebel, but breech-loaders of another species) enable the D'Alembert battalion to forestall the time when each youth will have to serve his three years in the active army. For, though the trades here learned are for life, the young artisans, each and all, have to have their first experience of manhood, the same as other citizens, in the calling of war.

The guns are a noticeable feature in the dormitories, standing in racks at either end of each sleeping apartment. In fact these dormitories have somewhat the look of barrack life. There are about thirty beds in each of the principal ones, each bed with a small locker at its head, in which, in military order, are found the dress-suits, brushes, etc., of the youth appertaining thereto. The boys work ordinarily in blue jeans and bare-headed, but the "Sunday suits" are quite gala affairs, with spruce naval caps and gold-lettered ribbon, a handsome white flannel shirt with rolling collar and corded throat, a double-breasted blue tunic with brass buttons and ornaments in the lapels, a pair of blue trowsers, and a pair of flannel pantaloons and white gaiters. This supply makes two full rig-outs, for both military and gymnastic exercises, the waist for the latter in great galas being adorned with dazzling red and sky-blue sashes, a store of which are kept in the school wardrobe.

This wardrobe is the only portion of the premises where the boys are not their own servants. Two seamstresses and a wardrobe mistress keep the whole of the stock of clothes in excellent repair, and also have charge of all spare garments, issuing such as are needed. The washing is not done at Montévrain, but sent to Paris, to the Hospital Lariboissière, which, being near the Strasbourg station, can accommodate the school in the course of its own great labors without any inconvenience.

Sunday is a general holiday at Montévrain. The Municipal Council, being rampantly secular, there is no chapel or chaplain on the premises. As the boys are all given leave on Sunday, those over sixteen can attend church if so inclined. Probably few of them thus spend the Sunday, boys not being much given to that idea of their own accord. Those under sixteen have their Sunday leave in charge of an attendant. The hours of the leave are from 2 to 7 P.M. Each boy is given five sous for pocket-money on Sundays, to lay out in "cakes and ale." During the four years apprenticeship a certain sum is put by to give them at the end of their apprenticeship, as a start. Besides this, a boy away from his apprenticeship can stay and work until eighteen years of age, when he departs for the army. If he comes at the minimum age of twelve (as the majority do), this means two years, from sixteen to eighteen. These boys are called the "veterans," and are paid three francs a day, one franc being however charged for keep. The "veterans" are paid each three months, but are allowed advances of fifteen francs a month. They have full liberty on Sunday, to go to Paris and return when they please. These "veterans" occupy a portion of the fourth dormitory (the rest not being used as yet), and are barred off from the room, having trunks instead of lockers, and altogether begin to blossom out a bit. As the jolly director said, rattling on in his description: "*Voici la canne, le paraluie, et quelquefois le parasol aussi*," and a merry twinkle came into his eye. These "veterans" are quite free to go to any other employment, with the consent (which is never refused) of the officials at Paris, as the Poor Relief Bureau stands *in loco parentis* in every respect, even to consent to marriage, until twenty-five years of age, a Frenchman's legal majority; but the good living and secure

nurse to Anne Freyon, wife of Louis Lemaire, living at Crémery.

"'First month, 5 livres for the first month, ended 17 December, 1718.

"'5 January, 1718, 2 livres 5 francs to 1 January, 1718, when the child was returned to its parents. This child was given up to Sieur Molin, doctor in ordinary to the King, who charged himself with it by deed before Beussel, notary, on January 1, 1718.'

"It is thus established, 1st, That D'Alembert was *deposited at the Maison de Couche, and placed at nurse in Picardy for six months*. 2d. That his parents, not wishing to betray their incognito, chose M. Jacques Molin, known as Dumoulin, one of the most celebrated practitioners of his time."

It is worth noting that D'Alembert chose to remain a foundling. When he had become monarch of the mind of France, greater than the king, his erratic mother wished to claim him. It was too late. He refused the offer.

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employment at Montévrain are better than an uncertainty. One of them went away with eight hundred francs and then enlisted to work at his trade in the artillery for six years, where he would get extra pay, and not get out of practice; he has already been promoted.

M. Dehesdin related an interesting tale, illustrating the far-reaching benefits of such institutions as the D'Alembert School. In Paris, a poor working painter, with five children, three boys and two girls, died suddenly, and his death was followed soon by that of his widow. The children would have been helpless, being beyond the limit of twelve years, at which the law for the help of abandoned children and orphans draws the line, had not the boys been allowed to come, all three, to Montévrain, where one became a printer and two became cabinet-makers. The two girls had to shift for themselves, but one went to service, while the other, the eldest, had just obtained a place as bookkeeper before the family catastrophe. In course of time the boys got their trades and places in Paris, the eldest being allowed the short one year's military service as support of a family, for a family they have again become. The eldest sister, having hired apartments, recalled the younger from service to set up as the housekeeper, and then gathered the three brothers together. Thus, by the help of the timely intervention of the D'Alembert institution, a family was saved which would otherwise have been scattered in hopeless misery.

Such a return to home life must have been a sweet variety for these brothers, for, after all, good living, beautiful surroundings, and healthy employment as have our street Arabs at Montévrain, there is an eternal barrack huddling and drill, which even young humanity must wish occasional relief from. Perhaps it would not do to allow these lads of untried propensities to live away from an inspecting eye. Still, it seems as if tiny apartments of their own might make them more responsible and civilized citizens, teaching them self-respect and self-dependence. They could do the household duties as now, although separately. At present two boys each day are detailed to act as the mess servants of the establishment, assisting the cook and waiting on the tables. The boys cannot do their own cooking however, a woman cook, with the women of the wardrobe, being the only female element connected with the school. Besides the instructing staff, there are three attendants who have charge of the discipline. One of these is the fire inspector before mentioned, and another is the accomplished gymnast.

The diet of the school is a very formal affair, the bill of fare for each meal for a month being printed. The morning meal consists of various kinds of soup—herb soup, meat soup, rice soup, onion soup, leek soup, julienne soup, and panade being scattered through the thirty-one days. In like manner the noon meal is varied with veal, hashed beef, mutton, fresh pork, sausages, black-puddings, and beef in various fashions, and all with a variety of vegetables. The evening meal is a sort of compromise between dinner and supper, being soup and vegetables—potatoes, beans, lentils, macaroni, on part of the days, and on others soup and meats, including roasted veal. The diet also includes wine from the city's own wine-cellar, and a moderate allowance of fruits, dessert, etc., in season. Altogether, the living is not bad at Montévrain.

The behavior of the boys at table, a sure index of boarding-school life (even in a Squeers academy), is remarkably pleasant. My first insight into the routine, on my visit (as I arrived at high noon), was to see the lads marshalled on the parade by their drill-master, marched to the tables and seated in the dining-hall to the left of the front court. They ate with relish and satisfaction as well as decorum, and when, at two o'clock, I saw them again summoned by trumpet-call to the parade-ground, to march to the two workshops, a large detail to the left and a little one to the right, there was a cheerfulness and a promptitude which told, more than words, of good living and happy existence.

On the diet above, the street Arabs thrive most wonderfully. The health of the school is generally perfect, the doctor's bill being lower than at almost any

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similar collection of juveniles gathered haphazard from anything but healthy surroundings. There has been but one death in the ten years since the establishment of the school, that of a boy, in 1889, from a pulmonary consumption. A great hygienic advantage of the establishment is the proximity of the limpid Marne, in the waters of which the boys take regular baths in the summer months, nearly all of them becoming accomplished swimmers. In winter they have to content themselves with the ample bath-rooms of the establishment, where they are given three baths a week.

The Printing Office.

The accommodations of the school could easily be made quite equal to three or four hundred pupils, and in course of time that number may be reached, when the idea gets generally accepted in the official brain. This will largely increase the value of the establishment, for the product will increase in proportion to the workers, while the expenses will not rise in quite the same proportion, a school of one hundred being relatively much more costly than one of four-fold the number. At present the cost, though on a liberal scale, is recouped to a considerable degree. In 1889, for instance, the credits to the school actually exceeded the debits by over forty thousand francs, because a large arrear of products of former years were then brought in. The actual product for that year was over one hundred thousand francs to one hundred and sixty thousand francs of cost, not a bad showing for a great public "charity." As the number of older and skilled pupils becomes greater, the value of the products increases. The product of 1890 included thirty thousand francs for printing alone, and two or three times as much in the cabinet-making line.

The school is by far the most successful of the new "morally abandoned" ventures, and its fame gets already noised about. In fact, parents and guardians

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The Drum Major.

have offered large sums to be allowed to have their children given the beneficial physical and industrial training at Montévrain—a strange turn of fortune's wheel when the well-to-do citizen envies for his own cherished offspring the lot of the poor street Arab! Of course such offers are refused. The Municipal Council have not yet summoned up courage to take up the mournful inheritance of 1848, and the "national workshops." All these fond parents can easily get their offspring admitted at Montévrain by simply becoming bad citizens themselves and throwing their children into the streets.

In initiating Montévrain and its mates, the French officials made a careful study of the legislation and establishments in Great Britain and the United States. The interesting story of the development of reformatory and industrial schools is a record of the generous rivalry and emulation between different states of western Europe, and their transatlantic neighbors, in private and public efforts, for over a century past. The French reformers combined the best features of the whole field, and, moreover, made a distinct advance on all. The English law allowed the removal of the children found in certain associations. The Massachusetts law annuls all parental right over its reformatory protégés. The New York plan included apprenticeship at various trades. In Scotland, Sheriff Watson first gave technical instruction to young vagrants in association. The Council of the Seine decided to initiate a wholesale crusade for the removal of all children in obviously improper hands, to assume the annulling of parental rights, to educate his children with all the advantages of those in the care of careful guardians, and to do this by large boarding-schools with a variety of teachers. Until the strict legal sanction of the legislature could be had, the Council acted upon its own assumption. There were frequent cases of drunken, brutal, and criminal parents coming with effrontery and bluster to reclaim their offspring,

The Trumpeter.

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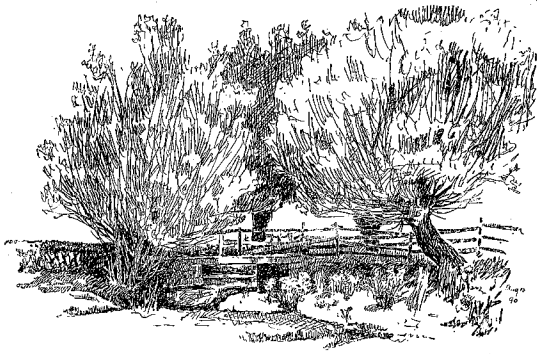
generally to advance their own selfish schemes. All such were promptly kicked out of doors. Of course the courts were open to them; it was well known that they would never dare to appeal to the law, an appeal almost certainly liable to end in a damaging exposé of their own characters, perhaps bringing them into the clutches of the very law itself, and most certainly confirming the denial of rights over their children, rights which the children themselves invariably repudiated. At length the law of 1889 settled the matter for once and all. The distinctive character of Montévrain and the other new schools is the "weeding" process. These schools cannot be a success without it. The weakness of previous ambitious industrial refuges is the necessity of using only the often poor human material — and using *all* this material — which comes for treatment.

In their Redhill enterprise the London Philanthropic Society was taunted by a *Quarterly* reviewer with its little chance when it lacked the enthusiasm and exceptional care of Mr. Turner, the founder. The reform school for western New York, in Rochester, which imitated Montévrain on a large scale in 1884, will find a difficult task if it hopes to bring all the young outcasts into the necessary limited curriculum of highly technical trades. No such impossibility is attempted at Montévrain. The stupid, incompetent, and refractory youths are carefully sifted out and sent elsewhere. The widely-spread network of agricultural colonies, and other aids for the ill-provided juvenile in France, enables this to be done. Thus the *élite* of the street Arabs can always be provided for at Montévrain. Thus is this special school almost sure of success. The banished boys are sometimes allowed to return. Of course the incompetent have little care to renew their failures, but in cases of mere childish waywardness of really bright youths they often beg to go back to such a cheerful home, where their talents find such gratifying scope. In case of genuine amendment these prayers are answered. Thus the Montévrain school is a very model of good conduct. The Parisian street Arabs take pride in their eminent privileges, and the graduates of Montévrain are as liable to achieve praiseworthy social distinction as the graduates of any learned university in the world.



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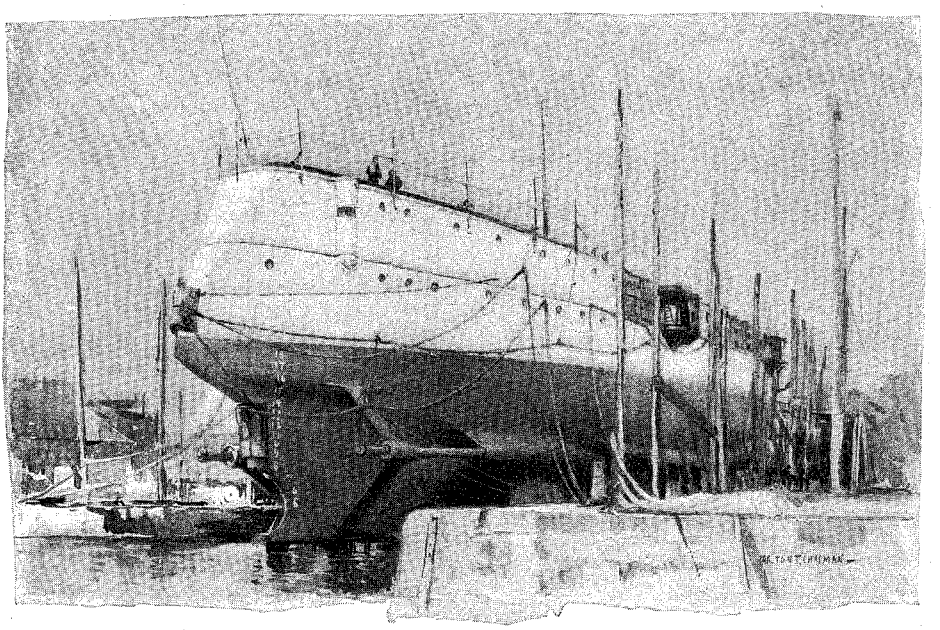

Arrangement of Hawsers for Stopping a Cruiser.—Page 496.

LAUNCHING CRUISERS AND BATTLE-SHIPS.

By William J. Baxter, U. S. Navy.

LAUNCHING is a perilous operation, though simple in principle. The ship is carried on a massive sled, called the cradle, whose runners rest on a slippery incline extending under the water, called the ground-ways. At the proper moment, ship and cradle descend along the ways into the water; when the ship floats, the cradle is stopped, the ship moving onward until she also is brought to rest. The weight to be moved and controlled being great, the forces developed and the resistances encountered are correspondingly large, and the ship may be subjected to greater strains than she will ever again experience, except from grounding or collision. The launching apparatus, when made strong and of proper proportions, is of such delicacy that small obstacles, or even unforeseen delays, will cause the launch to be a failure; but if the apparatus be weak or poorly designed, disaster will surely follow. Notwithstanding these dangers, ships are successfully launched every week without a rivet being loosened or a seam opened; they enter the water so gracefully and safely, and with such apparent ease of control, such rarity of accident or failure, that the risks are not known and the precautions not appreciated. Though the process of launching is but little understood, the most casual observer is impressed with the latent power for harm so well controlled, and he breathes easier when the ship floats safely. A brief article that shall avoid all unnecessary technicalities, can describe but a few details of the operation. Though many of the precautions described may seem quite superfluous, yet costly failures and blasted reputations have almost invariably followed their neglect. Large ocean steamships are launched with fully as great care as cruisers and battle-ships, but the latter, being national property, arouse more interest and enthusiasm.

Before the preparations for building the ship are begun, even before the location of the ship-yard is decided, the

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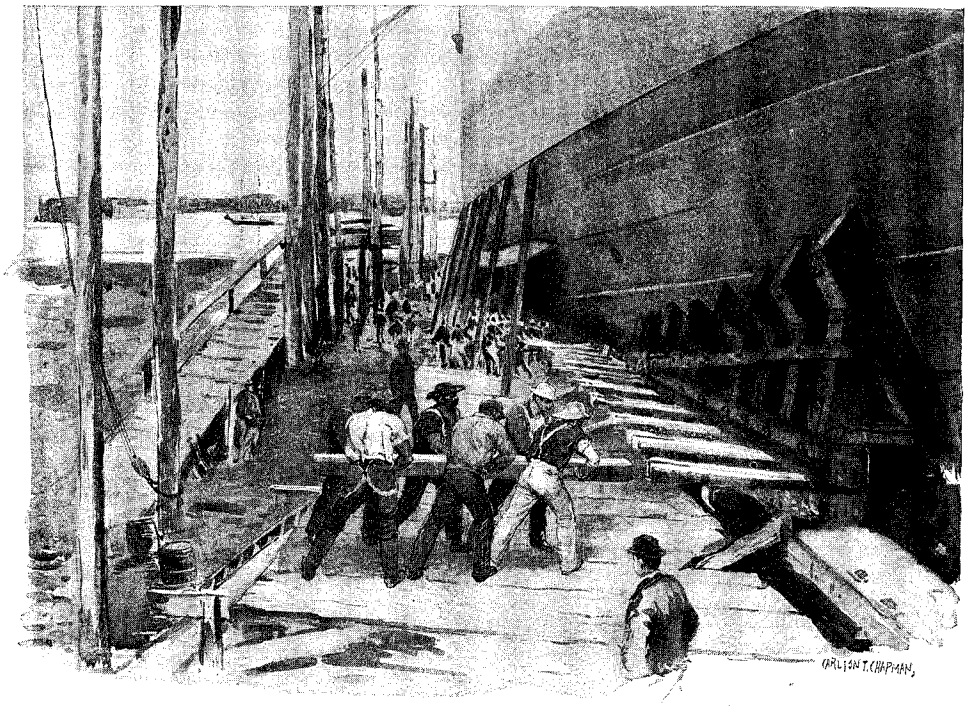
facilities for launching are considered; when other considerations permit, a water-front is chosen which has a gradual slope of solid ground, with a long stretch of sufficiently deep water beyond. But as economy in building must be the main reason for selecting a site, launching facilities are frequently subordinated.

The location in the ship-yard of the building-slip on which the ship is to be constructed should have in view the greatest available stretch of clear water. Though desirable to have its centre-line perpendicular to the shore-line, this is not necessary; in ship-yards located on the shores of narrow rivers, the slips are pointed diagonally to the stream. The ship's wondrous structure, so strong, rigid, and shapely, is composed of numberless plates, beams, angles, and castings, which must be accurately held in position until riveted together. As the hull grows larger, its weight increases, and it must be held upright. Any settling of the foundation will distort the ship while building, and injuriously strain her, or perhaps bring her to a standstill while launching.

The solidity of the slip must, therefore, be beyond question, and many suitable supports must be provided. The slip is accordingly given additional solidity by driving many piles, whose heads are connected by wooden sleepers; in navy-yards cement and masonry are frequently added. Piles are also driven in the river bottom, extending out far enough to support the underwater-ways; in narrow rivers they are sawed off below the surface of the mud, so as not to obstruct the channel.

The main supports of the hull while building, are the wooden keel-blocks, stout logs placed crossways along the centre of the ship, about three or four feet apart, their upper surfaces conforming to the proposed form of the keel. Their height and inclination are such that the ship's forefoot, the beginning of the bow, cannot strike the ground when the ship enters the water; care is also taken that there is sufficient room for riveting and using the launch-



Driving the Wedges.—Page 494.

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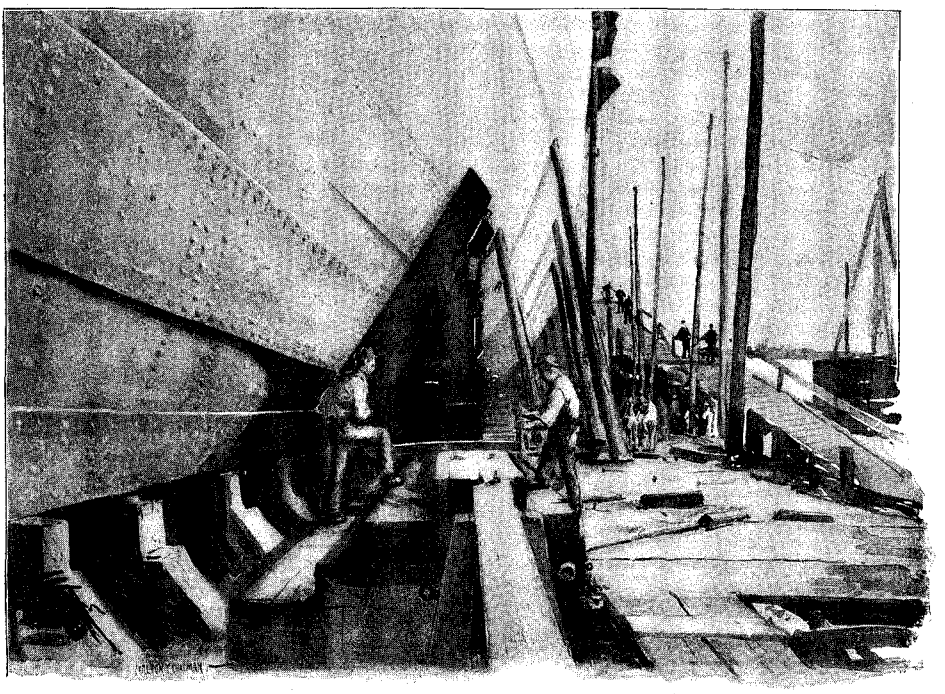
ing rams below the lowest portion of the ship's bottom. On these blocks, with the stern nearest the water, the keel, a rigid structure of steel plates and angles, is laid and riveted; the frames are attached to the vertical keel-plate, extending out on either side like mammoth ribs. To retain them at their proper height and distance apart, rib-bands and shores are used. The former are pieces of square timbers running fore and aft, usually placed under the longitudinals, strong fore and aft girders which stiffen the ship, and which are put in position at the same time as the frames. The shores are stout logs, whose heads fit against the ship or rib-bands, and whose heels rest on the sleepers; they are adjusted by wedges and fastened by heavy iron dogs, shaped like large double-pointed tacks, thus ⌐¬. When the frames are sufficiently extended, the beams are put in position, more and more shores being used to sustain each part of the structure accurately and firmly in its designated position.

The strakes of outside plating (iron "planking" extending from stem to stern) are now fitted and riveted, with edges caulked so that not a drop of water can enter; bulkheads are erected; decks are laid; the rudder is hung; water-tight doors and manholes are fitted; stanchions or pillars supporting the decks are adjusted; the hawse-pipes for the anchor-cables, bitts (to which the cables are fastened when she lies at anchor), are secured, and outboard valves and propellor shafts are put in place. When the hull is from sixty to seventy-five per cent. completed, the ship is ready for launching. She is not finished, as much work is yet to be done; engines, boilers, turrets, and armor are to be put in position, and the steel shell is to be made inhabitable.



Sawing off the Sole-piece.—Page 495.

The launching apparatus must fulfil several conditions: the ship must be readily transferred from the supports to the cradle without shock or strain; the cradle must thoroughly sustain her until she is water-borne; the ship must start at the precise moment desired; and she must stop before reaching the opposite shore.

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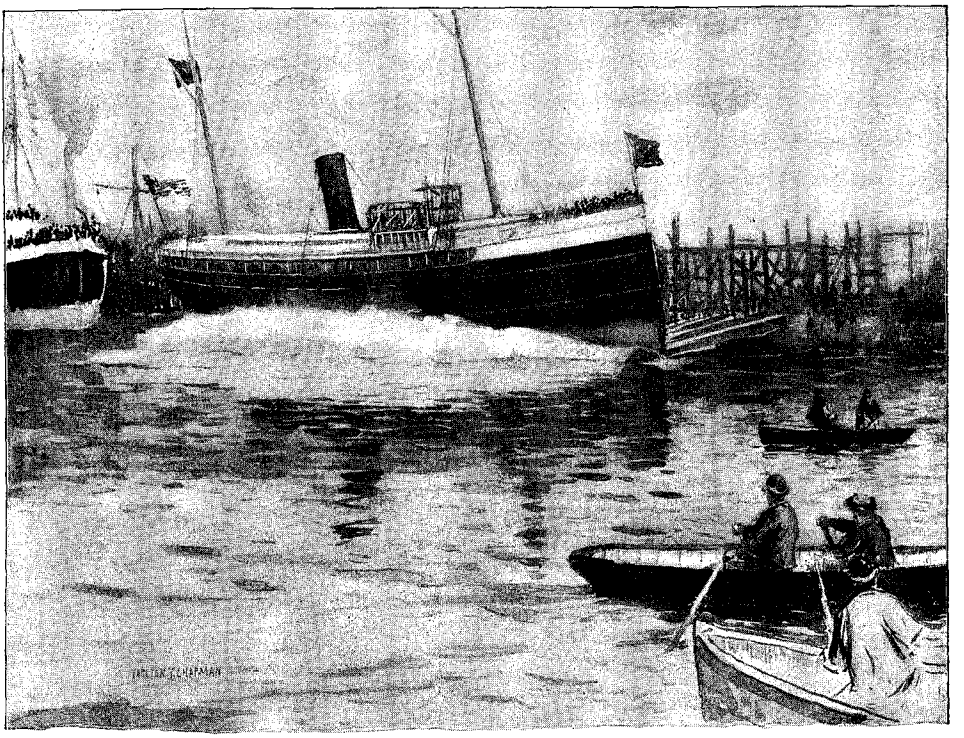
When on the cradle the whole weight is sustained from the ground, the ship is land-borne; but as she enters the water its buoyancy gives rise to an upward pressure, increasing as the ship descends, until finally it equals the ship's weight, and she floats. If the ways do not extend far enough into the water, there is an abrupt transfer of the weight from the land to the water; the ship drops or stumbles, and the bottom scrapes over the ways. Her stern may strike the river-bottom, and she be left partly in and partly out of the water, or the forefoot may strike the piling and cut its way through. Such accidents do occur, but they can always be avoided by careful forethought.

After a certain depth of water is reached, its upward pressure becomes so great that the stern rises from the cradle and a great portion of the weight is thrown on the forefoot, which rests on the forward part of the cradle.

The stern continues to rise until the ship floats and entirely detaches herself from the cradle; there is thus a period during which the ship turns on a pivot, and this pivoting is the most dangerous period of the launch; the weight is concentrated under the forefoot and no longer distributed over the whole length of the cradle, and the ship is more apt to topple over. To illustrate: One may safely stand with both feet on a slight cane-seated chair, yet it is not so safe when standing on but one foot, and it is dangerous when standing on tiptoe; the seat may tear and let the foot through, or the foot may weaken and let the body fall, or both may occur simultaneously, and any unsteadiness will result in a tumble. This is precisely what may happen during the pivoting period of a launch; fortunately, such accidents rarely occur, as every precaution is taken to insure ample strength and stability in ship, cradle, and ways.



Launch of the Passenger Steamer Virginia at Cleveland, O.—Page 497.

Ships are generally launched stern first, mainly because the pivoting pressure and the risk of capsizing are less than if launched bow first; dipping or

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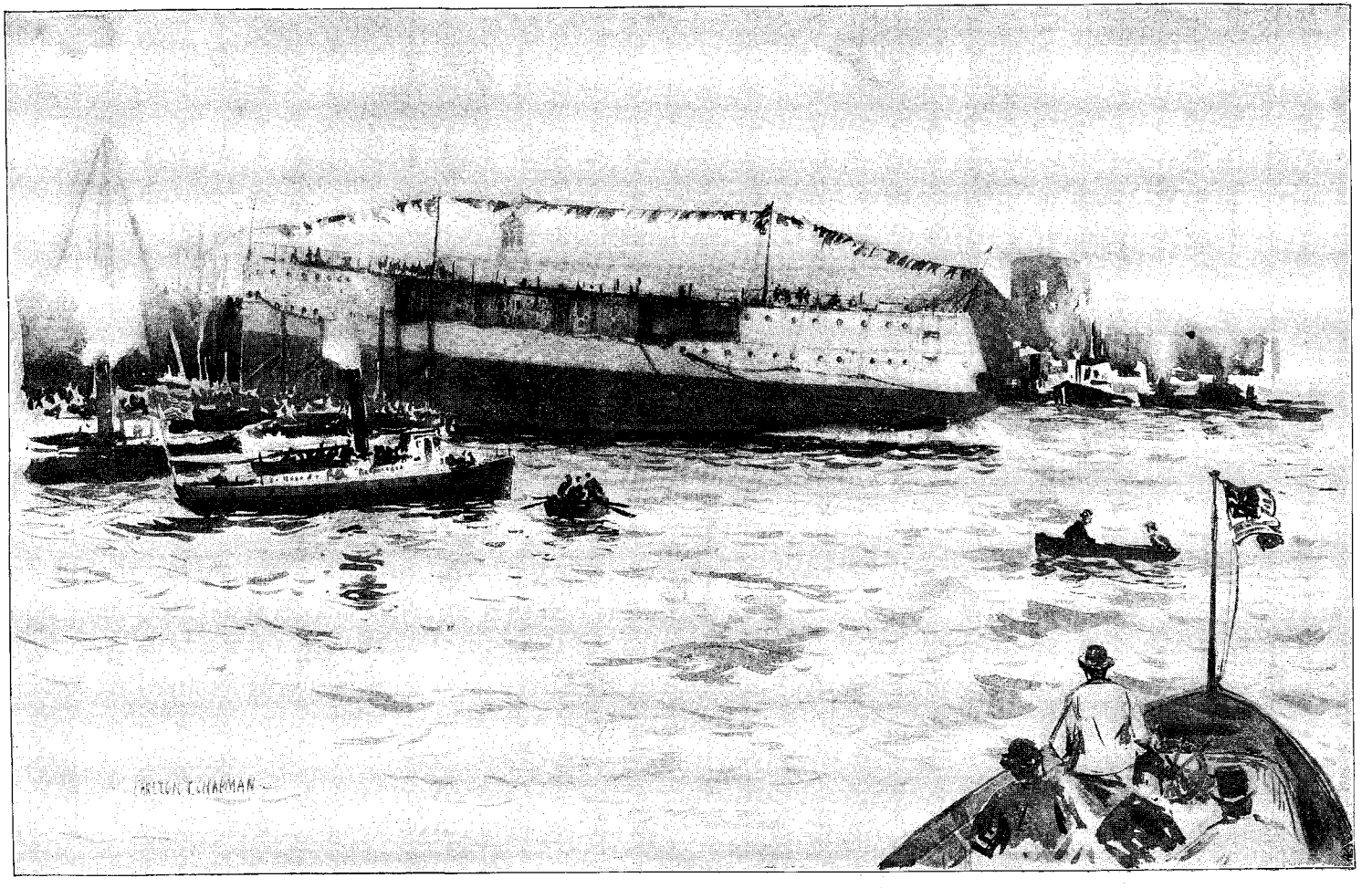

The U. S. S. Raleigh Entering the Water

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dropping when the ship leaves the ways are also less dangerous.

While the ship is building the plans for the launch are made, and the launching apparatus is erected and made ready for use by the time the ship is in launching condition. Two lines of ways are commonly used, one on each side, equidistant from the keel, as nearly as may be under the longitudinals, about one-third the breadth of the ship apart. Each consists of large, solid timbers of oak or yellow pine, as long as can be obtained, with their ends bevelled and rounded off, the after end of each one overlapping the forward end of the next. These ground-ways are supported by blocking, all being firmly secured to one another and to the sleepers. The upper surface has a slight inclination toward the keel, but is smooth and continuous from end to end; sometimes straight, though usually slightly convex with very heavy ships. The inclination of the ways depends on that of the keel-blocks, the slope of the river-bottom, the weight of the ship, and the available stretch of deep water; it varies from one in twelve for small vessels, to one in twenty for very large ones, one in sixteen being most common. Especial care is taken that the chosen inclination will not allow keel or cradle to strike the river-bottom. Should this happen, the ship may stop and the launch be a costly failure; or she may have to plough through mud and sand, scraping or tearing open the bottom plating. On the outboard side of each line of ways, or on the inboard side of the cradle, is fastened a projecting plank, called the rib-band, which prevents the cradle from sliding off transversely, in the same manner as the flange on the rim of a car wheel. Many stout shores, firmly braced and secured, keep the ways from spreading apart, for when spreading does occur the result may be as disastrous as when the rails spread under a train. This spreading of the ways is the most common of all launching accidents, as the shape of the ship's bottom produces an excessive transverse pressure. If any of the fastenings are insecure, others are soon loosened, the ways begin to move, and disaster follows.

Between the ways and the cradle is the lubricant, composed of tallow, soft soap, and fish-oil; only the very best materials are used. It is applied shortly before the launch. To grease the ways of a large battle-ship, two tons of tallow and sixteen barrels of soft soap are required.

The cradle extends about three-quarters of the ship's length, and is built of large timbers; its upper surface is accurately fitted against the ship's bottom, its lower surface parallel to the ground-ways. It is in two independent sections, the lower is called the sliding-ways, and the upper, the packing. The sliding-ways rest on the lubricant, and are composed of oak or yellow-pine timbers as long as possible, the butts rounded and bevelled, and secured by chain or rope lashings passing through holes near the butts, to enable the cradle to accommodate itself to any small irregularities of the ground-ways. Between the sliding-ways and the rib-band there is a clearance, which increases toward the lower end, to prevent binding should spreading occur.

The breadth of the sliding-ways is adjusted so that the pressure on the ground-ways is from 2.5 to 3.5 tons per square foot. It is worthy of note that, in launching, the friction decreases as the pressure increases, but for various reasons the pressure rarely exceeds three tons, the weight of forty men, per square foot. The upper section of the cradle, called the packing, extends the whole length of the sliding-ways; the top fits snugly against the ship's bottom, but its lower surface is straight and continuous. Toward the extremities the solid packing is replaced by strong upright timbers, called poppets, whose heads, where possible, are trimmed to stand square against the ship's side. To resist the heavy pivoting pressure concentrated at the forefoot, various methods of arranging the poppets are employed; of these the following is the best: A broad iron strap passing under the keel unites two large wooden chocks, which fit closely against the outside plating; to these chocks the poppet-heads are neatly fitted and firmly secured, and the ship thus strung from the poppets.

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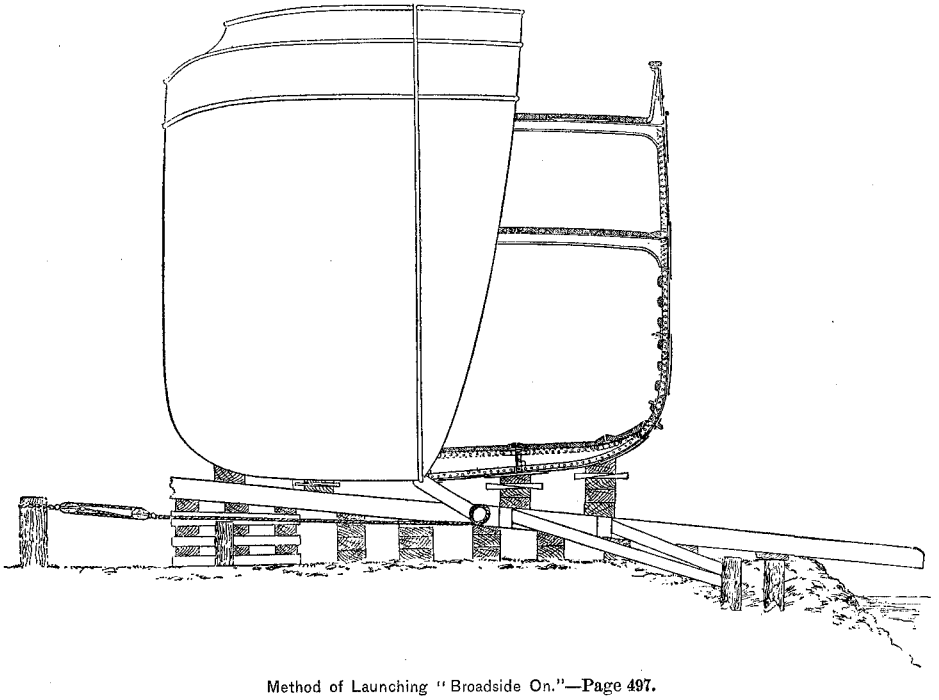
The two sides of the cradle are precisely alike. They are connected, and prevented from being squeezed apart by strong lashings, passing under the keel and ingeniously fastened in such a manner that, when afloat the ship automatically releases them, and thus the two sides of the cradle separate and are drawn out, leaving her entirely free. The top of the completed cradle merely touches the ship, whose entire weight is sustained by the blocks and shores; but the process of transferring this weight from the supports to the cradle is very simple. The rigid and immovable ground-ways carry the cradle, which is in two independent sections one above the other. If the top section is pushed upward it will raise the ship above; the blocks and shores can then be readily taken away, as they no longer sustain any weight. The top section of the cradle is pushed upward by driving in wedges between it and the sliding-ways, which cannot move, as the latter rest on the ground-ways that are sustained by the solid building-slip. When the wedges are tightly driven in, the upper section of the cradle is therefore the only portion of the launching apparatus which can move. Many wedges are used, the cradle's height is gradually increased, and the ship is slowly lifted. Slightly tapered oak wedges are employed, which are long enough to insure the ship being raised a sufficient height. They are from eight to twelve inches broad and spaced about the same distance apart. Along the entire length of the cradle, on both sides of the ship, these hundreds of wedges are driven in, as nearly simultaneously as possible, with many heavy wooden rams, each manœuvred by a gang of four or six men. There is one gang of men to about every dozen wedges. It is very essential that the ship should not be strained, and that her weight should be evenly distributed over the whole length of the cradle. Should the weight be excessive at any point, the ground-ways might become hollow and the ship would be started with great difficulty, if at all; and when once started, the lubricant would be



Method of Launching "Broadside On."—Page 497.

(The ship starts when the rope is cut which holds the trigger against the keel.)

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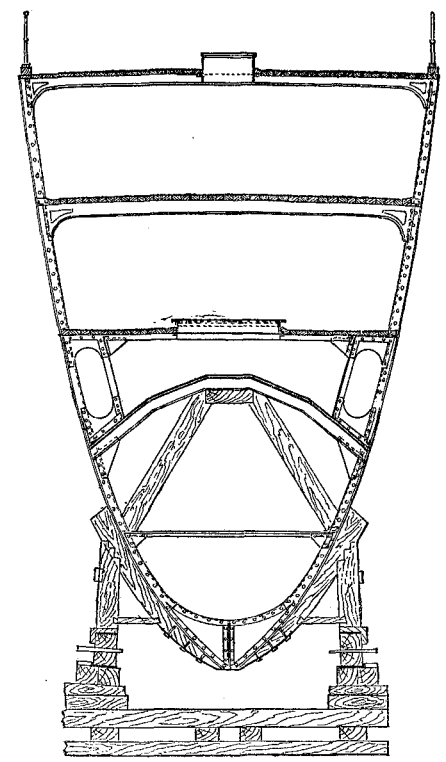
squeezed out and the wooden surface of the ground- and sliding-ways, rubbing on each other, would quickly develop so great a friction that the ship would come to a dead stop. By preconcerted signals and careful supervision, the wedges on both sides are struck equally and simultaneously, and the blocks and shores removed symmetrically, so that the ship's weight is transferred to the cradle smoothly.

The ship now rests only on the cradle, which would at once slide down the greasy incline if not prevented. The start, however, must be under absolute control. Should the ship start too soon, the blocks and shores yet remaining may impede or stop her progress, and unfortunate workmen who have not had time to escape from beneath her will be crushed and mangled. If the start be much delayed, the tide will fall; the launch must be postponed, as the reduced length of underwater-ways will cause dropping or stumbling. Various methods of controlling the start are employed, but the two following are most common. In the first, a short distance beyond the forward end of the cradle (which is the end farthest from the water, as the vessel is launched stern first), a large chock of oak is firmly bolted to each of the ground-ways, and a heavy oak plank, called the sole-piece, has one end bolted to the chock and the other to the end of the sliding-ways. After the wedges are driven, these sole-pieces still unite the immovable ground-ways with the cradle and ship; the latter cannot move unless the sole-pieces are cut apart or torn asunder. The pull of a battle-ship that is resisted by these sole-pieces may exceed that of a locomotive pulling a train at the rate of sixty miles an hour. At the desired moment the sole-pieces are sawn through, and the ship moves off; frequently they tear off before being entirely cut through. In order to have the two sides of the cradle move off simultaneously, a scale is marked on each sole-piece to guide the men in sawing off, as they are unable to see one another, being on opposite sides of the vessel.



Section of a Cruiser showing Arrangement of Poppets and Inside Shores at Forward End of Cradle.—Page 493.

In the second method of starting, on each side of the ship a suitably shaped stout wooden strut, called the dog-shore, has its upper and forward end resting against a heavy cleat attached to the cradle, and its lower end resting against a similar cleat fastened to the ground-ways. When the ship is lifted, her tendency to slide is resisted by the thrust of these dog-shores. Above them are suspended heavy weights sustained by strong ropes; at the proper time they are simultaneously cut; the weights then fall on the dog-shores, knocking them away from the cleats, and the ship descends. By various ingenious contrivances, such as snipping a rib-band, pushing an electric button, or pulling a knob, the tripping-weights can be dropped from the launching platform. Although dramatic, this method is somewhat unreliable, as the dog-shores may be so tightly held that they are not simultaneously knocked

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out, and the ways or cradle twisted or spread in consequence; or if the dog-shores have not sufficient strength or the proper shape and adjustment, they will be crushed or squeezed out, and the ship will start unexpectedly while the keel blocks are being removed. The "sawing-off" method is therefore usually preferred, as less risk is incurred.

To give the men who remove the keel-blocks entire confidence in their safety, "safety chains" tie the lower ends of the sliding-ways to the ground-ways. They are removed after the last man has come from beneath the ship, but before the sole-pieces are cut. Faulty lubrication, or the presence of the slightest obstacle, such as a spike between the cradle and rib-band, a projecting bolt-head, or even a little dust or sand on the lubricant, will prevent the ship from starting after the sole-pieces are cut. Hydraulic rams are therefore provided at the ends of the cradle and under the forefoot; they raise and push the ship. Similar causes may stop the ship when only partially off the ways. The possibility of such an accident, notwithstanding the most careful inspection and supervision, gives more worry than any other part of the launch.

At first the ship moves slowly, but the velocity rapidly increases, until she moves at the rate of twelve or even fifteen miles an hour. To quickly stop a ship moving at this speed, and weighing thousands of tons, without injurious shock or strain, is not an easy task; but it is done by strong hawsers and cables fastened to buried anchors, or other solid supports on shore, and on the ship to bitts or beams. There are many ways of arranging these hawsers, but in all the shock is reduced by tying them in coils with smaller ropes, which, breaking in succession, act as buffers. Even with these precautions it is not unusual to see enormous ropes snapped like twine, or great anchors pulled up like mushrooms. With a long stretch of deep water there is no necessity for stopping the ship quickly, and the speed is reduced by the resistance of the water, and she is slowly brought to rest; sometimes an anchor is dropped. The cradle does not remain under the ship after flotation, as its progress is checked by hawsers immediately after the ship leaves the ways.

The erection of the ways and cradle does not in any way interfere with the work of building the ship until shortly before the day chosen for the launch, when the final preparations are begun. The workmen, even the most lazy and indifferent, are full of excitement, and in their anxiety to do well are very apt to blunder. Only old and experienced mechanics, the veterans of many launches, are given the posts of danger and responsibility. The sliding-ways are removed, and the sliding surfaces of both ground- and sliding-ways are greased; several coats of melted tallow and grease are first applied; after hardening this is covered with soft castile soap, over which fish-oil is frequently poured. The sliding-ways are then replaced in position, but the greased surfaces are frequently kept apart by short pieces of wood, which are removed before the wedges are entered; every portion of the lubricant is carefully protected by coverings until just before the launch. The underwater-ways are also lubricated, floated in position, then sunk and secured to the piles or cribbing. Lashings, hawsers, anchors, and checking-gear, sole-pieces and their appurtenances, are adjusted; keel-blocks and shores are painted to designate the order in which they shall be removed; and the stage poles and planking are taken down.

On board, wooden shores are erected to stiffen the ship; with battle-ships this shoring is of great importance; all valves, manholes, and doors are shut, and every portion of the outside plating is carefully scrutinized to insure water-tightness; flags and bunting are everywhere displayed. Finally, the workmen who are to participate in the launch are assigned their stations, and drilled until each is familiar with his duties.

This method of launching a ship, stern first on two lines of ways, is the result of centuries of experience. Two other methods, however, are success-

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fully used, launching on the keel and launching broadside on.

The former has reached its highest perfection in France, where it is almost universally used; small torpedo-boats, as well as great battle-ships, are constantly being launched by this process with perfect safety. Only one line of ways, laid directly on the keel-blocks, is needed. The cradle consists of the sliding-ways only, resting on the lubricant, their upper surface fitting directly against the keel; and the ship is raised by wedging between the ground-ways and the keel-blocks instead of between the two parts of the cradle. The ship is prevented from canting or swaying, before being water-borne, by long timbers called cant-pieces, whose tops fit against the plating on each side near the turn of the bilge. Their lower surfaces are parallel to, yet do not touch, a line of timbers beneath; it rarely happens that the ship sways far enough to either side to bring these surfaces in contact. The ship is usually started by sawing through the forward end of the sliding-ways.

Launching broadside on, as practised on the Great Lakes and Western rivers, is essentially a Western method, as extensive water-fronts are available. The ship is built with her keel parallel to the water-front, and sustained by blocks and shores in the usual manner, but instead of one or two lines of ways, there are twenty or more. They are simply stout logs placed under the ship, transversely, at an inclination much greater than that used when launching stern on. The cradle runs fore and aft, and consists of several lines of timbers resting across the ways. Wedges are used to lift the ship, as usual; and especial care is taken that they are set up uniformly, to insure equal distribution of the weight. To control the start, two tripping-levers at each end, held by ropes fastened to posts beyond the ship, sustain triggers resting against the keel. At the proper moment these ropes are cut simultaneously by watchful men with broad axes, the triggers are let go, and the ship starts off; should a trigger fail to act, the result is obvious. The ends of the ways do not extend below the water, but are four or five feet above it, so that the ship actually jumps from the land into the water. Dangerous as this may seem, large lake steamers, with boilers and engines on board, are safely launched in this way; but with long cruisers having sharp ends, the risk would be very great. This method, even when modified by laying the ends of the ways under water, is seldom used in Europe.

Strange though it may seem, there are now afloat cruisers and battle-ships which never have been launched. In the large English navy yards, these ships have been built in dry docks; when sufficiently near completion water is admitted into the dock and the ship is towed out.

The progress of applied mechanics has enabled the naval constructor to calculate, prior to the launch, the magnitude of the strains the ship will experience, their exact points of application, and the requisite proportions and dimensions for the launching apparatus to insure absolute safety, provided his plans are faithfully executed. But the possibility that accidents may occur, and the serious consequences of failure, make him very conservative; he therefore never neglects a single precaution which experience has shown him to be a possible necessity. Serious launching accidents rarely occur, but their rarity is solely due to the many minute precautions taken. All of the ships of the new navy have been launched with brilliant success; certain recent disasters, however, will show the dangers which have so successfully been avoided.

In the summer of 1883 the small screw steamer Daphne was launched on the Clyde, over two lines of ways, in the usual manner. The ship's stern safely reached the river, but just as the bow was leaving the ways she slowly began swaying to one side, and an instant later rapidly fell over to an inclination of forty-five degrees. There she hesitated for a moment, as if endeavoring to give the men on board an opportunity to escape. Unable either to return to her upright position, or to remain where she was, she slowly turned completely over and sank, her keel remain-

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ing above the water. On board the Daphne were more than two hundred workmen, many of them below working as though the ship were still on the slip, for they considered the launch a matter of ship-yard routine. As the ship careened, some of those on deck climbed to the upper side, then jumped into the water, and were picked up by tugs and boats which quickly hastened to their rescue. Others, struck by loose plates and timbers, were hurled into the water, and there sank before aid could reach them; the unfortunates below deck, unable to escape, were drowned; in all, one hundred and twenty-four men perished. This fatal accident was not due to the launching apparatus, as it was amply strong and well proportioned; it was solely owing to the Daphne's lack of stability, that property by which a ship tends to return to the upright after being inclined. At the time of this disaster it was not customary to investigate a ship's stability when in launching condition; but no further accidents of this nature have since occurred, as the launching stability is now investigated when the plans for the launch are prepared.

The use of an inferior quality of lubricants is a frequent cause of ships stopping on the ways. The expense of launching, as described above, is so great that builders occasionally yield to the temptation to economize, forgetting that the cost and discredit of one failure may offset many successful launches.

At the launch of the Italian battleship Dandolo, the stern sank so deeply that the stern-post was buried in the mud, and the ship remained partially on the ways and partially in the water for several days.

The steamship Saratoga was launched in the Delaware, in 1876, without the use of safety chains tying cradle and ground-ways together. When most of the keel-blocks had been removed, the ship began to move; finding it was impossible to hold her, the word was passed for the men beneath the ship to escape at once; through some misunderstanding the signal was then given to saw off. The ship started quickly, floating off safely amid the cheers of the spectators, and it was thought that the launch was a brilliant success; but in a few moments these cheers became groans and sobs, for it was discovered that many of the men beneath the ship had been unable to escape; as the ship started they were caught between the keel-blocks, and a mass of men and timbers was piled up at the lower end of the ways. Some were killed outright, and others so severely crushed that they afterwards died.

The day of the launch should be bright and fair, with a gentle breeze covering the river, with merry, dancing ripples impatient for their new plaything. The workmen gather at their stations, while the foremen make sure that all the necessary tools and appliances are in readiness. On the ship a small working party only is permitted; spectators are as unwelcome as on the deck of a passenger steamer during a violent gale. Meanwhile crowds throng into the ship-yard, filling all available space with interested, wondering humanity. On the gayly decorated platform beyond the bow are the distinguished guests: the Secretary of the Navy, who has outlined the requirements of the battle-ship before him; the Chief Constructor, who designed her to fulfil these requirements; the Governor of the State for which she is named; the Commandant whose flagship she will be, and the Captain who will command her, surrounded by many brilliantly dressed women and notable men. At the front of the platform, beside the gaudy champagne-bottle hanging from the bow, is the gentle sponsor, proud and yet fearful of her responsibility. By ship-yard tradition she should never before have christened a ship; and her failure to break the bottle of champagne over the bow as the ship moves off would be an infallible sign of bad luck.

On roofs and other ships are grouped the workmen whose handicraft has created the powerful ironclad; all—even the laborers who have only pulled and hauled—are happy and proud of their share in the work. On the river are many crowded tugs and boats, whose erratic movements endanger one another and exasperate those trying to clear a path for the ship. Apparently cool-headed, and confident of the accu-

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racy of his plans and the workmanship of his men, the Constructor is really intensely anxious, for his reputation is at stake. He is at the mercy of events —congratulations or denunciations are awaiting him.

All is now ready. At the signal the men begin ramming in the wedges, and a resonant clanging is heard from stem to stern. When it ceases, the shipwrights begin cutting out the keel-blocks, and others remove the shores, working from aft forward. The men are safely out from beneath the ship, and all the original supports have been removed; though the timbers creak and groan the ship cannot start. At the sole-pieces the apprentices are ready with their saws, envied by every man there. At the word they begin. As they cut deeper and deeper the fibres crack, and finally tear off, and then the ship starts; at this moment the sponsor dashes the bottle against the ram. Moving cautiously at first, as if distrusting her new-born strength, she quickly gains confidence and moves steadily onward with increasing speed, till she enters the water, as if no power on earth could stop her. The end of the ways is passed, the anchor falls, and the chain rattles after it, cable and hawser tauten, and she is brought to rest so gently that not even a tremor is felt; while cheering men, shrieking whistles, and booming cannon greet her:

> "Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
> That shall laugh at all disaster."

WOOD SONGS.

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

I.

Stoop with me, Dearest, to the grass
One little moment ere we pass
From out these parched and thirsty lands.
See, all these tiny blades are hands
Stretched supplicating to the sky;
And listen, Dearest, patiently—
Dost thou not hear them move?
The myriad roots that search, and cry
As hearts do, Love,
"Feed us, or let us die."

II.

As once through forest shade I went
I heard a flower call, and bent—
Then strove to go. Should love not spare?
"Nay, Dearest, this is love's sweet share
Of selfishness. For which is best,
To die alone or on thy breast?
If thou hast heard my call,
Take fearlessly, thou art my guest;
To give is all—"
Hush, O Love, thou casuist!

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HOMER.

By Andrew Lang.

"THE Homeric Question," says a French author, "we shall have with us always, while letters endure." Seneca, in his time, declared that life was not long enough for the Homeric Question as the ancients knew it, and an eminent English scholar (in the freedom of private conversation) has wished that we could let it drop. But we cannot let it drop.

Every year, in the soil of Greece, Asia Minor, and Egypt, the spade makes new discoveries of the old world, and each discovery has its bearing on Homer, on his date, on his method of composition, on the life he knew.

The object of this paper is to set forth, as clearly as possible, the development of the Homeric Question, to show where Homer stands, now that critics and commentators have done their best and worst for him. By the nature of our emotions we approach the question with a prejudice. Here are the two most beautiful poems, and the two oldest poems, the Iliad and the Odyssey. Our very gratitude for these makes us desire to give the author a personality: we want to think of Homer as we do of Shakespeare, to regard him as a man, the poems as his own, not as the work of time, chance, many minstrels, many interpolators, many editors. So we must be on our guard against the "personal bias," and state the theories of opponents as fairly as we may.

Ancient Greece, in the great age of Athens (say 420 B.C.), had no doubt that one man, Homer, was the author of the Iliad and the Odyssey. These poems were at once the Bible and the Doomsday Book of Greece. In the sixth century B.C., Xenophanes said that "everybody learned them." In the seventh century B.C., Archilochus parodied a passage in the Iliad, and Callinus is known to have thought Homer the author of other poems as well as of the two famous ones. Indeed this was a general opinion in early historical Greece, though Greek criticism gradually denied to Homer the authorship of several epics which are lost. All this merely proves that the poems were known, and were ascribed to Homer as early as history tells us anything of Greece. Probably people in those days never asked themselves whether Homer *wrote* his poems or not. They appealed to them as evidence for religion, morality, history, and in cases of disputes about lands and frontiers. Thus the poems, as early as Solon's day (560 B.C.), formed a kind of sacred canon, and any alterations made in them (Solon was accused of making one) would be rigidly watched. So much for the history of the poems when first we get any light on them. They were clearly not matters to be tampered with; all Greece was interested in preserving every jot and tittle.

Nevertheless there floats, in out-of-the-way corners of Greek literature, a tradition that the poems had, in some way, been "scattered," either in fragments of written texts, or in memory, and that by someone they were gathered up and put together. Who this "someone" was, and when all this happened, was a question very obscure. About 400–300 B.C., certain writers find the someone who collected the poems in Lycurgus of Sparta, himself almost a myth. About 65 B.C., Cicero assigns the honors to Pisistratus (550 B.C.), but other traditions give it to his sons. Now Cicero, the first extant writer who mentions the matter, lived five centuries after the supposed event. Still later authors tell a similar tale, and all seem to base their statements on a few verses of an epigram, itself late and anonymous. Clearly, all this testimony amounts to no more than evidence of a certain uneasiness about Homer in the Greek mind. Then, about 90 A.D., Josephus, that learned Jew, mentions, as a common belief, the idea that Homer *could not write*, and that his poems were long

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handed down by memory, "hence the discrepancies in them."

After the revival of learning in Europe these vague legends were noticed, at different dates, by several scholars. In 1769, Robert Wood wrote his "Essay" on Homer, deciding that the poet could not write. If this be once admitted, several questions arise; for example, could such long poems, one of 16,000, one of 13,000 lines, be *composed* without writing? That they could be remembered when once composed is perfectly certain, the feat has been actually performed. But to compose two long, closely connected narratives, one of them with perhaps the best constructed plot in the whole range of fiction, is a different thing. Again, if these could not be created without writing, how did they come into existence, for verily here they are?

These are the problems which the famous Wolf set himself to solve, in his "Prolegomena" to the Iliad (1795). This celebrated work has been more talked of than read, even now it is only in its second edition. Wolf had enormous learning, great conscientiousness and fairness; moreover, unlike most Homeric critics, he had literary taste. But he was dealing with a new and complex theme; he had worked long and laboriously; but he wrote in a hurry, and, between his taste as a man of letters and his microscopic studies as a critic, he failed quite to make up his mind. Compared with many living critics of the cocksure school, Wolf may almost be said to have no constructive theory at all. He admitted that when he read Homer for pleasure, he was angry with his own doubts. Now Homer made his poems merely to be heard, or read, for pleasure, and to peer into his work as if we were examining a clause in a new bill, or a new treaty, or cross-examining a witness before a jury, is to prove our own incompetence. We must keep his object in view, he sang for human enjoyment; and we must keep his audience in view, he sang to warriors and to ladies. Many things would pass with them, nay, would delight them, which a practised barrister could cause to appear very dubious in the eyes of a jury. Wolf knew and felt all this when he studied Homer for enjoyment, as Homer expected to be studied; he forgot it when he came to apply his critical microscope. Moreover, since the death of Wolf many discoveries have been made, a chapter of lost history has been discovered, and were he living now his acute and candid mind would reverse many of his old conclusions. Perhaps we might say that Wolf never was a Wolfian: it is certain that he would be a Wolfian no longer.

Wolf approached his task as an editor of Homer. His business was to produce a text as pure and perfect as possible. But, as he worked on—comparing every quotation from Homer that survives in Greek literature, "grinding at grammar," hewing his way thrice through the mediæval commentary of Bishop Eustathius "the wordiest of men," examining the old notes or scholia on the MS. found by Villoison at Venice (1788)—Wolf recognized that *no* text can be perfect and pure, that none can give us the very words of Homer "as they flowed from his divine lips."

At most we might hope to recover the text as it was read by Cicero and Cæsar.

Now all this does not very much interest ordinary modern readers of Homer. We are quite prepared to admit that barbarisms have crept into ordinary texts, even since the invention of printing. In ancient times a copyist might blunder in ignorance or carelessness; a critic might insert a conjectural alteration of a line in his own copy, and that might be recopied and handed down; nay, Aristarchus, or some other Alexandrian student of the second century before Christ, actually cut out five or six lines which he thought immoral. Wolf restored them as they are quoted by Athenæus. Similar changes have befallen the text not only of Shakespeare but of Scott and Thackeray. Such matters are important to minute scholars, but we mere readers for pleasure look on them as things of mint, anise, and cumin. But Wolf comes to weightier considerations. Suppose that Homeric Greece, and Greece for centuries after Homer, had no written text of the poems at all! Suppose they were first composed

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in memory only, and so recited by the poet; then handed down in memory, and declaimed by wandering "rhapsodists." Suppose that the unity, the consistency, the polish which we admire, were given, not by the original *naïf* popular minstrel, but by the critics and editors of a far later and more civilized age. Suppose that the very lays, or ballads, which these later editors worked into a whole, were by different hands, at different dates.

Well, if you suppose all that, you certainly deprive us at once of Homer as a person, and of his poems as two consistent masterpieces of a single heroic age. Instead of these you tell us that Greece once possessed a set of popular lays, almost ballads, which are now dovetailed by men of a later period, into epics, and are lost in a mass of additions, mutilated by omissions, and generally sophisticated and bedevilled.

These would be gloomy conclusions, but Wolf is not consistent in holding them. He objects that Homer knew not writing, or, if he knew it by reputation, could not use it, and consequently could not have composed such long poems as the Iliad and the Odyssey. But he admits, not in his "Prolegomena" so clearly as in a later essay, that a single bard composed "*the greater part* of the lays." Say there are sixteen thousand lines in the Iliad. "The greater part" would be some ten thousand lines. If so many could be composed without writing, why not six thousand more? Where are we to draw the line? Wolf's purely literary sense insisted on revealing to him a great poet at work. He felt the unity and the grandeur of "the grand style," that most convincing argument for one personal Homer. But the external evidence, as he knew it, for the absence of writing, kept contending with his literary sense, and the conflict ended in the inconsistency we have noted. What, then, was the external evidence for the lack of early writing in Greece, and how does it look in the light of discoveries later than the days of Wolf?

Wolf admits that, as the story of Cadmus tells us, and as the form of the Greek letters demonstrates, the Greek was borrowed from the Phœnician alphabet. But what was the date of its introduction? "We do not know when the Phœnicians began to use writing, nor to what uses they applied it." Well, Josephus says, in the very passage where he denies writing to Homer, that the Phœnicians used it "in the business of daily life, and for the recording of public acts." Again, we have a Semitic, though not a Phœnician, "record of public acts" in the famous Moabite Stone, now in the Louvre. The Moabites were a remote and pastoral people, far from commerce and the sea. "Mesha, King of Moab, was a sheep-master" (2 Kings ii. 3). The stone on which Mesha praised his god, Chemosh, and boasted of his triumphs, belongs to the ninth century B.C. Now the Moabite Stone shows certain characters later than those of the earliest Greek inscriptions. "If the outlying and uncultivated race of Moab used, in the ninth century, a form of writing which was, in some respects, more modern than the typical alphabet of the Greeks, that fact alone pushes the introduction of letters into Greece back to the tenth century at the earliest." *

Here, then, we have evidence that the Greeks borrowed a Semitic alphabet older than that which a very unliterary race of sheep-masters were using about 850 B.C.

Wolf next argues that, even when writing reached Greece from the Phœnicians, with whom they were undeniably in constant contact, centuries would pass before the Greeks would learn the art and apply it to literary purposes. They would incise inscriptions on stones and hard materials before they would write on soft materials. Now the Greeks were uncommonly acute. Why should they be more dilatory in learning writing than the Red Men, who, about 1750, wrote out, on a buffalo-skin, a legend of their migrations for the English, a document of some 1,500 words? The skin was deposited in the Georgia Office, in Westminster; it has been lost, and we know not what kind of characters were used.† A negro race in Africa improvised, af-

* Willamowitz, Mollendorff: Philol. Untersuchungen, vii., p. 287.

† Gatschet's Migration Legend. Brinton, Philadelphia, 1884.

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ter meeting Europeans, a new alphabet suited to its language. Would Greeks be more backward than negroes and Creek Indians? Again, as to writing materials, the Greeks would first meet Phœnician traders on their own coasts. They would not find them "making records of public acts" on stone, but "writing down the business of daily life" on portable materials, perhaps on papyrus. Not only the Phœnicians, but the Greeks themselves, had been in communication with Egypt for uncounted centuries, as Mr. Flinders Petrie has lately proved by his excavations. In Egypt papyrus had long been used. But even if the Greeks had not papyrus, they used skins (as Herodotus tells us), like the Creek Indians and the Aztecs. They also used thin sheets of lead, such as those on which Pausanias saw, at Ascra, a very ancient Hesiod, said to be the original copy. Want of materials never yet made writing impossible. Potsherds, leaves, birch-bark, clay, bone, have all been employed by various peoples. Once more, even very rude races use some forms of writing *for literary purposes*. The Aztecs, who employed a kind of picture-writing, had many volumes, most of which were burned by the Spaniards. The Ojibbeways noted down their short songs and incantations on birch-bark, as Kohl informs us. Grettir in the Saga cut his songs on staves, in Runic characters.

Thus we see that if the Greeks occupied six centuries in learning to write their poems, as Wolf thinks probable, they were more dull and slow than all other races, whereas they were notoriously more keen and "gleg at the uptak'." Again, all their traditions take writing for granted as immemorially old. Homer himself, in the story of Bellerophon, says that the hero carried credentials, that these were asked for by his host, that they contained "sad tokens, *many* baneful matters, inscribed in a *folded* tablet." The probabilities are, says Mr. Jebb, that "the baneful tokens denote some kind of alphabetical or syllabic writing" (Iliad, vi., 168). Clearly, if the tablet had not been folded, Bellerophon could have read the message, and learned that he carried with him his own destruction. Wolf has another argument. Nobody says that there was a large reading public in Homer's day. Poems were published by recitations. Why, then, should a poet write out a long poem, if few, or none, were likely to read it? The poems, he says, would be like a huge ship, built by a man who had no engines for launching it, "nor even a sea on which to try his craft."

Happily we can illustrate the poet's case by analogy. There exists the last will and testament of a French epic poet of the twelfth or thirteenth century. He bequeaths his MS. poem to his son. He tells him that *he* has lived well by reciting the poem, and has allowed nobody to get a copy of it. He hopes his son will find the poem as profitable as he has done. Now an old Greek tradition says that Homer gave an epic to his daughter, as a dowry on her marriage. This tradition could only have arisen in days when a poet could write, but had no profitable reading public. The manuscript could only be valuable in these circumstances. The poet was paid for reciting what he had composed, and as long as nobody was allowed to take a copy, his copyright was complete.

If we want other evidence of early Greek writing, we have the inscriptions which Greek mercenaries cut on the leg of the colossal statue of Rameses II., at Abu Simbel, on the frontier of Nubia. These show that, about 600 B.C., Greek *condottieri*, not the most educated of men, could and did write very well, in an alphabet much later than many which are found on earlier Greek inscriptions. The earliest of all are written, like Hebrew, from right to left; the next, alternately from right to left and left to right. The Greek soldiers of 600 B.C. write from left to right in an alphabet which shows a great advance on earlier examples. To make these advances much time for evolution is required. All this was unknown to Wolf, like the Moabite Stone and other inscriptions: like the very ancient connection of Greece with a writing people in Egypt. Modern discoveries, then, tend to show that "it cannot be proved that the Homeric poems were not committed to writing, either when origin-

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ally composed or soon after" (Jebb, "Introduction to Homer," p. 114). This is also the opinion of Bergk and many others, though by no means of all scholars.

If, then, Homer could and did write, we can understand both how his poems were composed and how they might be preserved, though subject to minor accidents. Now, to account for their preservation, Wolf has to imagine the energies of reciters, of "Homeridæ" and rhapsodists. It is well known that the ancient hymns of the Maoris in New Zealand and the Vedas of India were preserved and transmitted by organized guilds and colleges, with teachers and pupils. If any colleges like these existed in Greece, then the Homeric poems, once composed, might have been handed down by the organized system of teacher and pupil. But there is really "no trace of such organizations" (Jebb). The Homeridæ are a mere name: scholars discuss, at enormous length, the few and mutilated texts which mention them. Moreover, the Homeridæ are assumed to have freely added to, interpolated, and altered the poems which they received from tradition. If they did, their conduct was the reverse of that which characterizes the Vedic and Maori reciters. *Their* business was to maintain the traditional versions of the sacred hymns, not to improve them at pleasure. The Homerids are supposed to have been, in many cases, poets on a level in style and genius and "the grand manner," with their great ancestor Homer. This is the point which was incredible to Mr. Matthew Arnold and to us. Moreover, it is plain that as soon as Homer became the sacred and recognized source of religion and early history, tampering with and adding to his work would be made very difficult. There existed a recognized Homer, to whom statesmen appealed as early as the sixth century B.C. How did the scattered lays of the Homeridæ, which might vary in every quarter of Greece, attain this recognized position? Here Wolf explains matters by alleging that the Athenian tyrant, Pisistratus, collected the fragments scattered in memory, had them written out for the first time, imposed on them their unity, and "imparted artistic merit" in the way of polish. This is the cardinal point in Wolf's theory: Early minstrels provided the materials, Pisistratus, or his friends, were the architects who constructed out of those materials the Iliad and Odyssey. Even later, much was interpolated into those poems.

We have examined the evidence for this legend about Pisistratus, and shown that there is, practically, none at all. "The story is both doubtful and vague" (Jebb). Nothing proves that Pisistratus and his friends were "architectonic" epic poets, and that in an age when epic poetry was dead. Nothing explains why the rhapsodists should yield their "art and mystery" to Pisistratus. Nothing explains how a state then so distrusted and comparatively unimportant as Athens was, could impose her private version of the Greek Doomsday Book and Bible on all Hellas. Wolf argued under a prepossession. He thought that an early age must be incapable, and that the Pisistratean age must be capable, of constructing large and harmonious works in poetry. His Pisistratean hypothesis is very generally abandoned. Even Ritschl, who believes in it, supposes that Pisistratus "did not create a new unity," as Wolf held, "but sought to preserve an old unity, which had disappeared."

If the Pisistratean legend be abandoned, as it is abandoned by many modern impugners of Homeric unity, a new difficulty arises. Here are the poems, recognized as a whole and accepted by Greece. How did they come here, how did they win their position? The vast army of German commentators, with Mr. Leaf and others in England, dissect every book, exhibiting here a fragment of an older lay, there the work of a rhapsode; here the additions of a later poet, there the intrusions of a diaskeuast, or interpolator. They fight like fiends among themselves as to what portion is old, what new, what genuine, what false. There is little consistency, there are hundreds of flat contradictions among the exponents of the Higher Criticism. Their ideas are sometimes even ludicrous. Thus, because the opening of the Iliad says that many bodies of

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heroes were eaten by dogs and birds, Fick announces that the passage in which the slain were burned and buried cannot be authentic. Thus Christ is sure that the poet who makes Aias challenge Hector, in Book xiii., cannot have known the passage in which those heroes fought a kind of courteous duel, in Book vii. The commentators are full of wisdom like this. But one thing the commentators rarely do, they seldom tell us where, when, and how the "interpolations" were made, they seldom tell us from what motive they were made. For example, the gods fight and interfere a great deal in Book vi. These doings of theirs must have been interpolated by a later poet. But why on earth did he interpolate them? Why did he not make a poem of his own, and get the glory and rewards? "Potter hates potter, and poet hates poet," says Hesiod. Is it likely that members of the *genus irritabile* would sink their own reputation in that of a rival or a predecessor? It is insisted that one poet wrote "the fightingest parts" and that another introduced Helen the fairest, and Andromache the most faithful of women. Is it probable that one great poet was incapable of, or neglected "the female interest," that another poet, equally great, excelled in it, and that the latter, instead of making a poem of his own, generously collaborated with his posthumous rival? These ideas are contradicted by the doctrine of chances and the nature of things and of men. But suppose this generosity and self-forgetfulness, and this equality of greatness to be possible, how was the thing managed? How did one poet take an earlier epic and introduce the women? how did another work in the machinery, the intrigues of the gods? how did a third, for mysterious reasons of his own, keep foisting in speeches by Nestor? and a fourth, fifth, and sixth add passages of transition from one scene to another? These things, if done at all, must have been done in different corners of the Greek-speaking world. If we abandon the doctrine of an Homeric guild, or college, as destitute of evidence, how, and where, and when were the fragments combined? How were they offered, with perfect acceptance, to the credulity of Greece, as one whole poem by one author? Why did Megarians, Athenians, Chians, Thebans, Syracusans, Milesians admit and receive the mass *en bloc?* How did it all manage to get *en bloc* at all?

The commentators supply no answer to these inevitable questions. They go on talking of "ancient lays" concerning which we know nothing whatever. They are learned about diaskeuasts and rhapsodists, of whose labors (except that they are appealed to in minutiæ by the critics of Alexandria, say 200 B.C.) we have no knowledge at all. Like the Rabelaisian chimæra, the Higher Criticism is *bombinans in vacuo*, "buzzing in the void."

Now Wolf, at least, answered the question, how did the innumerable poetic passages of many dates coalesce into orderly wholes, how did they win acceptance, as orderly wholes, from Greece? He said that Pisistratus and his friends made the order and unity, and that Greece accepted from their hands the earliest written text. But the moderns, who abandon the Pisistratean hypothesis as a legend or fable, have no answer to give. They cannot and do not tell us how interpolations and additions, made here and made there, by divers hands and in places divers, were collected, were moulded into unity, such as it is nor, above all, do they tell us how the poems, so fashioned, came to be universally accepted and recognized.

If we admit an original written text, those unsolved problems vanish. The poems exist as wholes because they were composed as wholes. Since the time of Grote the critics, on the whole, and with many exceptions, have believed in an original epic poem, composed by one poet, with or without the aid of writing. But they have held that the poem was comparatively short, and dealt strictly with the wrath of Achilles and the fulfilment of the promise made by Zeus to Thetis, the promise to honor Achilles by aiding the Trojans. As to the extent of this original poem (to which all the rest of the Iliad is a later addition by various hands), they differ among themselves. Wolf thought it

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impossible to discover where, and at what points, the new materials come in and are attached to the original work. The new critics are more confident. Fick has printed the Iliad "as she was wrote." Among other pleasing circumstances Fick's Iliad makes Agamemnon, unarmed, in cloak and slippers, rush into the fray, where we presently find him fighting with a spear and protected by complete armor. This is by way of restoring the original consistency. As Mr. Leaf says, Fick's method "begins to bear an unfortunate family resemblance to that of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly." It is needless to discuss here the many varying theories as to what part of the Iliad is original, what was added later. The hypotheses mainly rest on inconsistencies in the narrative. Where the poet makes a slip, visible to the microscopic eyes of a poring commentator, it is assumed that his work must here have been modified. Now, first, the inconsistencies, with rare exceptions, could never be visible to Homer's original audience, nor to anyone who now reads for pleasure. Next, all writers fall into such errors. Thackeray makes Master Francis Clavering grow, in six years, from the age of five to that of thirteen. He says, in the first number of "Pendennis," that Arthur's mother is still alive; he kills her in his seventeenth number. He gives Mrs. Bungay two different Christian names in two consecutive pages. In the "Antiquary" Scott makes the sun set in the east. All these, and a thousand similar slips, the Germans, if they found them in Homer, would account for as "interpolations." Now, Homer, whether he could or could not write, had no proof-sheets, no revises, and no James Ballantyne to mark his proofs with minute comments and inquiries. He was but human; *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*. More frequently, as Pope says,

"It is not Homer nods, but we who dream."

The critics, in fact, are on the wrong road. They do not read Homer as a poet addressing his audience of warriors; they cross-examine him as if he were a prevaricating witness.

Turning to a much more sympathetic subject, we may ask, When and where did Homer sing? what was the life that was lived in his day? with what art and institutions was he familiar? On all these topics recent discoveries have thrown a light for which we would never have hoped. The grave has given up her dead and their awful treasures. A chapter of lost history is restored.

In the dim traditions of Greece one fact is luminous. A whole civilization, once firm in the Achæan lands, and especially in the Peloponnesus, was swept away by a wave of invaders from the north, the Dorians, or children of Heracles. Of their invasion, with its destruction of an orderly society, Homer says nothing. It was believed till recently that he was a poet of the expelled Achæans, descendants of the heroes who colonized the coasts of Asia Minor after the Dorian invasion, roughly dated about 1000 B.C. On this theory he dealt with old traditions, he purposely ignored the Dorian conquest, and he described a society and arts which were ideal, or survived only in tradition. A different complexion is given to these beliefs by Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Orchomenos and Mycenæ, and by the contents of the more recently discovered "Vaphæo tomb," near Amyclæ, in Sparta. It has become clear that Homer described a real but hitherto unknown civilization, of which true relics were found at Mycenæ, Tiryns, Orchomenos, and Amyclæ. The objects unearthed correspond to and verify the pictures of life and art in the Homeric poems.

We all remember what a confusion of tongues arose when Dr. Schliemann announced his discoveries. The doctor had "salted" the graves; the treasures had been buried by Celts, or by Attila, or Alaric, or anyone but Clytæmnestra. They were the Mycenæans's share of the Persian loot, after Platææ, and so on. Now the treasures are acknowledged to be Homeric or pre-Homeric, Achæan or purchased by Achæans, and of a date between 1500–1200 B.C. They illustrate Homer most and best in his descriptions of art. These had been thought fanciful or ideal. The art of Greece, about 850 B.C., his presumed date, was

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very stiff and barbaric, either a following of Phœnician works, while the Phœnicians imitated Egyptian and Assyrian designs, or frankly crude and childish. Homer, then, must have invented the art which he described. The treasures prove, on the other hand, that there had existed, before the barbarous eruption of Dorians, an art very free, vivid, and picturesque. The gold-work is of especial excellence. Homer more than once speaks of designs inlaid on metal in gold of various colors. Here we find such designs, in the graves of Mycenæ. There are several daggers, whose blades, when first unearthed, were of dull, dim bronze. On being carefully cleaned the daggers were found to be inlaid with designs in gold of various hues. The scenes represented are groups of men and animals. We see armed men, in the huge shields which Homer's heroes wear, reaching from neck to heels, attacking lions. One man has fallen, a lion stands at bay over him, his friends press on, a lion flees, another has just started in flight. It is like an illustration of an Homeric simile. The art is far more free, far less conventional than it is on the vases and gems made when Greece was reviving after the Dorian conquest. On another dagger large, cat-like animals, bounding through a marsh of papyrus reeds, chase wild ducks which are worthy of Landseer. The date of this kind of work is not later than the sixteenth century B.C.; a dirk like those of Mycenæ was found in the grave of an Egyptian prince of that period. More wonderful still is the gold cup found in a grave near Amyclæ. The artist has represented, in *repoussé* work, wild cattle in one compartment, in the other tame kine. The almost over-energetic action of the wild bull is in Homeric contrast with the idyllic and rural quiet of the other piece. Better art in its kind has not come to us from the Italian Renaissance. The fine head of an elk, in silver, and the great bull's head are equally notable. The gold cup, like the cup of Nestor, with doves perched on the handles, is of coarser modelling.

The engraved rings are very curious. Pliny noted that Homer never mentions ring-seals, any more than he speaks distinctly of writing. But here are signets, some of them obviously of Eastern origin, others displaying, with much freedom, warriors engaged in combat. Seal rings and cylinders, in Egypt and the East, were used in affixing signatures to documents. Of what use could they be to men who, not knowing how to write, had no documents to sign? They might, indeed, be employed to seal up boxes and drawers, but their original Eastern use was for signatures. One of the most marked characteristics of Mycenæan art is its freedom from exotic influence. The reeds of the Nile are shown on one of the daggers, but there is nothing Egyptian in the drawing of the figures. Some of the rings may have come, in course of commerce, from Babylon, but none of the native designs show the stiff hieratic Babylonian manner. The figures of men, chariots, and horses on the *stelæ*, or gravestones, are extremely rude. Either the art of sculpturing on stone had not been mastered, or the stones were entrusted to very inferior craftsmen.

The *stelæ* bear no inscriptions, but it does not follow that writing was unknown. On Innishail, the green isle of Loch Awe, are many Celtic tombstones of the fifteenth or sixteenth century, marking sepulchres of Campbells or Camerons. They are decorated with rude figures of warriors and of combats, but are uninscribed, though writing, of course, was perfectly familiar to the chiefs and clergy. The most common ornamental designs of Mycenæ are arrangements of spirals, something like what is usually called Celtic work, though it probably came from Byzantium, through the Norsemen, to Scotland and Ireland. There are especially charming patterns on the blade of one of the Mycenæan dirks, and on a ceiling at Orchomenos. Of wall-paintings, or frescos, there is one example at Tiryns: a man is vaulting onto a bull's back, somewhat in the style of the Vaphæo cups.

It is natural to wish to think that these Mycenæan treasures were buried in the deep-shaft graves, with the mur-

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dered Agamemnon and his company. Dr. Schuchardt, however, argues, from an analysis of the contents of the graves, that all the dead there were not buried simultaneously and hurriedly. The appearance of hurry and confusion was given by the heavy beams, which rotted and fell in upon the corpses. The mode of burial was not precisely Homeric. The bodies had been mummified, to some extent, not burned to ashes. Manners may have changed between the date of the poet and that of his heroes; but even in Homer there are traces of burial without burning, in the case, as Mr. Leaf remarks, of Sarpedon (Iliad, xvi., 674). Death and Sleep bear the dead man out of the war, home to peaceful Lycia, where the body, it seems, is to be embalmed before burial. (See, also, Iliad, vii., 85. It is thought that honey was used as a preservative.) In other respects, except in certain details of dress, Homeric life and art closely conform to what is revealed in the tombs of Mycenæ. But it is not supposed that the poet was contemporary with the dead of the tombs. He always speaks as if he were looking back to a distant past. Many remains, especially those of the great bee-hive-like later tombs, prove that centuries of civilization intervened between the age of the treasure-graves and the fall of Mycenæ, and of all the old Achæan civilization, beneath the Dorian invaders. In these centuries, and late in them, just before 1000 B.C., our poet may have lived. His verses would be carried by the exiled Achæans to their new homes on the other side of the Ægean. Thence they would be borne back to Greece, as Greece awoke again to a new and more glorious civilization.

Thus we may reconstruct the story of the most precious possession which Greece has left to us. The poems are voices out of a world so old that Greece knew nothing of it, except through the poems themselves. Now the spade has revealed what Mother Earth kept secret in her bosom. We once again admire to see how "all ends in song." The heroes perished, the sons and daughters of the gods; the gods, too, have gone, the song alone remains.

Thus we have reason to believe in a Poet, not in a Society of Men of Letters; in a real and beautiful age of human life, not in a set of fanciful pictures. True, the former part of our creed is still rejected by most scholars. They leave it to the poets—to Shelley, to Schiller, to Goethe, to Matthew Arnold. I confess that I think poets better judges than professors, of poetical matters. But we probably have the people (so far as it reads Homer) as well as the poets, except Coleridge, on our side. We see the forest; the critics cannot see the forest for the trees. However, even the critics are becoming more conservative. Some of them admit, with Mr. Jebb, that there really was a great original poet, "who executed the most essential parts" of the Iliad; which was enlarged and generally "doctored" later by various people at various dates. How they kept up the unity of the characters, the consistency of the manners, the grandeur of the style, we do not learn. Mr. Jebb seems to think that by "grandeur of style" Mr. Matthew Arnold meant epic formulæ and commonplaces. It is needless to combat so strange an opinion.

Among English critics the most sympathetic to the true believers is Mr. Monro, the Provost of Oriel College. Like Colonel More, whose gallant defence of Homeric unity is systematically ignored by German and modern Egnlish critics, Mr. Monro is a Scot, and loyal to a cause by no means lost, by no means forlorn. For one, as a reader of poetry, I can believe in almost anything more readily than in the contradictory, the inappropriate, the fantastic, and pedantic set of notions which make up much of the Higher Criticism. Where Shelley said that Homer truly began to be himself, in the glorious final book of the Iliad, notably in the last, Peppmüller discovers "the work of a mere imitator, who could hardly write a single line, unless he had a passage of the Iliad or Odyssey from which to copy it."

Are we to hesitate between Shelley and Peppmüller? On the Homeric Question, as far as the Odyssey is concerned, I have said nothing. Even the Germans seldom break their teeth on the Odyssey. Kirchoff, however, tries

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to show that one poet composed the adventures of the hero before he got to Ithaca, while another narrated what befell after he landed. A third poet, about 660 B.C., foisted in Telemachus, and anything else which struck him as suitable, and worked the whole mass up together. As is notorious, this is the way in which masterpieces of constructive art are usually achieved.

To a mere "belletristic trifler" the chief of the modern Homeric controversy seems at once sad and ludicrous. The owl-like gravity of men who pick to pieces the great webs of Homer's weaving; their honest but misapplied industry; their total misconception of what poetry is, of what art is, of what heroic human nature is; their innocent conceit in deciding, all differently, on questions which Wolf knew were incapable of solution — these things are enough to make one despair of the Higher Criticism. But Homer, could he hear them, would only smile, as of old with Lucian he smiled at his ancient critics in the Islands of the Blessed.

"Which of the pieces considered unauthentic did you write?" asked Lucian in this interview.

"*All of them!*" answered the happy spirit of Homer.*

*To an English reader, acquainted with Greek, the most useful modern books are Mr. Leaf's excellent edition of the Iliad, and Mr. Jebb's Introduction to Homer (Macmillans), with Mr. Monro's Iliad (The Clarendon Press). Readers of German will find all the throng of competing Teutonic theories in Dr. Hentze's Anhang to Ameis's Iliad (Trübner, Leipzig). A conservative French study of the Iliad, mainly literary, is M. Bougot's Étude sur l'Iliade d'Homère (Hachette, Paris, 1888). On the other side, mainly following Christ, is, in French, M. Croiset's Histoire de la Littérature Grecque, vol. i. Dr. Schliemann's discoveries are discoursed on in Dr. Schuchardt's work, translated by Miss Sellers (Macmillans), with an interesting introduction by Mr. Leaf. The best remaining authorities are the Iliad and Odyssey.

Since this article was in print the writer has read in Jevons's History of Greek Literature (Griffin, London), where the chapters on Homer are consecutive. The Appendix to the Second Edition contains an ingenious theory of the "Rhapsodizing" of the Iliad.

THOMAS JEFFERSON IN UNDRESS.

By Paul Leicester Ford.

IN every country boasting a history there may be observed a tendency to make its early leaders or great men superhuman. Whether we turn to the legends of the East, the folk-lore of Europe, or the traditions of the native races of America, we find a mythology based upon the acts of human man, gifted with supernatural powers. In the unscientific, primeval periods in which these beliefs were born and elaborated into oral and written form, their origin is not surprising. But to all who have studied the creation of a mythology no phase is a more curious one than to see the keen, practical American of to-day engaged in the same process of hero-building which has given us Jupiter, Wotan, King Arthur, and others of the same ilk. By a slow evolution we have well-nigh discarded from the lives of our greatest men of the past all human faults and feelings, and have enclosed their greatness in glass of the clearest crystal, and hung up a sign, "Do not touch." Indeed, with such characters as Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln we have practically adopted the English maxim that the king "can do no wrong." In place of human man, limited by human limits, and influenced by human passions, we have demi-gods, so stripped of human characteristics as to make us question even whether they deserve much credit for their sacrifices and deeds.

But with this process of canonization have we not lost more than we have gained, both in example and in interest? Many, no doubt, with the greatest veneration for our first citizen, have sympathized with the view expressed by Mark Twain, when he said that he was a greater man than Washington, for the latter "couldn't tell a lie, while he could, but wouldn't." We have endless biographies of Franklin, picturing him in all the public stations of

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life, but altogether they do not equal in popularity his own human autobiography, in which we see him walking down Market Street with a roll under each arm, and devouring a third. And so it seems as if the time had come to put the shadow-boxes of humanity round our historic portraits. Not because they are ornamental in themselves, but because they will make them examples, not mere idols.

"No man is a hero to his valet," is so trite that it needs no emphasis here; but, unfortunately, valets do not write biographies. In place of them we have lives which treat solely of the great moments and actions of each hero, written as a rule by a fervent admirer, who suppresses, glosses over, or apologizes for all else. Even in the letters and public utterances of the man himself it seems impossible for him not to pose more or less. And so the materials for a real knowledge of the traits and tendencies of each are well-nigh impossible to obtain.

Of one of these historic figures there exists a mass of memoranda, which, when properly winnowed, goes far to show us the actual man — in the current note and expense books of Thomas Jefferson, kept from 1771 to 1790, we do not find a record of great deeds, but one of small expenses—not a record of thoughts or principles, but of facts and results. But after a careful study of these little books one feels more familiar with the great exponent of democracy than after the most laborious analysis of his political acts and theories. These brief and hurried notes have been most generously loaned me by his great granddaughter, Miss Sarah N. Randolph, and from them I have selected enough to give us a glimpse of Thomas Jefferson in undress.

The first extracts we shall make here are the pages covering the period of his honeymoon with the charming widow who gave happiness to ten years of his life. We begin with the day he left the new nest he had just been building for her—since known in history as Monticello—and follow him till his return. He was married to Mrs. Skelton, January 1, 1772.

"1771, Dec. 24. Paid entertainment at the Fork church ordinary 2/.

Dec. 25. Gave servant at Martin Key's, 7$d\frac{1}{2}$. Gave Jupiter [his body slave] for ferriage at Goochland court house 2/.

Dec. 28. Paid ferriage and gave ferryman at the Hundred 4/.

Dec. 29. Gave mrs. Sk—— [soon to be Mrs. Jefferson] 10/. Gave Jupiter to pay ferriage at Westover 1/4$\frac{1}{2}$.

Dec. 30. Inclosed to M. Debnam for marriage license 40/.

1772, Jan. 1. Gave rev^{d} W. Coutts £5. borrowed of mr Coutts 20/.

Jan. 2. Gave rev^{d} mr. Davies marriage fee £5. Gave mrs Eppes [his sister-in-law] 1/3.

Jan. 3. Gave a fidler 10/.

Jan. 11. Paid carriage at Shirley 2/6.

Jan. 12. Paid John at Shirly for mending Phaeton 50/.

Jan. 13. Paid at Dr. Brown's for wax 1/. Paid at Galt's for watch-chrystal 2/6.

Jan. 18. Gave Ben at Forest [the home of Mr. Jefferson's father] 5/. Gave Jamey 10/. Gave Martin 2/3. Gave Betty Hemmins 5/. Gave Tom 5/. Gave Kikey 5/. Gave other servants 15/. Inclosed to James New for marriage lisence 40/.

Jan. 22. Gave mrs. J. 7/6. Paid smith at Tuckahoe 2/6."

"He who takes a wife, takes care," and this act therefore suggests his means of caring for her; so we turn to Jefferson's legal notes to find what there was, besides the "little god of Love" to boil the pot. And at first sight his profession seemed ample to supply all things needed. In the period he still practised, covered by these notes, are recorded several hundred cases in which Jefferson was retained. Indeed, if his practice was a sample of those of the dozen brilliant lawyers, soon to make the Old Dominion famous throughout the continent, the whole population was in litigation. Most of the cases were conflicting land grants, which the curious colonial laws had so perplexed, but we find cases involving slaves, libel, malversation in office, trespass, assault and battery, and contested elections, including among them many

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of the names of the F. F. V.—such as the Fontaines, Blairs, Ballards, Carters, Harrisons, Gordons, Wallers, Sharpes, Lewises, Cabells, Blands, Stuarts, Balls, Slaughters, Carringtons, Roanes, Byrds, Burwells, Nicholases, Madisons, Nelsons, Bollings, Carys, Coles, Dandridges, Randolphs, Dinwiddies, Davies, Lees, Leighs, and Claibornes. It is of interest to note that Jefferson, when he needed assistance, always retained George Wythe or Edmund Pendleton, and was in turn retained by Wythe, Patrick Henry, Robert Carter Nicholas, and Edward Carrington ; as well as his note concerning the first-named that: "in these cases of G. W's I meant to charge nothing which was not voluntarily offered." In these cases Jefferson's fees ranged from 10/ to 21/ for drawing a will or deed, to £10 for arguing before the General Court, or the Council ; and the profits of the law looked very good. But analysis ends this. Tobacco was no longer profitable, the whole colony was over-mortgaged, and the slave—not yet valuable enough to pay for breeding—was eating the life out of every large estate-holder. And so we find that though Jefferson's law practice between 1767 and 1770 on paper amounted to £1,489.9.9¼, he actually received only £474.19.11½ in that period. A pleasing fact in this chaos of law and debt is that the only two cases Jefferson was a party to were both friendly suits. And so punctilious was he of debt that we find numerous entries such as these:

"Paid Will for Belinda 1/3. (3d too much.)

Lent Patrick Henry 7*d*½.

Borrowed of Mazzei 4*d*.

Lent Edmund Pendleton 3*d*¾.

Repaid James Maury postage 7*d*½.

Credit my mother's estate a bottle of wine."

Turning from the law we find that his income as a planter was even less. From £200 to £300 was the average gross yearly return for the tobacco Jefferson raised, and except for this, he cannot be said to have raised any crop for the market. And to grow this he had to buy all food supplies for his slaves, except the pigs, which form so essential a part of every Southern plantation. Jefferson was a large slave holder. Though the British carried off, at the end of the Revolution a large number of slaves, he nevertheless, between 1784 and 1798, sold or gave away not less than one hundred and sixty, and had as many more still on his plantations. Yet with this number to feed and clothe, he was compelled to hire many more to do his work. Judging from the number of negroes so hired from time to time, almost the entire work on his plantations was done by such. A few of his memoranda touching these are interesting, as illustrating the terms and system.

"Agreed with Geo. Bradby for another year.—I am to give him £8. & meat as is given to the other negroes of our family. He pays his own levies, taxes, &c., & clothes himself."

"Agreed with mr. Cox to give him £30 for overlooking my plantations at Elk-hill & Crank's the year following, but told him it was £5 too much, & more than I could give again."

"Settled with T. Morgan, and I owe him of the wages of 1770 £4.10. I am to continue his wages £8. this year, and afterwards he is to maintain himself till the mill is ready for him."

"Bishop has worked 3½ days for which am to give him 7/6 he will undertake to mould and trim bricks for 7/6 the 1000 and requires two men, three boys, and no more. He counts only those that are worked up. But better give him £3.10 a month."

"The hire of the seven negroes I hired of mr. Eppes in Bedford last year has been settled at £46.15 by William Austin & Robert Clarke out of which is to be deducted however the feeding of their children which mr. Cox sais was not allowed for."

Dragged down by an overplus of negroes, Jefferson was far from making his estates yield him a living. Like most Virginians he made himself land poor, having four large estates, and still wanting more land. And Jefferson's tastes were cultured and expensive ones. At Monticello he built the best bit of architecture in Virginia, and he filled it with all that a man of varied knowledge would wish. He bought expensive furniture. In Paris he spent many hundred francs

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upon pictures. His library was second only to Franklin's in size and value, and cost him many more thousands than he could well spare. His love of music led him to purchase a valuable violin, a guitar, clavicord, harmonica, and other musical instruments. His scientific study tempted him to many expenditures, of which we select the following:

Pedometer, 76 francs.
Microscope, £4.10.
Theodolite, £2.
Telescope, £10.10.
Thermometer, 10/.
Protractor, 5/.
Hydrometer, 31/6.
Botanical Microscope, 10/6.
Air Pump, £12.10.
Electrical Machine, 9/.
Magnetic Needle, 44 francs.

And his expenditures did not end with the interior. Many entries relate to the improvements he wished to make in the grounds, types of which will show both his disbursements and his ambitions for his estate:

"At the Spring on the North Side of the Park.

A few feet below the spring level the ground 40 or 50f. sq.—Let the water fall from the spring in the upper level over a terrace in the form of a cascade. Then conduct it along the foot of the terrace to the Western side of the level, where it may fall into a cistern under a temple, from which it may go off by the western border till it falls over another terrace at the Northern or tower side. Let the temple be raised 2f. for the first floor of stone. Under this is the cistern, which may be a bath or anything else. The first story arches on three sides; the back or western side being close because the hill there comes down, and also to carry up stairs on the outside? The 2d story to have a door on one side, a spacious window in each of the other sides with a small table and a couple of chairs. The rooms each 8f. cube. The roof may be Chinese, Græcian or in the taste of the Lanthern of Demosthenes at Athens.

The ground just above the spring smoothed and tufted; close to the spring a sleeping figure reclined on a plain marble slab, surrounded with turf; on the slab this inscription.

Hujus nympha loci, custodia fontis
Dormio, dum blandas sentio murmur aquae.
Parce meum, quis quis tangis cava marmosa, somnum
Rumpere; si bibas, sive lavere, tace.

near the spring also inscribe on a stone or a metal plate fastened to a tree these lines 'Beatus ille qui procul negotus, Ut prisca gens mortalium, Paterna nura bobus exercet suis, Solutus omni foenore: Forumque vitat et superba civium Potentiorum limina. Libet jacere modo sub antiqua ilice, Modo in tenaci gramine: Labuntur altis interim rivis aquae; Queruntur in silvis aves; Fontesque lymphis obstrejunt manantibus, Somnos quod invilet leves.' Plant trees of Beech and Aspen about it. Open a vista to the millpond, the river, road &c. Query—If a view of the neighboring town would have a good effect? Intersperse in this and every other part of the ground (except the environs of the Burying ground) abundance of Jassamine, Honeysuckle, sweet briar &c. Under the temple an Æolian harp where it may be concealed as well as covered from the weather.

This would be better. The ground above the spring being very steep, dig into the hill and form a cave or grotto. Build up the sides and arch with stiff clay. Cover this with moss. Spangle it with translucent pebbles from Hanover town and beautiful shells from the shore at Burwell's ferry, pave the floor with pebbles, let the spring enter at a corner of the grotto, pretty high the side, and trickle down, or fall by a spout into a bason from which it may pass off through the grotto. The figure will be better placed in this. Form a couch of moss. The English inscription will be then proper.

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep:
Ah! spare my slumbers! gently tread the cave!
And drink in silence lave!

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THE GROUND IN GENERAL.

Thin the trees, cut out stumps and undergrowth, remove old trees and other rubbish except where they may look well. Cover the whole with grass. Intersperse Jessamine, honeysuckle, sweet-briar, and even hardy flowers which may not require attention. Keep in it deer, rabbits, Peacocks, Guinea poultry, pidgions &c. Let it be an asylum for hares, squirrels, pheasants, partridges and every other wild animal (except those of prey). Court them to it by laying food for them in proper places. Procure a buck elk, to be as it were Monarch of the wood; and keep him shy, that his appearance may not lose it's effect by too much familiarity. A buffalo might perhaps be confined also. Inscriptions in various places on the bark of trees or metal plates, suited to the character or expression of the particular spot. Benches or seats of rock or turf passim."

One of his pet ambitions, as above recorded, was a herd of deer at Monticello, and a number of entries relate to such as were brought to him by the people about and purchased at prices ranging from two to four pounds. And Jefferson could never resist a horse "trade." He bought, sold, and traded, in this time, not less than twenty horses, little dreaming that he was thereby in the end to aid in mounting the troopers with which Tarleton, the British "partizan," harried the State in 1781. And the following note would seem to show that Jefferson was successful in his trades.

"1774, Jan. 8. Exchanged with John Hylton my black horse for a sorrel mare which he says was five years old last June. He supposes she is with foal by young Fear-nought, and if she proves to be so, I am to pay £3 for putting her to horse."

"Jan. 10. I have promised to give J. Hylton 40/ more to boot between our horses, he being dissatisfied with the first bargain."

Nor did this end his expensive tastes. In his account book for 1772 we have his entry of the condition of his cellar, as follows:

"Liquors and bottles on hand.

About 3 galls. rum.
A hhd Madeira R. C.—abt. 3 galls.

doz.	
6—	11 Lutherans of Madeira.
3—	1 L. 69.
2—	11 M. 70.
2—	2 m.
0—	10 Port.
2—	5 small beer.
9—	2 empty.
0—	1 do. Lutheran.
2—	7 with miscellaneous in closet and elsewhere.
24—	2 present stock.

By acct. last Sept. 30 we had then

doz.	
27—	
1—	10 received since.
28—	11
24—	2 present stock subtracted.
4—	9 one year's consumption.

Again by same memm. had on hand, subtract present stock leaves consumption of the year.

L. 69	3–0—3– 1	Doz.
M. 70	7–2—2–11	4–3.
m.	4–0—2– 2	1–10.
	adds Lutheran	2.
	3 galls. of R. C.	1–0.
Wine used since Sept. 30, 1771.		7–3."

And from this time on he was constantly adding to the stock. Whole pipes of wine were bought, and while in France he purchased largely, till he must have had as good a stock of wine as any man in the country. And, indeed, even a good Federalist had to express his admiration at the "delicious" wines, with a qualifying sigh that Jefferson's "French politics were not as good as his French wines." It is amusing to quote in this connection a single entry:

"Received from the Forest 4 doz. 10 bottles of Jamaica rum—note I shall keep a tally of these as we use them by making in a mark in the margin in order to try fidelity of Martin."

His table, too, was an expensive one. We find not merely the ordinary food

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charges of the day, but many little luxuries which, if now hardly extravagant, were then costly. A dish of crabs, 10/. Four bottles of anchovies cost £3.12. Pineapples cost almost the proverbial English guinea. And for such items as oysters, venison, partridges, nuts of various kinds, watermelons, peaches, oranges, etc., the expenditures are constant. And Jefferson certainly showed his knowledge of the darky by buying all his poultry of them, even sometimes of his own slaves.

In dress it is difficult to tell whether he was equally refined and tasteful. We all have a mental picture of him from the English Minister Merry's famous description of him, "dressed, or rather undressed, in an old brown coat, red waist-coat, old corduroy small-clothes, much soiled, woolen hose, and slippers without heels." And yet, as appears in these little volumes, Jefferson was spending as much in dress, for the times, as any well-dressed dandy of to-day. For a suit he paid £13. For a hat, 50/. For a pair of lace ruffles, 120 francs. For a sword, 200 francs. And it must seem that Jefferson's soiled linen and threadbare clothes, which caused such endless comment, were far more the expression of a principle in the "man of the people" than of any personal want of neatness or fastidiousness.

Still another means of spending money seems to have tempted him strongly. Anything in the nature of an entertainment or "show" appealed to his tastes. In the early Virginia days he was a regular attendant at the theatre, as he was later in Philadelphia. And in Paris scarcely a week passed without visits to the "Italian comedy," the "French comedy," the "opera," the "concert spirituel," and other like attractions.—At the time Jefferson was fiercely opposing the royal governor of Virginia, Lord Dunmore, he was subscribing "20/ towards a ball for Lady Dunmore." And from the many entries of this class the following will show the variety of his amusements:

"1771. Paid for hearing musical glasses 3/. Paid for seeing Alligator 1/3. Paid for Dutch dancing and singing 2/.

1772. Paid for seeing puppet show 2/6.

1777. Paid towards a ball 30/.

1778. Paid for hearing organ at church 12/.

1783. Paid for 2 ticket to see baloon 15/.

1785. Paid at Masquerade 6 francs 12.

1786. Paid seeing figure of King of Prussia 12 francs. For seeing a learned pig 1/. Paid at Ranelegh 3/6. Concert at Pantheon 4 francs.

1790. Paid for seeing a cougar from Paraguay 1/. Subscribed to Dancing assemblies and paid $8."

While a sight which had more seriousness in it is recorded but three days after what made it famous, thus:

"1789. July 17. Paid for seeing Bastile, 6 francs. Aug. 1. Gave for widows of those killed in taking Bastille, 60 francs."

This last entry introduces another phase of Jefferson's character, by no means the least interesting. Till 1774 his books contain no mention of a single gift in charity, thus bearing out Franklin's assertion that there was no such thing as beggary in the colonies. And, indeed, such was the scarcity of labor and the social organization of the country that there was no room for such. An axe or a rifle was capital enough for any man to marry on. But in November, 1774, we find an entry: "Gave in charity 6/," and from this time on such gifts were constant. An occasional note gives us a clue to the character of the beneficiary—"a wounded soldier," "a disabled soldier," "a poor woman," "a little boy." His gifts ranged from 6 pence to 30 shillings; and amounted in some years to as much as thirty or forty pounds. But it was not till he reached France that we find him spending this much. And the change in this item alone illustrates the difference between America, poor only because she could not sell her overplus, and France, starving herself into a reign of terror.

To servants, too, Jefferson was liberal. In each year many fees are entered, and though the free and boundless hospitality of the Virginia gentlemen has passed into history, it was no

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economy to pass a night in their homes, as compared with the taverns or "ordinaries." A single instance will show the cost in fees to the slaves for a night's lodging:

"Gave Frank, 1/3.
Ostler at Forest, 2/6.
Servant at Forest, 5/.
Another, 2/6.
Paid boy for bringing my horses, 3/."

And though in France these ceased, they were really only commuted to one lump sum. In place of feeing in each house, Jefferson once each year, when he paid his official visit as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court, disbursed in fees between two hundred and three hundred francs, divided one year thus:

"1787. Jan. 1. Gave the following étrennes [new year's gifts] at court:

Valet de chambre m. de Vergennes.....	96
Livery servants of do.....	24
Suisse of do.....	24
Suisse of M. de Reyneval.....	24
Garcon de bureau of do.....	24
Coffee men at the Salle des Ambassadeur.	48
the two Swiss at do.....	24
	264"

As early as 1769 Jefferson took up a political career, by being elected a burgess or member of the Lower House of the Assembly of Virginia. And in 1771 we find him, like his successors of to-day, spending the sum of £4.19.3 at a "burgessing," and twice again do we find amusing entries of election expenses as follows:

"1771. Dec. 30. Paid Mrs. Scott for cakes had at election yesterday, 45/."

"1774. Aug. 16. Paid Richard Scott for 6 dozen cakes at the election, 24/."

In this last year there is a note which must take rank in importance to all others. It is not merely of interest from its being so early a suggestion of nationality, but is, so far as I am aware, the earliest use of the expression United States—the United Colonies being the universal designation till after the separation from England:

"A proper device (instead of arms) for the American states united would be the Father presenting the bundle of rods to his sons.

The motto 'Insuperabiles si inseparabiles'—an answer given in parliament to the House of Lords and Commons, 4. [Coke's] Institute 35. He cites 4. H. 6. nu 12. parliamentary rolls, which I suppose was the time it happened."

This shadow of "coming events" naturally turns us to the greatest moment and act of Jefferson's life, when, in pursuance of the famous resolution that "these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states," the Continental Congress, on June 10, 1776, appointed him chairman of the committee to draft a "Declaration of Independence." In his biographies we have this period properly draped, as was the rule in historical paintings, with the classic toga. We are told of his seeking solitude, and with neither help nor suggestion from man or book, drawing the most famous paper ever written by a single man; declaring in language familiar to every school-boy, that a new nation had been created, and was determined "to assume a separate and equal station" in the world. But even in such moments, "civilized man cannot live without dining," and so we print some of his entries between his appointment to prepare the Declaration and its proclamation to the people:

"June 9. Pd. for 7 washballs, 10/6. Pd. for stockings for Bob, 7/. Pd. mrs. Graaf one week's lodging, 35/.

June 10. Pd. dinner at Smith's, 6/ (succeeding days show dinners at Smith's ranging from 5/ to 8/6).

June 11. Pd. for Window shutter rings, £1.18.2.

June 12. Recd from mr. Eppes by Myles Taylor, 16 Dollrs.

June 18. Paid for a nest of trunks, 7/6. Paid ferrge of horses, 6d.

June 19. Paid King for handling six spring bolts, 30/. Paid Greentree for wine, 6/.

June 20. Paid Hugh Walker for waggonage of sundries last winter to head of Elk, 27/6. Paid Aitkin for lining a map, 5/

June 22. Paid Sparhawk for pair spiers, 25/. Paid ferrge over Schuylkill &c., 10d.

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June 23. Paid Graaf 2 weeks lodging &c., £3.10.

June 25. Paid for 2 pr stockings for Bob, 15/. Paid for a straw hat, 1/.

June 27. Paid Byrne for 6 weeks shaving & dressing, 30/.

June 28. Paid mrs. Lovemore washing in full, 39/9.

June 30. Paid Sparhawk for a pencil, 1/6; a map, 7/6.

June 31. Paid expences riding, 2/4.

July 1. Paid ferrge of horses, 8d.

July 3. Paid Towne for Doctor Gilmer, 7/6. Paid do for myself, 7/6. Paid Smith in full, 15/6.

July 4. Paid Sparhawk for a thermometer, £3.15. Paid for 7 pr women's gloves, 27/. Gave in charity, 1/6.

July 5. Paid for a quire of paper, 2/6.

July 6. Paid mr Braxton for 4 pr. cotton cards, 48/. Paid for pamphlets, 6/. Paid for beer, 1/."

Another fact recorded elsewhere in the diary deserves notice. The great heat of the day on which the Declaration was adopted has come down to us in tradition, and from this has found its way into history. One of our popular history writers has even drawn a picture of the discomfort and irritation the weather caused Congress, and has gravely questioned whether the abnormally high temperature was not a blessing in disguise as forcing the members to agree, in order to escape from the heated hall. But this tradition finds no support here, the "cold" facts being recorded:

"July 4th, 6 A.M., 68°; 9 A.M., 72¼°; 1 P.M., 76°; 9 P.M., 73½°."

The expenditure for beer noted under July 6 suggests entries which occur quite a number of times, and of which we will quote samples:

Paid for Club at Davies, 1/.

Paid for toddy at Anderson's, 9d.

Paid for grog at the Forge, 1/6.

Paid for Punch, 1/.

And still another class, though few and far between, are instanced in the following:

Lost at Backgammon, 7/6.

Won at backgammon, 7d½.

Won at cross and pyle, 3¾d.

Mrs. Jefferson lost at cards, 1/3.

Lost at lotto, 18/.

One more quotation and the end is reached. We have seen Jefferson in many phases, and in all have found him cultured, generous, minute, rather extravagant, and very human. And to complete this very humanity we add an attempt of his in poetry, which can be taken for what it is worth:

"INSCRIPTION FOR AN AFRICAN SLAVE.

Shores there are, bless'd shores for us remain,
And favor'd isles with golden fruitage crown'd
Where tufted flow'rets paint the verdant plain,
Where ev'ry breeze shall med'cine ev'ry wound.

There the stern tyrant that embitters life,
Shall vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand;
There shall we view the billow's strife,
Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land."

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IN A MEDICEAN GARDEN.

By Grace Ellery Channing.

I know not why; but when the night is still,
And nightingales are pouring out their heart
From the ilex-shadowed thicket 'neath the hill;
When the soft fingers of the moonbeams part
Light leaves whence streams the hidden melody—
My listening heart grows faint, my dim eyes fill,
Slow tears from under heavy eyelids start
As drops fall from drenched flowers resistlessly.

Garden and grove grow dim, they change and fade
Like their pale lords—the vanished Medici;
They are the phantomed shadows of a shade;
It is not night nor earth nor Italy;
And that which sings within the silences—
I know him well!—no singer of the dark,
No alien bird, no foreign minstrel, he,
But mine own unsung, western-carolling lark—
Triumphant singer of the farthest day
Carolling earth, heaven and Italy away!

I've heard him in the new-world wilderness
Singing, sad nightingale, not notes like thine,
But plenteously poured forth like joyous wine
From an overflowing chalice. Loneliness
And sorrow were not then; the sunny plain
Filled and ran o'er with the melodious rain
Of music, and the golden-spacèd air
Trembled with happiness fine-felt and rare;
While over, over, over, high above,
Went lilting still the med-lark, love and love,
And joy and passionate joy and ecstasy;
O singer and O song, return to me!

I've known him send such strains to so far height,
Purple sierras shook beneath their veil,
And golden poppies drank the liquid light,
As down the molten music dropped and fell
Quivering, in notes of fire. O nightingale,
Thou art a silver singer, canst delight
Sad-hearted dwellers in the sad Old World,
With pallid chaplets of sweet song impearled
Upon a string of silence; but too pale,
Too wan for me thy passion, far too faint
The thrilling of thy melancholy plaint.
Thou art but love in sorrow—I have heard
Love's self sing westward from a golden-throated bird!

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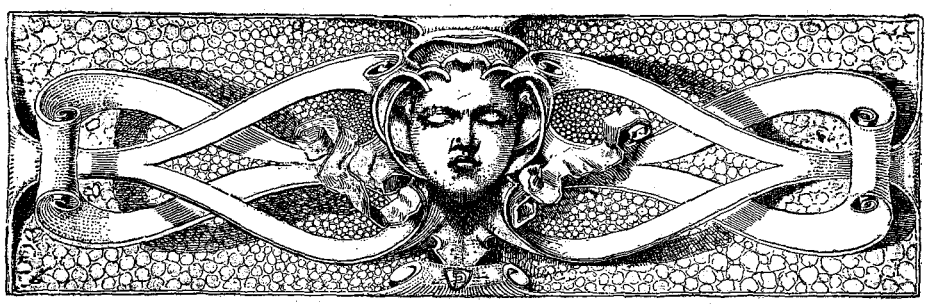

HISTORIC MOMENTS:

THE FIRST CAPITAL OPERATION UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF ETHER.

By Daniel Denison Slade, M.D.

No discovery ever came upon the world more suddenly, or more completely fitted for immediate employment, than did that of surgical anæsthesia. Its advent was heralded by no signals which gave notice of the mighty power for good which it was destined to exert. Its presence, after the first few successful demonstrations, seemed as natural as the sunlight, and when experience had made more fully known the laws which govern this condition, its use became almost immediately established in the community which witnessed its birth. Those who were instrumental in its introduction have mostly passed away, and a new generation has since come upon the scene, as ignorant and heedless of the story of its origin as if centuries had flown by instead of a few decades.

Although it is the special object of the series of papers entitled "Historic Moments" to depict actual culminating scenes, without any extended notice of the facts and events which may have led up to them, yet, to a certain extent, a knowledge of such facts and events is essential to their proper appreciation, and must be productive of increased interest to the reader. This remark has peculiar application to the present article.

It is far from my purpose to venture even upon the edge of the Maelstrom of bitter controversy which, lasting for several years, finally engulphed within its fatal embrace the practical discoverer of painless surgery. But it will be necessary to draw an outline of the individual to whom the civilized world owes this inestimable blessing, which it now so unwittingly enjoys, and who must, consequently, form the centre of the group which is to be called up from the realms of the past, in order to construct a truthful picture of that historical scene of which I was an eye-witness.

W. T. G. Morton was born at Charlton, Mass., August 7, 1819. His parents were of respectable Scotch descent. He received a common school and academic education, during which period of his life he resided for a short time in the family of a physician, where he acquired a taste for the medical profession. Being obliged to depend upon his own exertions for support, he left home at the age of seventeen years, and came to Boston, where he passed a few years as salesman and clerk in the book trade. Becoming dissatisfied with the business, and urged by his early fondness for medical pursuits, circumstances induced him to enter the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, as a stepping-stone to the other branches. After two years of preparation he formed a partnership in the practice of dentistry with Horace Wells, at Hartford, Conn. This being dissolved in 1843, he removed to Boston, where he resumed his busi-

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ness. In 1844 he entered his name as a student of medicine with Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, and in the winter of 1844–45 he matriculated at the Medical School of Harvard University, thus evincing his determination to become thoroughly educated in his profession. His necessities obliged him, however, to attend diligently to his dental business, a circumstance which interfered seriously with his studies.

While at Hartford he discovered a method of soldering false teeth to a gold plate, but requiring for its advantageous use the removal of remaining old roots. This painful process, not demanded by other dentists, proved a great injury to his pecuniary success. Morton directed his attention therefore to some method by which the anguish of this necessary step might be overcome.

Just previous to 1845 some fortunate experiments had been made by Horace Wells, the former partner of Morton, in the use of nitrous oxide gas as an agent for preventing pain in tooth extraction. But a public demonstration, which Wells gave at Boston, having completely failed, he abandoned his project, and even his occupation as a dentist. This partial success of Wells stimulated still more the efforts of Morton toward the end he had so constantly in view.

On a certain day a lady came to Morton's office to have a very sensitive tooth filled. By chance he applied some prepared chloric ether, which had been given him by Dr. C. T. Jackson, who had repeatedly used it as toothache drops. This had a benumbing influence upon the pain, and was, in fact, so successful that he was induced to institute an inquiry into the nature of this and other forms of ether. One of his students, in the course of conversation, also informed him that when a scholar at an academy he had inhaled sulphuric ether for amusement, without any unpleasant effects. Thereupon Morton was led to experiment upon animals, upon himself, and upon his assistants, discovering thereby the necessity for the use of pure rectified sulphuric ether, in place of the crude commercial article usually on sale by druggists. Finally, a painful tooth was pulled by Morton from a man, under the influence of its inhalation, without the least suffering.

As the mere extraction of a tooth, however, would not be sufficient proof of the insensibility to pain under many circumstances, Morton was induced to call upon Dr. John C. Warren, senior surgeon at the Massachusetts General Hospital, and to ask permission for the earliest opportunity to experiment in a surgical operation with a substance which would prevent pain. After some deliberation this request was granted, although the nature of the agent to be used was not at that time made known to Dr. Warren.

In the meantime Morton groped his way with various devices for the convenient administration of his "compound," and at last settled upon a glass globe with two necks, in one of which was placed a perforated cork, through which air was admitted, while to the other neck was attached a tube, with valves which opened and shut during inspiration and expiration, and through which the patient inhaled the vapor, given off from a sponge saturated with the agent and held inside the globe.

Morton, in a few days, received a note from Dr. J. C. Warren saying that he would offer him the desired opportunity to test his discovery at the hospital. Accordingly, on the day appointed, he went to the hospital, and there, in the presence of several medical men and students, he gave to the patient—a young man with a tumor upon the neck—his so-called "compound," by means of the apparatus just described. Although, as Dr. Warren subsequently stated, the anæsthesia was "imperfect," still the patient declared that he had felt no pain during the operation, beyond a certain disagreeable sensation as if the part had been scraped with a blunt instrument. This was the first case at the Massachusetts General Hospital in which an attempt was made with the new agent to alleviate the pain of a surgical operation.

Morton was asked to come on the next day and to repeat the experiment. He then again administered the preparation to a female, from whose shoulder a large fatty tumor was removed by Dr.

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George Hayward. The operation was not a severe one, but the most complete insensibility was induced, and although long incisions were made in the skin, the patient was perfectly unconscious of pain.

After these first trials at the Massachusetts General Hospital the use of Morton's discovery was discontinued at that institution for several weeks. Nevertheless the discoverer himself continued to employ it in his dental practice, not always with perfect success, however, and in some cases even with serious consequences. This was attributable to inexperience, and to defective means of application.

The temporary discontinuance of Morton's agent at the hospital was due to various reasons. It was a secret mixture; moreover, it was a patented article; both of which facts unfitted it for the use of the regular practitioner. Its nature not being understood, its inhalation might, under circumstances not yet established, be followed by untoward, and even fatal symptoms. Professional etiquette and rivalry also played no small part in the withdrawal of its use. All these objections, however, were safely tided over. Moreover, Morton had at last undertaken to acquaint the hospital surgeons, by a letter addressed to Dr. Warren, senior, with the true nature of the agent used. Thus, all obstacles being removed, Morton administered his anodyne to a patient who was to undergo an amputation at the thigh.

At this point attention may properly be called to the element of mystery which hung over the early days of the introduction of the material which produced such wonderful effects. It was now the subject of general popular interest and attention, but its nature had not been made known to the public, or even to the medical profession. In fact there was never any authoritative announcement that the new discovery was simply sulphuric ether. It gradually became known that it was that substance, but it was never formally so stated. Its administration at the outset was conducted solely by Morton himself, who endeavored, by the admixture of foreign inert elements, such as fragrant essences, tinctures, etc., to disguise the peculiar odor of the ether. Thus, in this new position in which he was placed, it was not unnatural that the illiterate should have looked upon him as a conjurer possessed of secret powers, or as the one might have been regarded who had discovered the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, so ardently and fruitlessly looked for by Juan Ponce de Leon and his followers.

A few words in regard to the Massachusetts General Hospital. Its existence was due to a few public-spirited and generous citizens of Boston. It was incorporated in 1811, and opened for the reception of patients in 1821. Charles Bulfinch, to whom the city of Boston owes the construction of many of its finest buildings, was the architect. It is constructed of hammered granite, and consists of a main building surmounted by a handsome dome, and of two wings, which were extended in 1846. It was thus, at this time, the largest and most important institution of the kind in New England, and the most complete and best organized in the country. It had acquired a widespread reputation, not only owing to the prominent position of its medical officers, but also by its connection with the Harvard Medical School, which, however, was wholly unofficial.

This fine building stood in the midst of a park-like garden, with noble trees and flowering shrubs, upon the banks of the beautiful bay forming the mouth of the Charles River. On this site it had a well-arranged bath-house, with facilities for fresh- and salt-water bathing. Within the walls of the hospital the appointments were of the very best. Its wide and airy halls, its stone stairways, the scrupulously clean and well waxed floors of the wards and private rooms, its curtained beds, and every article of furniture, and, above all, its skilled nurses, bespoke an attention to the primary objects of the institution, and to the comfort and care of its humblest patient. The dome contained a large and commodious operating-theatre, to become, in 1846, the starting-point of a discovery "which was destined to go around the world."

The day fixed for the memorable operation which was to add to the fame of

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the Massachusetts General Hospital, was Saturday, November 7, 1846, at eleven o'clock. News of the expected event had been noised abroad, not only among the Harvard medical students, and the medical fraternity of Boston and its vicinity, but also among those of other professions who would be interested in an occasion of this character; so that not only all the seats, but every available place for standing, in the amphitheatre of the operating-room, was crowded with an anxious and expectant assembly, an hour or more before the appointed time. Spread out before them, and occupying the central space, just in front, was the operating-table, covered with linen of a snowy whiteness, rarely seen elsewhere, and for which the Hospital was noted. On the left, upon a convenient table, also protected by immaculate linen, were all the instruments and paraphernalia for the surgeon's use; while in the back of the room, handsome cases, in which artistically arranged surgical articles of every description, and adapted to any and all emergencies, were conspicuously placed. In one corner, in an erect posture, an Egyptian mummy, with a scarabæus on the end of its nose, looked calmly down upon the first scene of a new epoch, from its gayly adorned, wooden sarcophagus, the cover of which had been removed. In close contiguity, in a glass case discreetly veiled by curtains, hung a human skeleton, whose presence could only be conjectured from the peculiar form of its ghastly chamber. Hooks, rings, and pulleys inserted in the walls to aid in the reduction of dislocated limbs met the eye, happily for suffering humanity to be henceforth and forever discarded.

While the assembly was scanning these various objects, gazing upward also at the elegant and well-lighted dome, and taking cognizance of every trivial incident, as is customary with impatient crowds, the six hospital surgeons entered the room.

First and foremost among these was the senior Warren. A man rather above the medium height, possessing a thin, somewhat stooping form, his scanty gray hair carefully brushed away from the high forehead, the shaggy eyebrows overhanging dark sparkling eyes, while the entire expression of countenance showed determination and coolness. In manners somewhat brusque and severe, his presence was commanding, and his word was law. As a surgeon he had continued for many years to hold the first rank, a position due not only to his unimpressionable temperament, but also to his long and well-directed education. His lectures as Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University were instructive, useful, and popular. In private life he was justly esteemed for his social and public-spirited qualities.

By his side was Dr. George Hayward, who was Professor of Clinical Surgery in the Medical School. Rather short in stature and thick set, he formed a marked contrast to his companion. His countenance was indicative of strong good sense, and his small, deep set, twinkling eyes suggested a certain *bonhomie* and a most amiable disposition. Having received his surgical education mostly in the English and French schools, his lectures were interesting, and contained frequent allusions to his former instructors. Although not a brilliant operator, his hand was guided by excellent judgment.

The round, full-faced man, with neatly trimmed side-whiskers and hair cut short, was Dr. S. D. Townsend. He was formerly a naval surgeon. This gave him a methodical manner of dress and bearing which easily distinguished him from his confrères. His experience as hospital surgeon had been large and varied. For his skill as an operator, his kindness of heart, and his unbending uniformity of character, he was much admired both by the patients and by the officers of the hospital.

Dr. J. Mason Warren, Dr. H. J. Bigelow, and Dr. Samuel Parkman, who completed the group of surgeons, had been recently appointed upon the surgical staff. The first had already become eminent as a surgeon and practitioner, and in the former capacity had shown that the mantle of the father had fallen upon the son. Always scrupulously particular as to the style and quality of his dress, even his great attention to these matters was not permitted to in-

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terfere with his professional duties, which at this time were onerous. Slender, and even frail in form, he was erect and dignified in his bearing, while his countenance was expressive of a certain intellectual keenness, and of genuine sincerity. His amiability and pleasing manners had made him a great favorite with both sexes.

The other two gentlemen were both tall and dignified in person, and might well be termed handsome. They had both entered upon a career in their native city which promised excellent advantages to themselves, to their profession, and to the public at large. Dr. Bigelow, in particular, had already shown great executive ability, and in his dexterity and skill as an operator reminded me of the most famous surgeons of Europe.

These gentlemen, after their entrance, were soon grouped together and earnestly engaged in a low-spoken conversation upon a subject to which their attention had been evidently called before entrance. Suddenly, Dr. Bigelow left the room, and after a few minutes reappeared, held a brief but animated colloquy with Drs. Warren, senior, and Hayward, and again left. In explanation, it may be said that Dr. Bigelow was acting as an enthusiastic advocate for the expected experiment, about which it was apparent, even to the spectators, that there was some obstacle; and it was not until the very last moment that all scruples as to the course to be pursued were overcome, and the services of Morton, who was waiting in another part of the hospital, and the use of his compound, were determined upon.

Dr. J. C. Warren advanced, and taking from his pocket a letter addressed to him by Morton, read from its contents. The reading of this letter added to the interest of the listener, but by no means explained the causes which had led to its presentation, or its connection with the subject which had been the source of such earnest conversation between the surgeons; and no intimation was given to the audience by Dr. Warren as to the nature of the preparation which was to be used for the purpose of making the impending operation painless.

And now the moment had fully arrived. Scarcely had the tall clock on the hospital stairway rung out the hour of eleven, when the side-door of the operating-theatre was widely opened, and the stretcher, upon which was laid a pale and emaciated girl of nineteen years, was carefully borne in by the united strength of two faithful ward-tenders, and attended by the two house-surgeons, Drs. C. F. Heywood and Alfred Lambert, the bright hectic flush upon her cheeks contrasting strongly with the white sheet which otherwise enveloped her entire form.

Alice Mohan had been an inmate of the Massachusetts General Hospital for the past eighteen months. Two months before her entrance, while walking on the ice, she had fallen and struck upon her right knee. She experienced considerable pain at the time, which was soon after followed by enlargement and sensitiveness of the joint, with increased suffering on motion of the limb. On her admission to the hospital an examination of the joint revealed considerable swelling and distinct fluctuation at the side and below the knee-pan, as also much tenderness on deep pressure. She was placed in bed and ordered to maintain perfect rest in a horizontal position, while various forms of local treatment were adopted. Thus she continued for weeks and months, at times comparatively free from pain, and again in much suffering. Gradually, however, in spite of all measures suggested, hectic and symptoms of constitutional disturbance made their appearance. The knee-joint having evidently become greatly disorganized, her attending surgeons determined to amputate the limb.

Such was the patient who was to undergo the first capital operation under the influence of an agent which was to annihilate forever afterward the agonies of surgery.

As all eyes were now fixed upon the scene before them, Dr. George Hayward stepped forward and remarked that, with the advice of the other surgeons, he should allow Mr. Morton to administer an article by inhalation to the patient upon whom he was about to oper-

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ate, which it was alleged would prevent any pain from being felt.

Thereupon, Morton, a man of commanding figure and appearance, very erect, and dressed, as he usually was, in a stylish fashion peculiar to himself, consisting of a blue frock coat with brass buttons, a large and elegant scarf which completely filled up the open front of the waistcoat, "gaiter" trousers, etc., and bearing in his hands the instrument already described, came in from an adjacent room, and advancing to the operating-table, spoke a few words of encouragement to the patient and instructed her in the method of inhaling. The curiosity on the part of all present was intense. The stillness was oppressive, broken only by the hurried respiration and occasional sob of the patient. Grouped about Morton, standing as the central figure at the head of the operating-table, were the surgical and medical officers of the institution, as also the attendants, all as intent upon the unusual scene before them as were the most untried spectators in the seats of the amphitheatre.

In three minutes the patient was completely under the influence of the preparation, as shown by the complete muscular relaxation, the drooping eyelids, the immobile pupil, and the deathlike insensibility to external impressions. Morton now informing Dr. Hayward that his patient was ready, the assistants drew her body down upon the table, so that the lower limbs projected beyond its edge, the right one being duly supported. Dr. J. Mason Warren compressed the femoral artery at the groin. Dr. Hayward, grasping the soft parts of the front of the thigh, so as to bring them well out from the bone, pushed the long amputating knife through the flesh from the outside, transfixing the whole thickness of the thigh, and cutting outward, formed an anterior flap. This being slightly lifted up by his assistant, he then carried the knife in the same direction which it first took, but behind the bone, and again cutting outward, formed the second flap from the posterior surface of the thigh. The two flaps were then retracted by one of the surgeons while the bone was sawed. A slight unevenness of the bone remaining, was made smooth by the bone-forceps. The principal artery was then secured by ligature, and four others were placed upon bleeding points. The loss of blood was very small. A compress, dipped in cold water, and retained in place by a few turns of a roller bandage over the stump, was the only dressing applied. The amputation occupied less than two minutes, not including the time consumed in tying the arteries. Dr. Hayward said afterward that he performed the operation rapidly, as he feared the insensibility might pass off, and that there were no means of continuing it as long as it might be desirable.

During the operation the patient remained in the most profound sleep, evincing not the slightest sensibility to pain until the tightening of the last ligature, when she uttered a groan, and then soon returned to partial consciousness. She was ignorant of the loss of her limb, and could hardly be persuaded of the fact.

The operation completed, and even before the removal of the patient from the room, the profound stillness and suspense which had hung over all present, was broken by loud murmurs of surprise and admiration at the success which had been attained. Morton was the hero of the hour, and was regarded with feelings akin to those which might have been awakened had an angel suddenly appeared, bearing waters from "the Lethean streams of oblivion," which having been administered to the suffering invalid, had produced the effects witnessed.

As the long procession passed out and down the hospital stairways, everyone was earnestly engaged in discussing the events of the past hour. The nature of the anodyne and its discoverer, the success of the operation under its influence, the operator, the patient, the cause of the long and mysterious discussion among the surgeons—each of these topics came in for its due share of attention. However much they may have differed on minor points, it was conceded that this was a demonstration which, from its magnitude, would carry to the scientific world a conviction, not merely of a possibility, but of the certainty, safety, and the completeness of the in-

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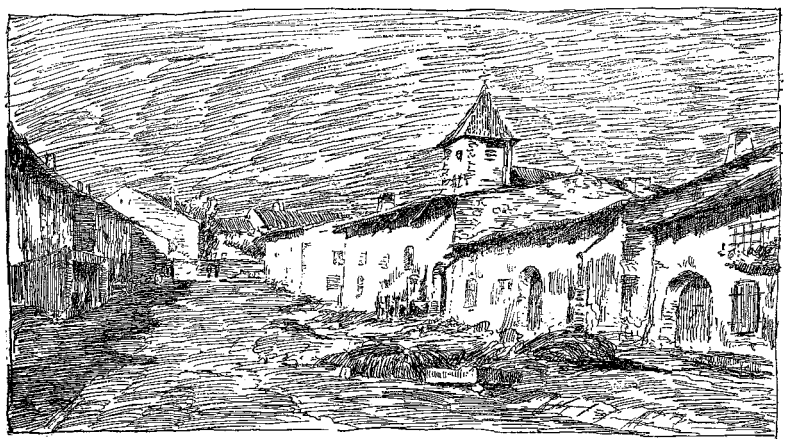
sensibility capable of being produced during the severest surgical procedures. And with this conviction uppermost in their minds, the witnesses of the scene which I have imperfectly described, separated to their various avocations, little realizing then the value of the gift bestowed upon mankind, and which can hardly now, even after the lapse of nearly half a century, be sufficiently appreciated.

A glance at the Hospital records of that date informs me that, after the patient was brought down and placed in her bed, she complained of great pain in the knee and foot which had been removed, but that at two o'clock in the afternoon she revived, talked very pleasantly, and asked for some tea, which was given her. From this period her recovery was rapid. Her wound healed readily, her general health improved, and, on December twenty-second, she was discharged "well."

It will be remembered that the first operation in which the attempt to administer sulphuric ether at the Massachusetts General Hospital, was not considered by the operator a complete success. This memorable incident in the history of anæsthesia has, however, been made the subject of a large painting, executed by the distinguished artist, Mr. Samuel Hinckley, of Washington, D. C. This work of art, both from the importance of its subject as well as from the merits of the painting itself, were it exhibited at the approaching Chicago Exhibition, would remind the beholders that the discovery of surgical anæsthesia is one of the glories which belong to the New World.



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THE POINT OF VIEW.

One of Mr. Henry James's amusing and incisive bits of humor is the reply of the immortal Daisy Miller's young cub of a brother to the inquisitive and supercilious hero of the tale, who asks him if his father is in Rome. "My father's in a better place than Rome," he says scornfully; "he is in Schenectady, N. Y." *A longo intervallo*, certainly, for the Empire, can hardly as yet be compared with the Eternal, City, this remark was duplicated by one of the thousands of young ladies who attended the Christian Endeavor Convention recently, and who observed candidly and impartially to an inquiring reporter: "New York is very nice, of course, but it's not Minneapolis." Another member of the Society, "hailing from" Omaha, Neb., admitted candidly that New York was "way ahead" of Omaha. Perhaps, nevertheless, he preferred Omaha. It was a happy newspaper idea to cull from visitors from all over the country their impression of what is sometimes, though evidently most erroneously, called the Metropolis of the New World. They were unanimous in asserting that New York had clean streets, and that its citizens were extremely polite. The only "rudeness," one lady remarked, was a conductor's prohibition of singing hymns in the street-car as likely to frighten the horses. Plainly there are parts of our country where car-horses have fewer nerves, where the streets are less clean, and public manners less courteous than in New York.

These inductions have their significance; but what, I think, is especially to be noted in the comments of the visiting Endeavorers, is the fact which they indirectly attest, of the remarkable number of different centres of communal life in America. If we are justly accused of lacking public spirit, we can at least plead that we possess local pride in a degree approached by no other people in the world, except possibly the Italians. It is, however, within a generation that Italy has been more than Metternich's "geographical expression," and the history, memories, mutual jealousies and rivalries of her different provinces are centuries old and centuries deeply embedded. Such a moral decentralization as our own in a nation as completely a nation as ours is really a new thing under the sun. A perfect reflection of the Constitution, with its carefully distributed functions of State and Federal authority, is conspicuous in the sentiments of our people. When a young lady remarks that New York is very nice, but that, of course, it is not Minneapolis, it is plain that, however ardent her patriotism as an American, it is strongly alloyed with a very particular pride and satisfaction in her own immediate environment, and that this results from her feeling herself very integrally a part of it. A citizen—not to mention a young lady—of Lyons or Birmingham, for example, who should thus express his pride in, and preference for, his native city as contrasted with Paris or London would be an anomaly. A reputation for critical appreciation is probably more valued abroad than with us, and perhaps acts as a check on the innate disposition to magnify everything with which one is intimately connected.

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This attitude of mind may be accused of provincialism, if one chooses; but it is indicative of a certain objective ideality thoroughly public-spirited, personally unselfish, and, at least in the case of young unmarried women, wholly admirable. It is probably a choice between this and nothing, indeed; either one must think well, hotly even, of Minneapolis, or else not occupy one's self with the *res publicæ* at all, in which case one is a waif, a drifting, inconsequent, and irresponsible member of the body social and politic. And undoubtedly it is the great distinction of what we all mean by America, to have so few citizens as we have who take no personal interest in the mechanism of which they are members. At the same time one must note the other side of this unquestionable advantage. Our social decentralization retards tremendously the development of the American type. It handicaps us in this respect with the loss of that most potent of all forces in this sphere, namely, insensible co-operation. If Omaha and Minneapolis are preoccupied with self-assertion—in itself of course an admirable sign of conscious and alert life—they are, in very much the proportion of their alertness and activity, drags upon whatever advance has been made outside their limits. Chicago, for example, talks about "the effete East," meaning the acme of whatever civilization has been reached on this continent, and not at all because Chicago has anything new in the way of endeavor or accomplishment to hold out as an example—such as America entire has in references to "effete Europe," even—but purely out of local pride. I remember hearing a distinguished French actress complain that there was no American public to be conquered or conciliated. "If I have won New York or Boston," she said, "that seems to be just so much against my chances of winning Philadelphia, or even Cincinnati." In a word, the disadvantage of provincialism is, that in proportion to its force and its highly laudable (though a little uncritical) self-respect it keeps whatever metropolitanism there is marking time until it catches up with it.

A CONTEMPORARY observer announces, as a result of notice taken, that some men have morals, and others principles. Of course it happens occasionally that people have both, as others again have neither; but, according to the experience of the observer in question, such cases are more or less exceptional. He cites instances of politicians, the most scrupulous in their private practices, and most unprincipled in their political acts, and contrasts them with other politicians of the severest political morality but not immaculate in all their personal relations. There are so many cases of eminently moral men who lacked political virtue, and so many more of immoral men who had it, that historical research can easily take such a turn as to leave the seeker wondering whether there is not something about private morality which is incompatible with successful cultivation of state-craft. What is true in that direction is that there is probably something about ordinary domestic felicity which is hostile to political success, for the simple reason that a man with a family to live with, and probably to support, can give only a divided attention to politics, and politics is a game which demands the concentration of the whole man. The most successful politicians of recent times with some exceptions have been bachelors, childless married men, and husbands whose homes were not happy. Celibacy is at least as desirable in a politician as in a priest, the main difference being that whereas it is useful to a priest as long as he is a priest, there may come to a politician a time when the storm and stress period of his career is so distinctly over, that he might as well get married as not.

Apart from politics and its professors there are several reasons why principles are more apt to appear as a substitute for morals than to accompany them. For one, a man whose daily walk is discreet, and who behaves wisely and knows it, acquires confidence in his instincts, and is reasonably well satisfied that he does about the right thing, and that his conduct in future is likely to be as correct as it has been in the past. A principle is a fixed opinion, but your moral man, who has confidence in his habits, is apt to be guided very much more by them than by his opinions. A consequence of which often is that his habits gain in strength until they get undesirably powerful, and his opinions grow vague for lack of practical demonstration. The more

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fixed his moral habits become, the more instinctive grows his behavior, and the less occasion he has to reason as to what is right or wrong, or to develop opinions into principles.

But with the man of no morals it is very different. Realizing his large potentiality for loose behavior, recognizing the unreliability of his instincts, and knowing that such habits as he has are mostly bad, he feels the uncertainty of his anchorages, and the great need of having some sure thing to tie to. Whatever worse things he may do, he determines that at least he will approve the better. A sinner he may be, but not an unprincipled sinner. He will know right from wrong anyhow, whether he acts upon what he knows or not. Prompted by such necessities he pays attention to his opinions, taking care to hold those most approved, to hold them continuously, and to support them by the best arguments obtainable. The fact that he does not permit his behavior to affect his principles, or *vice versa*, frees him from many embarrassments that would be incident to a different system. The consequence is that his principles constantly increase in height and splendor, until the man of mere morals, hearing him hold forth, feels his knees knock together at the thought of his own inferiority.

If any one doubts that it works this way, a convincing illustration is found in a general comparison of men with women. Women are absurdly superior to men in their morals, but only an adventurous disputant would deny that men have stricter and more definite principles.

Students valorous for a minute and intricate inquiry might find a subject to their liking in the relative picturesqueness now and formerly of common English speech. That it now very generally lacks picturesqueness, any one at all sensitive to the qualities of speech must feel. There is playfulness enough and gravity enough in the best talk that one hears; and there is, as a rule, grammatical correctness and verbal precision. But somehow the best as well as the worst lacks distinction; it rarely exhibits the least individuality or vividness of phrase. It is lustreless, lifeless; and often oppresses the spirits by its many-syllabledness, like six-storied warehouses in contrast with nestling cottages.

The novelists recognize this and are embarrassed by it. Constantly they incur the reproach of making their people speak as the like people in life are never heard to speak. Yet the stoutest naturalist of them dare not herein reproduce nature exactly. To impart distinction to the talk and still keep it to a tone that shall raise in the reader's thoughts no question of naturalness or unnaturalness, is an end they must all aim at; and the frequency of the reproach of unnaturalness only shows how nice is the task set them.

Hitherto they have found their most serviceable instrument for saving talk from the dulness of nature to be the apothegm. From Sancho Panza downward, the homely personages in fiction have been unconscionable maxim-mongers. Metaphor and simile smacking of the speaker's calling and station, have served a good term too; but they are not to be named for extent of service beside the apothegm. How often, from its abundance in this one article, the novel's marriage feast (reversing the order of the Hamlet cuisine) has coldly furnished forth a funereal collation of "Wise Sayings" or "Gems of Thought!"

Now, was there not once a golden age when writers of fiction were not forced to this expedient? There never was a time when they did not employ it, and they employed it formerly with a much larger license than they do now. The early dramatists, for example, show a daring in the larding of lean conversation with apothegm that the most lawless modern novelist would never dream of. Still, is there not reason to believe that with those who have taken the liberty most largely it was really needless, and that they might have reproduced the talk of their day closely and still have kept their dialogue sufficiently picturesque?

Indeed, with the early dramatists this very riot in apothegm was in a measure the reproduction of real speech. It was the reproduction of a polite affectation, however; and, as a polite affectation is always of narrow and short vogue, the reproduction affords only a partial picture of the common speech of the time. We may not infer, therefore, from the dialogue of the early dramatists that all men, or most men,

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in Elizabeth's day spoke in apothegms. But, then, neither need we infer from the profusion of the dramatists herein that the common speech of the day would not have done for literature quite unadorned. All that the profusion unequivocally proves is that the dramatists themselves were dominated by the polite affectation. And, in truth, so completely dominated by it were they, that some characters set up by them to exhibit it ridiculously are scarcely distinguishable from those presented for altogether admirable. Thus Polonius in "Hamlet" is no more of a saw-maker than the Duke in "Measure for Measure" and a much fluenter and pleasanter one. Yet Polonius, we are given by Shakespeare to understand, is a tedious coxcomb, while the Duke is a paragon.

In short, the Elizabethan drama leaves one, in respect of the common speech of its day, about where it finds one. And so, in respect of the common speech of its day, does any fraction of imaginative literature. Little sure inference of the one is ever possible from the other. None the less, we cannot read far in the history and literature of the Elizabethan and the succeeding Puritan age without, if not finding, at least fancying, in the common speech of those ages a natural sweetness and felicity altogether gone from the common speech of ours. Whether it be anything more than fancy, anything but another bit of obscuring time's beguilement, must be left for positive ascertainment to whomsoever will. The function undertaken here is but to suggest an inquiry, not to conduct one. We will extend it so far, however, as to cite in a word the evidence of the old proverbs. They are certainly folk-lore, not book-lore; the flowerings of the common speech. Does one to-day detect any notable proverb-making in progress at his very ear?

I AM aware that it is idle to advertise for new words, but I wish that mysterious inventor and arbiter of language, the "man in the Street," could be induced to produce or discover a few terms that would enable us accurately and briefly to describe in English the varieties of pleasantry. Whatever may be true of the transatlantic branch of the family, I think that pleasantry does not shine by its absence in the talk of Americans above a certain level of intelligence. But the word in which I have embraced its several forms is vague enough, and unsatisfactory; and for the various forms themselves there are, so far as I am aware, no very definite terms whatever.

M. Francisque Sarcey, who joins with the learning of a professor the keenness of the critic and the ample current observation and experience of the journalist, has recently republished a little volume, written in 1860, entitled "Le Mot et la Chose." It is intended to show how both words and things have changed since the seventeenth, or even the eighteenth century, and among the instances of evolution he cites is that of the "mot." Neither the thing nor the term was known, he thinks, a hundred years ago. Then there were, as there now are, the "bon-mot;" the "mot de caractère," the charm of which is the unconscious revelation of character; the "mot de situation," which pleases by its betrayal of an unsuspected incongruity of relation, etc. But there was not then, as there is now, *the* "mot," the intended witticism, charged with "malice," which the author enjoys, and in which he may properly feel a modest satisfaction. How should I, how would my readers, render what is so delicately and completely rendered by this term? I recently heard a person who concluded an ill-tempered and unfair tirade against an absent acquaintance with the remark, "I simply express myself," silenced by the response, "You do." M. Sarcey would describe that response as a "mot." What is it in English?

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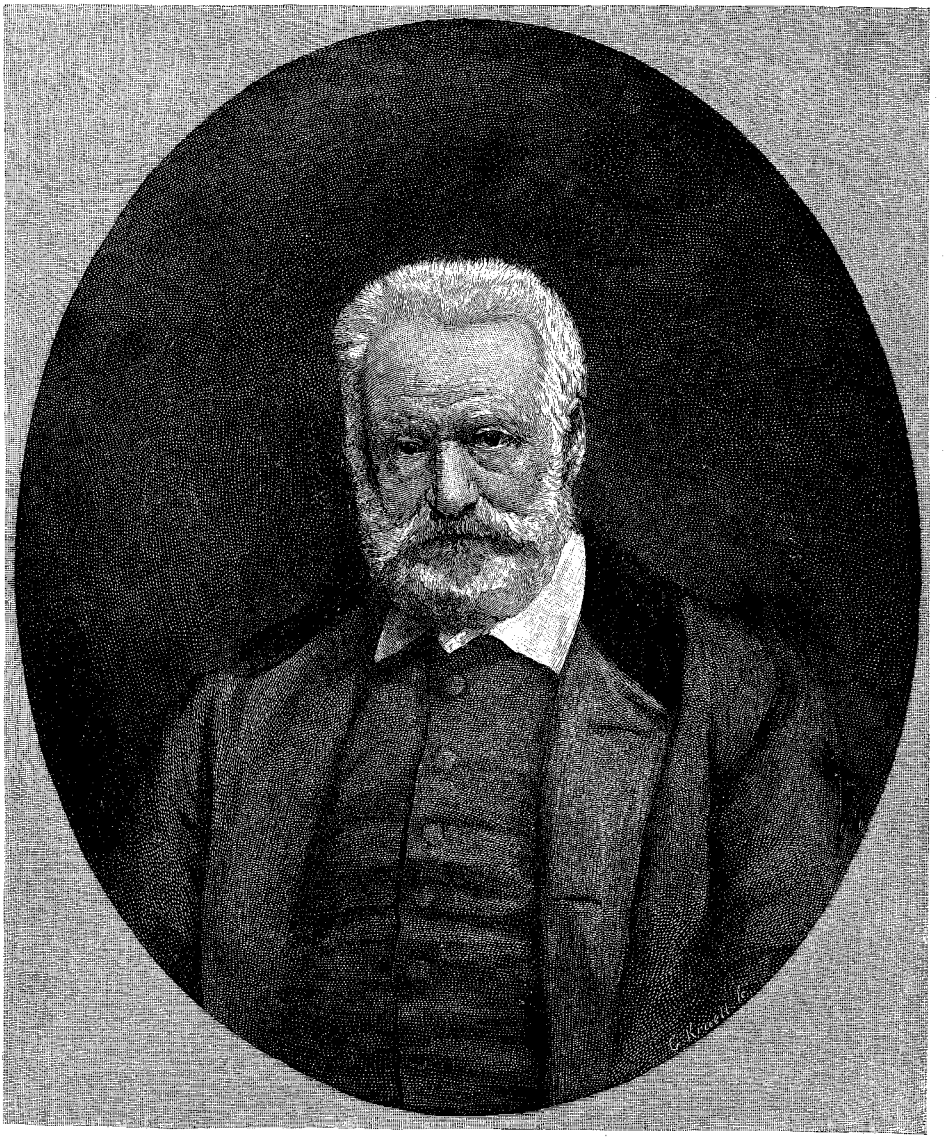

VICTOR HUGO.

[From the portrait by S. Pannemaker. Engraved by G. Kruell.]

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